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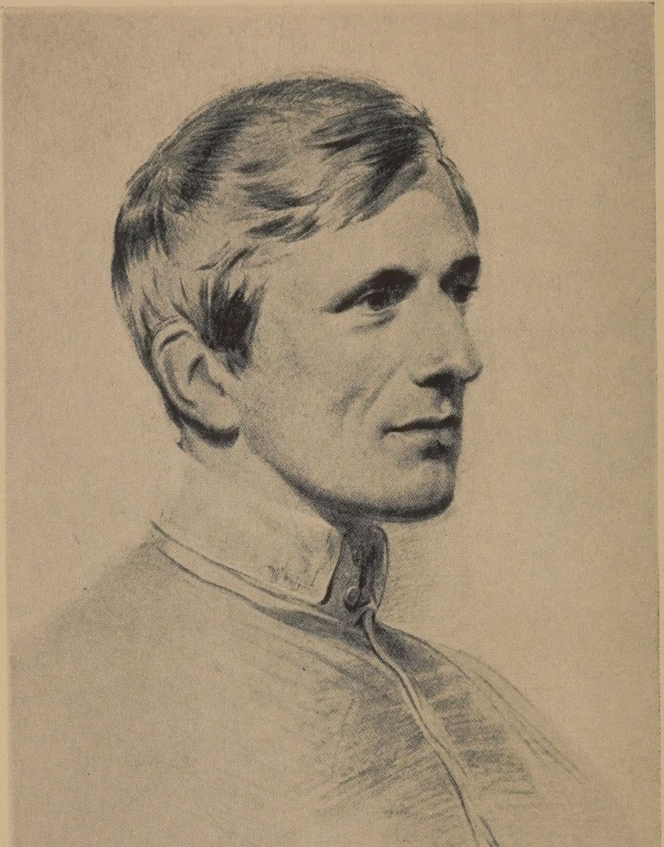
Cardinal Newman

CARDINAL NEWMAN



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CARDINAL NEWMAN

BY

J. LEWIS MAY

LINCOLN MAC VEAGH
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PREFACE

It was years ago, when I was little more than a boy, that I began to read Newman. Intellectually, I don't know how much I understood of him; probably little enough. It was not so much the words, but the speaker; not so much what he said, as the tone of his voice and the look upon his face—for I could see and hear him as though present in the flesh—that laid their spell upon me. I seemed indeed to be walking side by side with him in those days, my hand in his, and the way led beside the still waters. Then, I know not how, the clamorous world intervened; other sights, other sounds distracted me, filling my ears, dazzling my eyes; and when at length I turned to look into his face again, to link my hand once more in his, behold, he was not there! Only, somewhere within my being, the memory of him—fragrant as a half-remembered dream—remained.

Now, when the shadows from the hill-tops are beginning to lengthen, I have sought him once more. It is difficult to recapture the enthusiasms of past years and make them live again. Hopes, like dreams, are of gossamer. Old ardours, once forgotten or deliberately stifled, are hardly to be resuscitated by a mere act of the will. Nevertheless, even now, at this late hour, and after so long an interval, listening to him once more, I have seemed to feel his presence very near, and to behold again, amid the shadows, his grave and gracious countenance,

> "qualem primo qui surgere mense
> Aut videt, aut vidisse putat, per nubila Lunam."

In writing this book I have read or re-read most of Newman's works, and years ago I perused a considerable number of books *about* Newman; but, though a general impression of these latter still remains in my mind, I decided to defer renewing my acquaintance with them till, unaided, I had made what I could of my subject, and recorded my own ideas in such a manner and in such language as I was able to command.

It has, of course, not been my object to attempt anything in the nature of a detailed biography of Newman. That task—even if I had possessed the knowledge and the talents necessary for its fulfilment—has been performed, once and for all, by Mr. Wilfrid Ward, to whose "Life" of Newman, an indispensable treasury of information, I gratefully record my indebtedness. Rather it is the aim of this little book to convey to the general reader some impression of Newman's influence on one who, though not a theologian, nor worthy to be the champion of any school of religious thought, nor deeply versed in Science or Philosophy, is nevertheless, as he trusts, not wholly insensible to Beauty, whether in Literature, in Nature, or in Human Life.

In addition to Mr. Wilfrid Ward, of whom I have already made mention, my thanks are due to Messrs.

Longmans for the permission, most courteously vouchsafed, to quote at large from such works of Newman as are still in copyright, and to Mr. Frederick Puller Sprent, of the British Museum, for many valuable suggestions made during the passage of the book through the press. Lastly, I must express my gratitude to Mr. Goeffrey Bles, my publisher and my friend, who, by his kind encouragement and practical advice, helped me forward when the way seemed long and the burden heavy.

"*And yet in spite of this universal world which we see, there is another world, quite as far-spreading, quite as close to us and more wonderful; another world all around us, though we see it not, and more wonderful than the world we see, for this reason if for no other, that we do not see it. All around us are numberless objects, coming and going, watching, working, or waiting, which we see not: this is that other world which the eyes reach not unto, but faith only.*"—PAROCHIAL AND PLAIN SERMONS, vol. iv, "The Invisible World."

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CARDINAL
NEWMAN

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

The old-fashioned, official biography, which used to consist in the conscientious assemblage and laborious narration of every fact and incident, relevant or irrelevant, that marked the subject's pilgrimage from the cradle to the grave, and the presentation of the amorphous mass in two, and if possible three, portentous volumes as forbidding and almost as heavy as the sepulchral marble, has at length died out, smothered, we may presume, by its own abundance. It has given place to a type in which the method is more selective, more dramatic, and, most important of all, more brief. The writers of these fashionable *biographies romancées* usually have recourse to a sort of Procrustean method. They form their own theory of the subject to which they propose to address themselves, and then proceed to select such incidents from the material before them as may fit, or be compelled to fit, their theory. Their aim, which must be achieved at all costs, even at the cost of truth, is to be vivid, dramatic, epigrammatic; to unfold a succession of striking scenes and to ensure an effective "curtain." It is almost equally important that old idols should be cast down, time-honoured heroes dethroned, established reputations besmirched or destroyed, not indeed by any process of violent demolition, but by the disintegrating and corrosive effects of irony and ridicule.

The selection of subjects for this new "historical" method is necessarily governed by a consideration of external and objective values rather than the invisible workings of the heart and mind. Thus Manning, because he was a popular and picturesque figure that appealed to the imagination of the multitude, is an effective subject for such treatment. Newman would less easily admit of it, for, though the far-reaching importance of his teaching and philosophy could not well be exaggerated, his direct, his immediate appeal, was to the few. What he said and thought was more important than what he did; and what he *was*—his character, his attitude, moral, intellectual, and spiritual—most important of all. But who shall essay to catch, on the wing as it were, a thing so airy-light as a man's spiritual essence, and ensnare it in a network of words? The utmost he can attempt is to adumbrate what that man is to *him;* to set down, falteringly, imperfectly it may be, but as best he can, the living, personal influence that informs and illumines all he said and all he wrote—that subtle aura of the spirit, incommunicable save to those whose hearts are in tune to receive it. *Cor ad cor loquitur.*

Every man fashions for himself, consciously or unconsciously, his *Weltanschauung,* his *imago mundi,* his image of the world. Let him pronounce the word "world" and think on it in all its infinite and multitudinous significance; let him—standing, as it were, on the ridge of two separate eternities—ponder upon the whole of creation, as manifested to his senses and to his imagination, upon its illimitable past and its illimitable future; and there will come to him a vision, at first vague, inchoate, nebulous, shifting, like a picture out of focus, the edges gradually fraying away into mist. But let him dwell on it awhile and, slowly, imperceptibly, towards the centre, it grows clearer and more constant, and gradually there emerges something into definite relief. Something! But what? Something that is solitary and unique for every one of us. Something incommunicable; the centre, the core, the living quintessence of our consciousness, the symbol, the spar to which we cling in the wide welter of Infinity. The non-essential, the ephemeral, the accidental, fleet continuously away, as though driven by some centrifugal force, beyond the circumference of consciousness, out into the shadows, into "the wastes of Time." This symbol, this image, this secret, we can share with none. It is imprisoned within the hidden recesses of our being:

> "Each mind is its own centre, and it draws
> Home to itself and moulds in its Thought's span
> All outward Things."

Here then, in the innermost and unapproachable sanctuary of our being, there abides this incommunicable something to which we cling; the object of our heart's desire, of our spirit's yearning.

For most of us, perhaps mercifully, the world of sense encompasses us about like a curtain; sheltering us, filling our thoughts with the ever-recurring round of daily duties or distractions, blotting out the vision of the Great Beyond, deadening our ears to the roar of Acheron. Whatever lip service we pay to the Unseen, it is the "here and now" that claims our real allegiance. The reality of the visible, tangible world—that is a thing axiomatic, indisputable. Surely, we say, a man must believe the evidence of his senses. Dreamers are an unpopular race, and the word "visionary" carries with it, for most men, a suggestion of slightly contemptuous compassion. "Do you see nothing there?" cries Hamlet to the Queen. "Nothing at all, yet all that is I see," comes the answer. And there, summed up for ever, is the difference between the materialist and the visionary. And how shall they bridge the gulf between them? They use the same words, yet they do not speak the same language.

Suppose the world that seems to us so tangible, so rich, so vivid, were, after all, a dream, or the shadow of a dream? Here, in the unreality of the visible, the reality of the invisible, we may seek the key to what has been called "the mystery" of Newman. As a child his imagination had run on "unknown influences, on magical powers and talismans"; and later on he says, "The broad philosophy of Clement and Origen carried me away. Some portions of their teaching, magnificent in themselves, came like music to my inward ear. These were based on the mystical or sacramental principle, and spoke of the various Economies or Dispensations of the Eternal." Even the Church, "in her sacraments and her hierarchical appointments, will remain, even to the end of the world, after all but a symbol of those heavenly facts which fill eternity. Her mysteries are but the expression in human language of truths to which the human mind is unequal." The operations of natural law were attributed by him to personal agencies behind the veil, and "every breath of air and ray of light and heat, every beautiful prospect, is, as it were, the skirts of their garments, the waving of the robes of those whose faces see God." It is this, his "mistrust of the reality of material phenomena," that supplies the key to the mystery of Newman. The panorama of created things,—sea and sky and mountains—was touched, for him, with some unearthly glow. For him, the visible creation, the earth, the firmament, nature in all its infinitely varied manifestations, were as sacramental signs and symbols, economies of the Eternal.

But if Newman was a visionary, if his *Weltanschauung* contracted to the consciousness of only "two luminously self-evident beings," himself and his Creator, it must not be taken for granted that he was one of those of whom it is said, in the familiar phrase, that they are "in the world but not of it." Matthew Arnold, who came under Newman's personal spell, without apparently permitting the contact to have the smallest effect on his religious or philosophic ideas, speaks in terms of admiration of Newman's urbanity, deploring the rarity of that quality among English writers generally, and emphasizing the perfection of it in Newman as peculiarly the fruit of his association with Oxford, referring to him as "a man never to be named by any son of Oxford without sympathy, a man who, alone in Oxford of his generation, alone of many generations, conveyed to us in his genius that same charm, that same ineffable sentiment which this exquisite place itself conveys."

Arnold, whose handling of Francis Newman, the Cardinal's brother, over the question of Homeric translation will remain for all time a monument of dialectical skill and good taste, was himself a model of *urbanitas.* It was a quality that seemed to flourish pretty freely in the Oxford of those days, and there were several to whom Newman's famous definition of a gentleman might have been appropriately applied. But, of all these, Newman was the fine flower, the shining exemplar, the ultimate perfection. An ascetic, a visionary predestined for the sanctuary, he was yet an unrivalled example of that union of qualities which, he tells us, it is the special province of a University to foster and encourage; the qualities, in fine, which go to the making of the perfect member of society. This man, for whom the world was full of signs and intimations that spoke to him of the nearness of the Invisible Presence—this man, who walked ever in the sight of the Eternal, was no stern and gloomy fanatic shunning the contact of his fellowmen. All through his life, through the long years when coldness and neglect seemed destined to be his portion for the remainder of his days, and, later, when a tardy but generous recognition of the services rendered by him to the Catholic cause resulted in his elevation to the Cardinalate, the peculiar impress of Oxford, that combination of gentleness and dignity, that exquisite urbanity which is born of the finest and most enlightened culture acting upon the most sensitive and delicate qualities of heart and mind, always and unmistakably remained with him. The quintessence, the finer breath and spirit of that ancient and glorious University, all the ineffable beauty of that "Queen of Romance," the tranquil, humanizing influence that breathes in her studious walks and shades, seemed to find living expression in him whom she must ever regard as one of the most distinguished of her sons.

This epithet "distinguished" recalls a description of Fénelon by another son of Oxford who, I cannot but think, must have had Newman in mind when he wrote it. The passage occurs in Pater's "Imaginary Portrait" of Antony Watteau and runs as follows:

"On the last day of Antony Watteau's visit we made a party to Cambrai. We entered the cathedral church: it was the hour of Vespers, and it happened that *Monseigneur le Prince de Cambrai,* the author of *Télémaque,* was in his place in the choir. He appears to be of great age, assists but rarely at the offices of religion, and is never to be seen in Paris; and Antony had much desired to behold him. Certainly it was worth while to have come so far only to see him, and hear him give his pontifical blessing, in a voice feeble but of infinite sweetness, and with an inexpressibly graceful movement of the hands. A veritable *grand seigneur!* His refined old age, the impress of genius and honours, even his disappointments, concur with natural graces, to make him seem too distinguished (a fitter word fails me) for this world. *Omnia vanitas!* he seems to say, yet with a profound resignation, which makes the things we are so fondly occupied with look petty enough. *Omnia vanitas!*"

Thus, consciously or unconsciously, Pater portrays the Newman of legend, the Newman who survives in the popular imagination, the Newman on whom such words as these of Matthew Arnold have bestowed an enviable immortality. "Who," wrote Arnold, "could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music—subtle, sweet, and mournful? Happy the man who, in that susceptible season of youth, hears such voices! They are a possession to him for ever!"

Yes. But there were times when the possessor of that religious music, so sweet, so gracious, so persuasive, could write, if he did not utter, words that lacerated, words that rent and scorched and utterly consumed like jagged lightning, so that he against whom they were hurled might well wish that his mother had not borne him. A writer of the day, with a taste for picturesque metaphor, has spoken somewhere of Manning swooping down like an eagle on his prey and after a momentary scurry of beak and talon, leaving on the scene of conflict no memorial of his victim save a few bones and scattered feathers. One sees the picture—Manning, his crimson robes contrasting strangely with his incredibly emaciated frame, wasted by fast and vigil, the bloodless, hawk-like visage, the sunken, flashing eye, the skeleton arm outstretched in menace or denunciation—the quintessence, the very vital principle of almost disembodied force and energy. How could anyone stand against the onset of such a man? Yet the meek and gracious Newman was an even more terrible adversary, more terrible and infinitely more skilful. Pleading, persuasive, majestic, ironical, subtly and most delicately dialectical, at times fiercely denunciatory, he drew from the English tongue a greater and richer variety of music than any writer since Shakespeare. There seemed to be no task to which, in the hands of such a master, the English language would not prove itself equal. The disabilities under which English is supposed to labour, considered as a medium of expression in prose, and compared, for example, with French, disappear in the lucid perfection of his style. Unforced, stately but never stilted, simple, persuasive, entrancingly musical, sensitive, nervous, it is at its best a creation solitary and unrivalled in its beauty, one of those things which, like a bar of immortal music, a perfect line of poetry, a momentary light on a distant range of hills, bring tears to the eyes because of their sheer, intolerable loveliness.

Few things, one imagines, would have been less welcome to Newman than to hear himself described as a man of letters. He was a priest first and last, and everything he wrote was conceived with the direct purpose of advancing God's kingdom upon earth. It would have been inconsistent with his nature to employ his great gifts in any other manner or with any other aim. *Tempora mutantur,* and the spectacle with which we are familiar to-day of clerics turning journalists and contributing, to popular newspapers, articles *de omni scibili* —one week on "Reservation," we will say, and the next on "Summer Holidays"—is one he would have viewed with intense repugnance. All his writings are occasional; literature, with him, was always a human means to a divine end, and though he was a literary artist—and a supreme one—it was not art, but the advancement of religion that he had constantly in view. His aim, his ambition, did not centre upon himself. His object was to set forth, as truly and as clearly as the medium of language would allow, the visions, the emotions by which he himself was inspired. In so doing he produced works which, for grace and charm, for power and simplicity—the noble simplicity of genius—stand almost alone in our language.

In Great Britain at least, literature is confronted with a peril similar to that which threatens the stability of the social order, the peril involved in the ceaseless and ever-increasing multiplication of the lower at the expense of the higher. The worthy are hopelessly outnumbered by the mediocre and the worthless, and he would be a bold man who should say how or when the process will end, or what will be the outcome of it. This consideration alone should be sufficient excuse for anyone, however unworthy, who attempts, in these hurrying, slipshod days, to direct attention to a writer whose works, at once scholarly and inspired, are among the most glorious jewels of our literary heritage, though too little known, too seldom studied.

CHAPTER II

THE SCHOOLBOY

In the early days of the nineteenth century no private educational establishment enjoyed a higher reputation than did the Academy for Young Gentlemen carried on at Ealing by the Reverend George Nicholas, D.C.L., of Wadham College, Oxford. Ealing was a highly decorous suburb full of "good people," and Dr. Nicholas knew what was required of him, to wit, sound instruction and an atmosphere of social distinction. He therefore ran his school "on Eton lines"; and once a year there was a speech-day, made glorious by the presence of no less a personage than His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent. How many of its pupils achieved distinction in after-life the writer has never bestirred himself to discover. But many or few, the memory of the school would probably have disappeared as completely as its material habitation—its buildings and its playing-fields—had it not been for a little boy who came to it in the early summer of 1808. The child, whose name was John Henry Newman, was the son of a Mr. John Newman, Banker, of Old Broad Street in the City of London. This Mr. Newman, to whom some have sought to ascribe a Jewish descent, for no other reason apparently than the name, and the contour of John Henry's nose, had married Jemima Fourdrinier, a lady of Huguenot ancestry, whose family had migrated to England, via Holland, on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

Shortly after the birth of John Henry, which occurred on the 21st February 1801 (he was baptized in the Church of St. Benet Fink, since demolished to make room for the new Royal Exchange), the Newmans removed to Ham, near Richmond. The house there was among Newman's earliest and most cherished recollections. It was doubtless this house and the happy memories enshrined in it that suggested such passages as that in which, in *Parochial and Plain Sermons,* he speaks of the feelings with which men often look back on their childhood when any accident brings it vividly before them. "Some relic or token of that early time; some spot or some book, or a word, or a scent, or a sound, brings them back in memory to the first years of their discipleship." It was in this house that he had lain awake when he was barely five years old looking at the candles set in the windows in celebration of the victory of Trafalgar. "I have never seen the house since September 1807," he declared years afterwards, adding, "I know more about it than any house I have been in since, and could pass an examination in it. It has ever been in my dreams."

The boy was an apt pupil, of a studious turn and quick of apprehension, and Dr. Nicholas, to whom he became greatly attached, used to say that no boy had run through the school, from the bottom to the top, as rapidly as John Newman. Towards the end of his school career Newman was selected to deliver a speech before the Duke of Kent. The boy's voice had just then begun to break, and though he persevered with his speech, it was more like a yodelling performance than a sober oration. The Doctor in some embarrassment at this strange exhibition explained apologetically,

"His voice is breaking."

"Ah," replied the Duke, "but the *action* was good."

Scott was his favourite author. He had, he tells us, a "devotion" for him. In bed of an early summer morning, when the birds began to stir and the first rays of the level sun came stealing in through the window, he would lie and read *Waverley* or *Guy Mannering* till it was time to get up. And long before that, he tells us, when he was quite a little child, he listened eagerly to "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" which his mother and aunt were reading aloud.

Mr. Newman the Banker appears to have been a liberal-minded and enlightened man and to have possessed considerable general culture. He had a great taste and enthusiasm for music, which he strongly encouraged in his children. From his earliest days, the glorious harmonies of Beethoven, the airy charm and delicate grace of Mozart, must have been familiar to the child's ears. Years later, when someone asked of him to whom he had gone for a pattern of style in writing, he confessed to no other master save Cicero. Nevertheless it was perhaps this early acquaintance with the music of the great masters that trained his ear and taught him those cadences which he was afterwards to transmute into another medium—his own harmonious and incomparable prose. His poetical education began early. At four years of age he recites "The Cat and the Cream Bowl" to a party of little ones in Southampton Street, and at six he "spoke Cowper's 'Faithful Friend' " to his grandmother at Ham. These feats of infant prowess prepare us for the statement that by the time he was eleven he was already accustomed to attempting original composition in verse and prose, and that in prose he showed "great sensibility" and "took much pains in the matter of style." In 1812 he wrote a "mock drama" and "a satire on the Prince Regent"; and later a dramatic piece—this time a serious one "in which Augustus comes on." And this was followed, in 1815, by a burlesque opera in which he composed the tunes for the songs.

This practical acquaintance with the producer's art was to serve him in good stead in later years when, since the official Catholic world had no more conspicuous use for them, he concentrated his powers on teaching the boys at the Oratory School how to act and produce the *Phormio* of Terence.

So far John Henry had betrayed little or no enthusiasm for religion. On the contrary. He had read Pope's "Essay on Man" and was so taken with it that he "contended" in its favour with Mr. Mayer, a clergyman of Calvinistic views who taught the Classics in Dr. Nicholas's academy. "Virtue alone is happiness below," says Pope. "What," Newman asked, "can be more free from objections than it?" "I recollect," he says, "thinking that I should like to be virtuous, but not religious. There was something in the latter idea I did not like. Nor did I see the meaning of loving God."

This boy who was so studious and quick to learn, so quiet and so reserved, was no hand at athletics. His schoolfellows have left it on record that they never, or scarcely ever, saw him taking part in any game. Though this seems to have earned him no unpopularity at Dr. Nicholas's school, it might, and almost certainly would, have gone hard with him at Winchester, for which he was at one time destined. Whether this inaptitude for athletics was the only determining motive or not, it was at all events decided that he should stay and finish his school education under the ferule of Dr. Nicholas. And so it came about that, in the last half-year of his school life from August to December 1816—accidentally outstaying his immediate school-friends—he was brought into yet closer contact with the same excellent Mr. Mayer with whom he had previously "contended."

Whatever the fortunes of the day in regard to Pope's "Essay on Man," the master's influence was victorious now, and before he left Newman had become "converted." From Mr. Mayer, he tells us, "he received deeply religious impressions, at this time Calvinistic in character, which were to him the beginning of a new life." But the time had now come to bid farewell to his friends at Ealing and to his home. He had raced through the curriculum of Dr. Nicholas's Academy with triumphant speed, and now, though he is still two or three months short of sixteen, his father decides to send him to the University.

CHAPTER III

OXFORD

To consider what might have been, if certain things had happened differently, is a task as fascinating as it is profitless. If the Greeks had been defeated at Marathon or the Romans at Zama, if Napoleon had won the day at Waterloo, if the Germans had conquered at the Marne—what would have been the subsequent history of the world? To those who love to indulge in such speculations, we may suggest this other: what would have happened if on a certain December morning Mr. Newman the elder had elected to convey his son to Cambridge rather than to Oxford. The post-chaise was at the door, the luggage had been stowed aboard, and still the parental mind was undecided whether to direct the postboy to make for Hounslow or for the first stage on the road to Cambridge. The scale was turned by Mr. Mullins, a friend of Mr. Newman the elder. What were Mr. Mullins's antecedents and what his subsequent history we do not know, nor does it greatly matter. His appearance in this history is solitary, but decisive. He persuaded the hesitating parent to choose Oxford (of which University he himself was a member), and accompanied them thither, hoping to secure the young man's reception at his own college, Exeter. This, alas!

was not to be—there was no room. A place was eventually found for him at Trinity, and he was called into residence in the following June.

That Oxford remained with him a tender, living memory through all the vicissitudes of his life, who can deny? Through the long years when he was, so to speak, living in exile from her, forgotten, or remembered in sorrow, by the friends of other days, neglected or misunderstood by the rulers of that Church in whose bosom he had sought shelter and consolation, though loved, indeed, and honoured by those more humble of her children with whom he was brought into daily and familiar contact, his beloved Oxford was imperishably enshrined in his heart. What further proof need we ask of this than the following, written by him some ten years after he had become a Catholic and addressed to Catholic students?

"It [a College in a University] is all," he says, "and does all which is implied in the name of home. Youths who have left the paternal roof and travelled some hundred miles for the acquisition of knowledge, find an *altera Troja* and *simulata Pergama* at the end of their journey and in their place of temporary sojourn. Home is for the young, who know nothing of the world, and who would be forlorn and sad if thrown upon it. It is the refuge of helpless boyhood, which would be famished and pine away if it were not maintained by others. It is the providential shelter of the weak and inexperienced who have still to learn how to cope with the temptations which lie outside of it. It is the place of training for those who are not only ignorant, but have not yet learned how to learn, and who have to be taught, by careful individual trial, how to set about profiting by the lessons of a teacher. And it is the school of elementary studies, not of advanced; for such studies alone can boys at best apprehend and master. Moreover, it is the shrine of our best affections, the bosom of our fondest recollections, a spell upon our after-life, a stay for world-weary mind and soul, wherever we are cast, till the end comes."[1]

But this was in retrospect. His present impressions are more vivid, more concrete. He dines in Hall for the first time and is much entertained with the novelty of the thing. "Fish, flesh, and fowl, beautiful salmon, haunches of mutton, lamb, etc., fine strong beer; served up in old pewter plates and misshapen earthenware jugs." And then he adds, "Tell mamma there were gooseberry, raspberry, and apricot pies."

The term was already far advanced when he came up; only about three weeks of it remained, and John Henry was desperately anxious to make the most of his time. What should he read? Who would direct him? So impatient was he that—*horribile dictu!*—he actually went to take his troubles to the President. He was shown into a parlour and told by the servant to wait a minute. He waited a quarter of an hour. But no one came. He resigned himself to his reflections. Of course the President was engaged on some important business. The time dragged on. No one came to disturb the course of his meditations. An hour went by, and still no President appeared. When yet another thirty minutes had crept slowly by, his apprehensions got the better of him and he rang the bell. The servant appeared. It was all a mistake. The President was not at home. Newman retired, nothing daunted, resolved to return to the charge next morning.

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[1] *Historical Sketches,* vol. iii, p. 214.

That same evening one of the Trinity tutors, sporting his top-boots and mounted on horseback, was comfortably heading for the country. He was riding along the Parks when a spidery, bespectacled youth dashed impetuously into the road and abruptly asked him "what books he should read during the vacation." The tutor, thus summarily accosted, did not consign his interpellant to the devil. On the contrary, he answered him "very kindly," explained that he was leaving Oxford for the vacation, and referred him to one of his colleagues, still in college, who would give him the information he desired.

He pursued his reading with such diligence and success that he was elected to a scholarship and became the hope, or one of the hopes, of his college. It was looked upon as certain that he would break the spell of failure that had hung like a blight over Trinity for so many years. Never had its fortunes been at so low an ebb. It was ten years since any member of it had gained a first class, and its records during that period had shown one long unbroken succession of failure and disappointment.

"Here, at Oxford," he writes in a letter home, "I am most comfortable. The quiet stillness of everything around me tends to calm and lull those emotions which the near prospect of my grand examination, and a heart too solicitous about fame and too fearful of failure, are continually striving to excite."

During the Long Vacation of 1819 he read at the rate of nine hours a day. He got up at five or six, in winter or summer, hardly allowed himself time for his meals, and ate the bread of carefulness. For twenty out of the twenty-four weeks immediately preceding the examination, he "fagged" (as he puts it) at an average of more than twelve hours a day. If one day he read only nine, he made up for it the next by reading fifteen.

Strangers and friends alike looked on his triumph as assured. "By the time you receive this," wrote his friend Bowden, on the eve of the examination, "I conclude you . . . will have covered yourself and the college with glory." *Dis aliter visum*. He had driven his brain too hard, and broke down lamentably. Day after day he tried, in an agony of mind, to gather his broken forces, but in vain. He had to retire, defeated and disheartened.

One effect of his discomfiture in the schools was to induce him to abandon the idea which he had entertained of qualifying for the Bar, and it was decided, instead, that he should take orders.

The discouragement which followed his failure did not long endure, and in 1821 he conceived "the audacious idea of standing for a fellowship at Oriel," at that time the object of ambition of all rising men at Oxford and attainable only by those who had the highest academical pretensions.

But he seems to have adopted a wiser course in his preparation for this combat than he followed when reading for the schools. We hear of a music club at St. John's, and private concerts there, in which he plays first violin in works by Haydn and Mozart. He reads *Ivanhoe* and is "delighted" with it, as he is with Crabbe's *Tales of the Hall*. He is interested in anatomy and mineralogy, and attends lectures in those subjects. He decides that he will "get up the Persian language," and his mother buys him an Arabic and Persian vocabulary. Finally, he achieves one of his great ambitions: he composes "a piece of music for instruments." "I am glad to be able to inform you," he writes to his father, "that Signor Giovanni Enrico Neandri has finished his first composition. The melody is light and airy, and is well supported by the harmony."

In the midst of all these multifarious activities of mind, the thoughts of that "other world" are with him still. They are borne to him with the sound of evening bells, which stirs in the heart "a kind of longing after something dear to us and well known to us." They come in dreams:

"I dreamed a spirit came to me and discoursed about the other world. . . . Dreams address themselves so immediately to the mind, that to express in any form of words the feelings produced by the speeches themselves of my mysterious visitant were a fruitless endeavour. . . . It (the spirit) said that it was absolutely impossible for the reason of man to understand the mystery of the Holy Trinity and in vain to argue about it, but that everything in another world was so very, very plain that there was not the slightest difficulty about it."

He is still on his guard against the passions of vainglory and ambition. "After my failure last November, I thought that they would never be unruly again." He is careful that he shall have no suspicion of ὕβρις, of overweening confidence, to reproach himself with this time. And he is careful to warn his parents against entertaining any hopes of his success.

"I was very uneasy to find," he writes to his mother, "that you thought I had a chance of getting in this time. Do not think so, I entreat. You only hear and cannot see the difficulties. Those on the spot think there is little or no chance; and who indeed will not rightly wonder at the audacity of him who, being an under-the-line himself, presumes to contend with some of the first men in the University, for a seat by the side of names like Keble and Hawkins?"

Exspectata dies aderat. This time Newman did himself justice. The "under-the-line man" was elected to a Fellowship at Oriel.

Newman was in his rooms in the Broad, playing the fiddle, when the Provost's butler—the traditional messenger in these matters—came to make his announcement. Fiddle-playing was an accomplishment not readily associated with a candidateship for the Oriel Common-room, and the butler was rather taken aback. However, he proceeded to unburden himself of his message, employing the facetious formula always used on these occasions, saying that "he had, he feared, disagreeable news to announce, viz. that Mr. Newman was elected Fellow of Oriel and that his immediate presence was required there." Newman, unacquainted with the tradition, and resenting what he regarded as the man's impertinence, answered shortly, "Very well," and went on fiddling. Dumbfounded at such *sang-froid,* the messenger inquired whether he had mistaken the rooms and gone to the wrong person. Newman, still fiddling, said it was "all right." No sooner, however, was the man's back turned than he flung down his fiddle, dashed downstairs, and hurried as fast as his legs could carry him to Oriel. The news had already spread like wildfire. The wayfarers beamed, the tradesmen whom he encountered bowed low—they all knew why Mr. Newman was crossing from St. Mary's to Oriel Lane at so extraordinary a pace. Men hurried from all directions to Trinity to their acquaintances there to congratulate them on the success of their college. The bells were set ringing from three towers ("I had to pay for them," says Newman grimly).

In a letter written in April 1822 Newman describes the distinction conferred upon him as the turning-point in his life, the day of its announcement as "of all days most memorable." It raised him, he said, "from obscurity and need to competency and reputation."

If the election did honour to Newman, it did no less honour to those who had elected him, recognizing his superiority to other candidates, who, in mere academical attainments, were above him. "Newman," said Copleston, "was not even a good classical scholar, yet in mind and power of composition and in taste and knowledge, he was directly superior to some competitors who were a class above him in the schools." And this, in turn, is how Newman in after-years looked back on the Oriel Fellows of those days:

> "Viewed as a body," he says, "we may pronounce them to be truly conscientious men, ever bearing in mind their religious responsibilities, hard, or at least energetic, workers, liberal in their charities, correct in their lives, proud of their College rather than of themselves, and, if betraying something of habitual superciliousness towards other societies, excusable for this at that date, considering the exceptional strictness of the Oriel discipline and the success of Oriel in the schools. They were neither High Church nor Low Church, but a new school, or, as their enemies would say, a *clique,* which was characterized by its spirit of moderation and comprehension, and of which the principal ornaments were Copleston, Davison, Whately, Hawkins, and Arnold."

If the election to the Oriel Fellowship was the occasion for indulging in a little of that vainglory from the snares of which he had prayed to be protected, the indulgence was pardonable enough. At any rate, it soon gave place to a becoming humility, for we find him writing thus to his mother: "I have seen cause to change my mind in some respects, and I may change again. I see I know very little about anything, though I often think I know a great deal."

The other Fellows found the newcomer extremely shy, and even awkward. Try as they would, they could not get him to converse. A friend of his once told him he thought he had had a narrow escape from being a stutterer. But Whately succeeded where others failed. It was Whately who "brought him out of his shell" and gave him confidence in himself, Whately who converted the morbidly shy neophyte into the brilliant talker he afterwards became.

It was on June 13, Trinity Sunday, 1824, that Newman was ordained deacon. "It is over," he writes to his mother. "At first," he goes on, "after the hands were laid on me, my heart shuddered within me; the words 'For ever' are so terrible. 'For ever,' " he adds, "words never to be recalled. I have the responsibility of souls on me to the day of my death."

Newman's father died early in October 1824, and under date of the 6th of that month we find the following significant entry in Newman's autobiography:

"Performed the last sad duties to my dear Father. When I die, shall I be followed to the grave by my children? My mother said the other day she hoped to live to see me married; but I think I shall either die within college walls, or as a missionary in a foreign land. No matter where, so that I die in Christ."

At Pusey's suggestion Newman had been offered, and had accepted, the curacy of St. Clement's, which stood at the fork of the two London roads as they join at Magdalen Bridge. This curacy he retained until his appointment in 1826 as one of the public tutors at Oriel. He had received priest's orders on May 29, 1825. He seems to have done everything a curate should, even to the point of being friendly (with perhaps the slightest hint of patronage) with the "Chapel folk." "I have taken care," he writes, "always to speak kindly to Mr. Hinton, the dissenting minister, expressed a wish to know him, etc., said I thought he had done good—which he had—in the place." "A good dissenter," he says elsewhere, "is, of course, incomparably better than a bad churchman, but a good churchman I think better than a good dissenter."

During the year 1827–8 Newman fulfilled the University office of Public Examiner in Classics for the B.A. degree, and in 1828, when Hawkins was Provost of Oriel, he was presented by his College to the Vicarage of St. Mary's, the University church, and during 1830 he discharged the duties of Proproctor. In 1831–2 he was the University Select Preacher. As we shall see, he relinquished his College tutorship in 1832 and the Vicarage of St. Mary's in 1843.

On March 31, 1826, Hurrell Froude was elected to a Fellowship at Oriel, and Newman's friendship with him began from that date. A serious illness in the following year and the death of his sister Mary in January 1828 made a profound impression on his religious nature, deepening his innate sense of "the world behind the veil." His religious views, coloured by the intellectual eclecticism of the Oriel Fellows, now took on a deeper and more mystical hue. The influence of Hurrell Froude was of a nature to strengthen this reaction against "Liberalism," a reaction which received an additional impulse from the intimate friendship which, owing to the influence of Hurrell Froude, now began between himself and John Keble.

In September 1832 Hurrell Froude was ordered to the Mediterranean for his health and he asked Newman to bear him company. They started two months later, and the journey was an epoch in Newman's career. "The leisure," says Mr. Wilfred Ward, "afforded him by his voyage and the stimulation given to his fancy by all that he saw, found vent in verse making, and of his published poems, if we exclude 'The Dream of Gerontius,' about four-fifths were written in those weeks." These poems, which Newman published in the *Lyra Apostolica* in 1834, are rather austere and frigid in style, and, judged purely as literature, they fall short of the highest poetical standards. Nevertheless they throw a valuable light on the state of his mind at this period, and give an indication of the misgivings and forebodings that were destined to grow more and more insistent till his conversion in 1845. What these forebodings were is revealed, in plain terms, in a letter which he wrote to his mother in 1829, and which is doubly interesting as not only defining the intellectual attitude which he called "Liberalism," but also as throwing a light on his attitude towards the separation between Church and State which even then he looked upon as ultimately inevitable.

> "We live in a novel era—one in which there is an advance towards universal education. Men have hitherto depended on others, and especially on the clergy, for religious truth; now each man attempts to judge for himself. Now, without meaning of course that Christianity is in itself opposed to free inquiry, still I think it *in fact* at the present time opposed to the particular form which that liberty of thought has now assumed. Christianity is of faith, modesty, lowliness, subordination; but the spirit at work against it is one of latitudinarianism, indifferentism, and schism, a spirit which tends to overthrow doctrine, as if the fruit of bigotry and discipline, as if the instrument of priestcraft. All parties seem to acknowledge that the stream of opinion is setting against the Church. I do believe it will ultimately be separated from the State, and at this prospect I look with apprehension, (1) because all revolutions are awful things, and the effect of this revolution is unknown; (2) because the upper classes will be left almost religionless; (3) because there will not be that security for sound doctrine without change which is given by Act of Parliament; (4) because the clergy will be thrown on their congregations for voluntary contributions."

When he was on his homeward voyage, his vessel lay becalmed in the Straits of Bonifacio, and it was then that he wrote the lines "Lead, kindly Light," which are engraven deep in every English heart.

On his return to England, Newman recorded at considerable length the chief impressions left upon his mind by his travels in the Mediterranean, and especially of the state of mind which followed the illness that overtook him in Sicily. In a passage which reveals his almost morbidly sensitive and deeply introspective nature, he says:

"I felt and kept saying to myself, 'I have not sinned against light,' and at one time I had a most consoling, overpowering thought of God's electing love, and seemed to feel I was His. But I believe all my feelings, painful and pleasant, were heightened by somewhat of delirium, though they still are from God in the way of Providence. Next day, the self-reproaching feelings increased. I seemed to see more and more my utter hollowness. I began to think of all my professed principles, and felt they were mere intellectual deductions from one or two admitted truths. I compared myself with Keble, and felt that I was merely developing his, not mine, convictions. I know I had *very* clear thoughts about this then, and I believe in the main true ones. Indeed, this is how I look on myself; very much (as the illustration goes) as a pane of glass, which transmits heat, being cold itself. I have a vivid perception of the consequences of certain admitted principles, have a considerable intellectual capacity of drawing them out, have the refinement to admire them, and a rhetorical or histrionic power to represent them; and having no great (i.e. no vivid) love of this world, whether riches, honours, or anything else, and some firmness and natural dignity of character, take the profession of them upon me, as I might sing a tune which I like—loving the truth, but not possessing it, for I believe myself at heart to be nearly hollow, i.e. with little love, little self-denial. I believe I have some faith, that is all."

Newman returned to England to find himself in the midst of an acute religious crisis. Ten Irish bishoprics had been suppressed at a sweep. Disestablishment seemed imminent in England itself. For Newman, the Established Church was still the Catholic Church in England, though corrupted by Protestant heresy; to defend the Church and purify it was the great need of the hour. Froude and Keble and Palmer had already discussed the situation in the Oriel Common-room and pledged themselves "to write and associate in defence of the Church." Newman now threw himself heart and soul into the movement which marked out the third and last period of his Anglican career. On July 14 Keble preached his famous sermon on "The National Apostasy." *The Tracts for the Times* began in December.

The Arians of the Fourth Century, which Newman published in 1832, though it purports to be an historical treatise, is in fact much rather a revelation of Newman's own ideas concerning the Liberalism of the day. He saw in the Alexandrian Church of the fourth century an almost exact parallel to the Anglican Church of his own day. The Arianizing bishops of the fourth century presented a striking resemblance to the Protestant bishops of 1830, and he and his friends rising in revolt against the rationalizing tendencies of the Established Church—what were they but the modern successors of an Athanasius or a Basil standing forth as the champion of Catholic truth?

As for the University sermons, these, which Newman considered as containing, at least in seed, some of his most valuable work, were intended to furnish, for the defence of the Church, an apologetic designed to enable her to meet and overcome the special dangers by which, at the hands of the champions of modern Science, she found herself confronted. They are addressed to the learned and to professed theologians, and are concerned with the underlying principles of Christianity and the relations between Faith and Reason, a subject to which he was to return in his Catholic days, when he was already an old man, in a volume devoted to the philosophy of faith and entitled *An Essay in Aid of a Grammar of Assent.*

CHAPTER IV

THE PARISH PRIEST

GREAT as is the importance of the *University Sermons,* they were addressed, not to the many, but to the few. For all the delicate lucidity of their reasoning, for all the grace and charm of their diction, their appeal was mainly to the theologian, the scholar, and the philosopher. They were, and will always remain, valuable as contributions to the philosophy of faith; but it was not by them that Newman exerted on the Oxford of his day that profound influence which, notwithstanding all the changes time has wrought, still lingers on there as with the fragrance of a half-forgotten legend; not by them, but by his sermons preached at St. Mary's to his parishioners, in the afternoon, when the University service was over. "We felt," says one of his disciples, recalling in after-years the memories of his undergraduate days, "that his words were the words of a seer, who saw God and the things of God." The language, profound yet simple, austere yet infinitely persuasive, in which he clothed his thoughts, did indeed fall upon the heart like the message of one who saw a vision and who was but imparting to his hearers the scene which, beheld by him, was hidden from their sight.

No doubts cast their shadow across his path at this time. No hesitations, no misgivings, as yet whispered ominously in his inward ear, no fears knocked at his heart. He was serene in the possession of his faith, confident of the divine character of the Church of England, entertaining no doubts as to the validity of her sacraments. There was work to be done within the Church, no doubt; restoration work. Catholic ideas, Catholic observances, whose maintenance the great Anglican divines of the seventeenth century had striven to ensure, had in great measure fallen into desuetude, obscured by the latitudinarian temper of succeeding generations. But the doctrinal position of the Church of England, as witnessed in her creeds and formularies, was, he deemed, secure and unassailable. Her spiritual integrity was authentic and unimpaired, despite the Erastianism and the tendency to be lenient with Protestant error which characterized the majority of her rulers. The famous tracts had been launched and "The Movement" was prospering amazingly; the dogmatic position of the Church would be reinforced, a new apologetic, more suited to the tone and temper of the times, would help to stem the flood of "liberalism," of scepticism and infidelity, which, with the insight of a prophet, he saw to be inevitable. But in these parochial sermons he is not concerned with imposing generalities, but with the "here and now," with the present needs of the soul, with the perils that encompass it, with the means of succour and the channels of grace. And so he gave, simply and unfalteringly, in words of strange and rapt solemnity that cast a spell upon the heart, his tidings of that "other world," to him so real; that "other world," half-hidden yet mysteriously present, veiled by the world of sense, yet laying from time to time, and unawares, upon the heart some intimation, some mystic hint, that it was close at hand.

"At times we seem to catch a glimpse of a Form which we shall hereafter see face to face. We approach, and, in spite of the darkness, our hands, or our head, or our brow, or our lips become, as it were, sensible to the contact of something more than earthly. We know not where we are, but we have been bathing in water and a voice tells us that it is blood. Or we have a mark signed upon our foreheads, and it spake of Calvary. Or we recollect a hand laid upon our heads, and surely it had the prints of nails in it, and resembled His Who with a touch gave sight to the blind and raised the dead. Or we have been eating and drinking; and it was not a dream surely, that One fed us from His wounded side and renewed our nature by the heavenly meat He gave."

In such a passage as that, touched as it is, and transfigured, as by some unearthly light, the very words take on a sacramental power, becoming something more than words, something beyond themselves, standing out like symbols, consecrated signs, mystical tokens of the Invisible. And if now, after long years have passed, the mere reading of them, in solitude and silence, and amid the surroundings of every-day existence, can stir the heart so strangely, so peremptorily, what a spell must they have cast on those who heard them uttered, amid the deepening twilight of St. Mary's, in tones measured, grave, yet of infinite sweetness, as of a voice from another world.

Those who associate the High Church movement with elaborate display of ritual, with the outward pomp and circumstance of worship, would have wondered at the simplicity of those afternoon services in St. Mary's.

As for the preacher no one could have been farther removed from the popular conception of the pulpit orator than Newman, nothing less consciously ornate than the language he employed. No histrionic artifice here, no straining after effect, no deliberate attempt to excite the emotions of his audience. Only grave and beautiful thoughts, expressed in language of natural and inherent grace, ideas, and emotions, taking shape and clothing themselves in language of perfect and inevitable simplicity.

In contrast with the majestic orations of a Bossuet or a Lacordaire, which resound in the ear like the utterances of one standing high above the world as on a watch-tower and surveying the vast ocean of human life sweeping beneath him and around him towards the horizon of eternity, the parochial sermons of Newman are occupied with the definite and the particular. They are almost homely. They are like those miniatures one may see in antique missals, rich in colour, wrought with infinite, because loving, care, almost childlike in their simplicity, pictures of holy men and women, of saints and martyrs, but, beyond them and above, seen perhaps through the open window of a monk's cell, the glories of some imagined other world, with flights of angels ascending and descending. Such are these sermons. The theme and the treatment of them are so simple that a child, a farm-hand, a shop assistant, might understand and profit by them; yet so profound as to plumb the very depths of the human heart; and beyond and around, or rather suffusing them and shining through, as though a tapestry woven with threads of gold, or a picture wrought with hues of living light, is the glory and the mystery of the Infinite.

They bear upon them the hall-mark, the indelible impress, the unique individuality of genius. Take a sentence almost where you will, and you will say, because of some subtle, evanescent, utterly indefinable charm, some inherent grace in the thought, some incommunicable delicacy in the language, "Yes, that is Newman. I hear his voice, I feel his presence; nay, I behold his face." It is as though his very words, even the simplest, the most ordinary, were informed with spirit and light, with some unwonted aerial grace.

These sermons are indeed expressions of that sacramental view of visible phenomena that was part of his very being, of the conviction that was ever his, that directed and explained his whole course of life, the conviction that the material world was but a curtain hung between man and eternity, not hiding, but veiling, "economizing" the glories of a vision whose splendours were too bright for mortal eye to bear, whose truths too vast for mortal mind to comprehend.

It is to be noted how quiet, how reserved, is the tone of these sermons, how meditative. One who knew him speaks of his "intense stillness" when in repose. This stillness was but the outward expression of his inward quietude, the quietude of one rapt in contemplation of a vision. Such he appeared to those who saw him, friends or strangers—a man who beholds a vision. Matthew Arnold speaks of him as a "spiritual apparition." Principal Shairp relates how, in Oriel Lane, "light-hearted undergraduates would drop their voices and whisper, 'There's Newman,' as, with head thrust forward and gaze fixed as though at some vision seen only by himself, with swift, noiseless steps he glided by." And the same witness adds: "From the seclusion of study and abstinence and prayer, from habitual dwelling in the Unseen, he seemed to come forth that one day of the week (Sunday) to speak to others of the things he had seen and known."

As spiritual documents, as the index of a profoundly religious soul, these *Parochial* and *Plain Sermons* are unsurpassed in the touching simplicity and directness of their appeal by anything Newman ever wrote. Whether, as a distinguished French Catholic writer holds, they are superior to his Roman sermons it were difficult to decide. One thing, however, will be evident to anyone reading them aloud, and that is that they do not exhibit, or exhibit but rarely, that amplitude of rhythm, those pathetic suspensions and resolutions, like the long-drawn notes of a violin, those rich and subtle harmonies that are characteristic of his later and maturer work. The musical quality of Newman's style has been emphasized by the critics—and notably by Pater—as the great source and secret of his power. Great it may be, but there is yet a greater, and that something independent of, and immeasurably transcending, all human speech, something more evanescent than the scent of the lily or the rose, something of which music itself is, as it were, but the shadow, the faint emanation, something that defies analysis and to which one can attain, in human definition, no nearer than to call it the secret hidden influence which Newman himself had in mind when he, a master of words and conscious of his mastery, yet acknowledged their limitations by adopting as the motto for his cardinal's shield the words *Cor ad cor loquitur.* This is the secret of the power that all great literature has over the mind—that subtle, ineffable effluence or emanation of the spirit, which human speech, with whatever power and subtlety employed, can at best but dimly shadow forth. In a word, the secret of Newman's style is to be sought in no analysis, however penetrating, of that style as such; it is to be sought in Newman himself, in his character, his personality, his whole being.

CHAPTER V

THE GROWING CLOUD

The year 1838, it has been said, was the high-water mark of Newman's influence in Oxford. The years which had followed his appointment, a decade before, as Vicar of St. Mary's had been a period of happiness, a period of ever-rising hopes, of confident opposition to Rome. "To *become* a Romanist," he writes to his sister in 1834, "seems more and more impossible; to unite with Rome (if she would let us) not impossible; but she would not, without ceasing to be Rome. Somehow my own confidence in my views seems to grow." Inspired and guided by the "Kindly Light," the mystical vision, on which his inward gaze was ever fixed, he harboured no doubts of the position of the Church to which he belonged. Whatever defects it might, at the time, exhibit, they were, he held, not permanent or intrinsic, but transient and accidental, and were due to the blindness and perversity of those who were, for the time being, in authority over her. They were, so to speak, functional disorders. They did not affect the soul of the Church. In other words, he had no doubt as to the Catholicity of the Church of England. He still clung to his theory of the *Via Media,* to that moderation which he considered as the special Anglican note, holding that, in her avoidance of Protestant heresy on the one hand, and of what he then regarded as the excesses of Rome on the other, the Church of England preserved the faith originally committed to the saints in a form more pure and uncorrupted than any other body claiming to be a branch of the Church Universal.

In 1839, however, a change began to come over the situation, a cloud no bigger than a man's hand. It were the task of the specialist in theology and ecclesiastical history to trace the successive stages of those investigations into the Monophysite and Donatist heresies which at first disturbed, and subsequently destroyed, his confidence in the Anglican position; ended in his abandoning the Church of his baptism and formally retracting all the charges which, in the course of her defence, he had levelled against the Church of Rome.

But in addition to these inward causes of dissolution, his faith in Anglicanism was rudely assailed from without. In Tract 90, employing his subtlest dialectical powers, he had set himself to the task of giving a Catholic interpretation to the Thirty-nine Articles, of showing that, in so far as they seemed to present an anti-Catholic complexion, they were directed, not against the pure and undefiled teaching of the primitive Church, but solely against the accretions and corruptions of the Roman system. This effort was received with a storm of indignant protest. The Bishops condemned it to a man; the Heads of Houses expressed their disapproval in no measured language; the Hebdomadal Council thundered anathema at it, and Deans altered the dinner-hour of their respective colleges, so that if men wanted to hear Newman preach they could not dine in Hall; though one of these same Deans, be it said to his credit, or to the discredit of the diners, himself chose the sermons.

Logically, no doubt, there was nothing in all this outcry to affect Newman's theoretic position. The Catholicity of the English Church was not affected by the attitude of her bishops and governors for the time being. However heterodox, however Protestant, the views held by those in authority over her, they could not rob her of her inherently Catholic character. Still, there is no denying that the widespread opposition to the movement, which, long latent and smouldering, now broke forth in unrestrained violence, came as a great shock to Newman. He was accused by some of his more violent opponents of being a secrect emissary in the pay of Rome, while professing the principles and enjoying the emoluments of the Church of England. This, combined with the appointment of Dr. Hampden to the Chair of Divinity at Oxford and the scandal of the Jerusalem Bishopric, did, no doubt, materially hasten the disintegration of his doctrinal position. He who had borne so conspicuous a part in denouncing the errors and corruptions of Rome was now beginning to entertain serious doubts as to the solidity of his own position. His confidence began to falter. He had led his disciples on thus far, in high hopes and in perfect good faith. But now, suddenly, the way began to grow strange; the landmarks on which he had so confidently counted were not at hand or indicated no certain direction. A greyness seemed to have fallen upon the path, which, till now, had seemed to hold out such brilliant promise. Whither had he come? What was to be the end of it? To what pass had he brought his trusting followers? We seem to see him turning towards them, baffled and perplexed, gazing at them

"With a wild surmise."

Was the road along which they had been faring so blithely leading, not to any Anglican Church rehabited in discarded Catholic raiment, but to Rome, throned in majesty upon her seven hills?

Looking back with a dispassionate eye upon these events so stirring in their day—looking back from the point in Anglican history at which we of the twentieth century have now arrived, we see the hopelessness of this endeavour to reconcile the irreconcilable.

The Church of England may be likened to a ship freighted on one side with a Catholic, on the other with a Protestant cargo. So long as the rope of Parliamentary control succeeds in forcibly holding these warring elements together the vessel continues on an even keel. When it relaxes, she takes on an ominous list, or rather proceeds with alarming lurches,

"Rolling now to starboard, now to larboard,"

according as one element in the shifting cargo temporarily outweighs the other. Some there are who would endeavour to keep the vessel afloat, in spite of the inconvenience arising from this chronic discord, because, after all, she is roomy and well victualled. Others are for scuttling the ship and launching the boats, in hopes of making port over the inhospitable sea of Disestablishment.

The immediate result of Newman's attempt to re-inspire the Church of England with the breath of Catholicism was what might have been expected from those who saw no objection to "the establishment of a sort of Anglo-Prussian, half-Episcopal, half-Lutheran See at Jerusalem," and who selected "two individuals of heretical opinions to fill it in succession." It was a bold and seemingly forlorn enterprise to attack the solid conglomerate mass of complacent British Protestantism as represented by "Queen and statesmen, and practical men, and country gentlemen and respectable tradesmen, fathers and mothers, schoolmasters, church wardens, vestries, public societies, newspapers and their readers in the lower classes."

Well, then, the storm broke, and Newman, in order to possess his soul in peace, and realizing, since the authorities, academical and ecclesiastical, had condemned him, that his work as a leader was over, quitted Oxford and withdrew to Littlemore. Small wonder that, with the memory of these disappointments in his heart, he should one day come to say of the Church of England:

"It must hide its Catholic aspirations in folios or in college cloisters; it must call itself Protestant when it gets into the pulpit; it must abjure Antiquity, for woe to it if it attempt to thrust the wording of its own documents in its master's path, if it rely on a passage in its Visitation of the Sick, or on an Article of the Creed, or on the tone of its collects, or on a catena of its divines, when the age has determined on a theology more in keeping with the progress of knowledge."

Nevertheless, he greatly under-estimated the future scope and effect of the movement he had set on foot, when he thus spoke of "what is sometimes called, or rather calls itself, the Anglo-Catholic teaching," saying that it—

> "is not only a novelty in this age, . . . but that while it is a system adventitious and superadded to the national religion, it is . . . not supplemental, or complemental, or collateral, or correlative to it—not implicitly involved in it, not developed from it—nor combining with it—nor capable of absorption into it; but, on the contrary, most uncongenial and heterogeneous, floating upon it, a foreign substance like oil upon the water."

Indeed, this foreign substance has so increased in influence and extent, has become such a power within the Church of England, that it taxed to the utmost the resources of Parliament to throw out the Revised Prayer Book which had received by an overwhelming majority the assent of the three Houses of Convocation. It was only a coalition, or unholy alliance, between the forces of bigotry, ignorance, and infidelity which defeated a measure that was held to concede too much to this same

Anglo-Catholic party which its one-time leader and apologist held in such small esteem.

Littlemore, a village two or three miles from Oxford, was then a sort of appanage of St. Mary's. There Newman, some time previously, had taken over a row of rather mean-looking cottages, which he had furnished as a house of studies for himself and a few of his chosen disciples, and thither on April 19, 1842, when the Movement was at its height and Tract 90 was selling in its thousands, he retired, full of sadness and misgiving, and, from this time forth, he rarely went down into Oxford. He still held his tutorship, but as the Provost (disagreeing with his ideas regarding the duties of that office) ceased to assign him any pupils, he was a tutor only in name.

He had contemplated the removal some time before, and in February he had written to his sister, saying, "I am going up to Littlemore, and my books are all in motion—part gone, the rest in a day or two. It makes me very downcast"; and he quotes Horace:

> "Lusisti satis, edisti satis atque bibisti;
> Tempus abire tibi est: ne potum largius aequo
> Rideat et pulset lasciva decentius aetas."

Here, then, at Littlemore, Newman, in company with a few of his closer friends, such as Ambrose St. John, J. B. Dalgairns, and E. S. Bowles, lived a life of the austerest simplicity and self-denial. There were no servants in the house. A woman from the village came in to do the cooking, and a boy was employed in odd jobs throughout the day. Perfect silence was observed, except during the recreation in the library after dinner. The Breviary Office, with certain slight modifications and omissions to bring it into harmony with the Anglican Articles, was said in the Oratory.

Breakfast was taken standing, in the dining-room, and there was a frugal luncheon in the middle of the day. In the afternoon it was usual to take a walk. Newman's conversation was delightful (we must never forget this incomparable combination of the ascetic and "the perfect member of society"), but he walked so swiftly that his companions had much ado to keep pace with him.

At Littlemore, working sometimes fourteen hours a day, he devoted himself to his *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine*. As the task neared its end, he would stand the whole day, completing and revising it with the intimate care that was his wont. When he began it he was still, in name, an Anglican; ere he completed it he had made his formal submission to Rome.

The story of these last days at Littlemore is one of moving pathos. Intellectually, his mind was made up as early as the year 1839, and from that date he was, as he tells us in his *Apologia,* on his deathbed as regards the Anglican Church. All the weapons on which he had placed such reliance in former days had snapped or wilted in his hands. But it took long for the subconscious workings of his nature to come up into line, as it were, with the conclusions to which his reason had led him. One after another of the men whom he had led so far along the path, who had looked to him for guidance, preceded their former leader into the new land. Still he lingered. Perhaps it is vain to speculate on what might have happened if the movement he set on foot had been received more sympathetically by those in authority. Logically, it is not easy to see how this could have affected his position, at all events permanently. Yet he himself has said:

> "Many a man might have held an abstract theory about the Catholic Church to which it was difficult to adjust the Anglican, might have admitted a suspicion or even painful doubt about the latter, yet never have been impelled onwards, had our rulers preserved the quiescence of former years; but it is the corroboration of a great living and energetic heterodoxy that realizes and makes such doubts practical. It has been the recent speeches and acts of authorities who had so long been tolerant of Protestant error, which has given to inquiry and to theory its force and edge."

No man readily forsakes the scenes and the people he has loved, or severs with a light heart the associations of past years; and to whatever strange and distant regions his destiny or his conscience may call him, the memory of those other days and of faces once so familiar and always so abidingly dear to him ever clings about his heart. So that, when the time came for him to be up and doing, when he set about preparing for his journey into the new land that was henceforth to be his home, and facing the future whose countenance was hidden in the mist of the years to come, we need not wonder that he turned many times to look wistfully back over the way he had traversed, before he set resolutely forward on the road.

After all, the Church he had tried so hard to serve, but who had met him only with rebuffs and discouragement, was a beautiful and venerable institution. He, in turn, was to say bitter things about her, to call her the City of Confusion and other harsh names, but deep in his heart he could not but harbour a sorrowful affection for the Church within whose pale he had gently grown to spiritual maturity and which was bound up with memories to him so dear—Trinity, and the snapdragon opposite his freshman's rooms there, and the pride with which he put on his scholar's gown, and the Oriel Fellowship, and the bells that rang out to proclaim his triumph, and the society in the Common-room; the walks in Christ Church meadow, and his fiddle-playing in trios and quartets at sedate musical parties,—all those numberless strands of memory, in a word, which, beginning with his remote childhood, when he used to play his childish games in Bloomsbury Square, or, later, lie awake of a summer morning at his father's house at Ham reading the Waverley Novels till it was time to get up—all these recollections, and a host of other pleasant, far-off things, were summed up and gathered as it were into a single sheaf bound round with a golden strand on which was graven the magic word—Oxford.

"Can I forget," he cried years afterwards, addressing an Anglican audience—"can I forget—I never can forget—the day when, in my youth, I first bound myself to the ministry of God in that old church of St. Frideswide, the patroness of Oxford? Nor how I wept most abundant and most sweet tears when I thought what I had then become. . . . Can I wipe out from my memory, or wish to wipe out, those happy Sunday mornings, light or dark, year after year, when I celebrated your communion-rite in my own church of St. Mary's, and in the pleasantness and joy of it heard nothing of the strife of tongues which surrounded its walls?"

Who could resist the charm of such a passage as that or fail to be touched by its beauty and pathos, or be deaf to its emotional appeal? Who can but admire its gentleness, its grave and winning urbanity? How characteristic and how moving is the rhythm of it all, and how magical the cadence of the two sentences—"Can I forget—I never can forget—the day when, in my youth" . . . "Can I wipe out from my memory, or wish to wipe out, those happy Sunday mornings, light or dark" . . . ! And note the effect of that "light or dark." What a magical beauty those words cast over the whole passage! Substitute "in summer or winter," and the charm is gone.

And Littlemore, where the last few years had been spent, would it be nothing, when the final parting came, to leave a place which, in a special and intimate sense, had been his home, his refuge when all the world, even Oxford itself, seemed to have turned against him? Could he bid farewell without a sinking heart to the "cell" where he had stood at his tall writing-desk month after month, toiling with infinite pains, yet with ardour as infinite, at a work which marks him out as one of the greatest and most original thinkers of his own or any generation? And the little Oratory, with its walls hung with red, and the *altarino* with its crucifix and candlesticks, where day after day he had prayed for light, alone or with his beloved disciples, to guide him in his perplexity. Small wonder that before taking so momentous a step he should search his heart and probe the innermost depths of his consciousness to make sure that he was not the victim of some delusion or some defect of character. "I see," he writes, in a strangely moving letter to Henry Wilberforce, dated some five months or so before his reception into the Catholic Church—

> "I see Blanco White going wrong yet sincere—Arnold going wrong yet sincere. They are no puzzle to me; I can put my finger on this or that fault in their character, and say, Here was the fault. And so it comes upon me, How do I know that I too have not my weak points which occasion me to think as I think? How can I be sure I have not committed sins which bring this unsettled state of mind on me as a judgment?"

CHAPTER VI

THE VISION OF PEACE

AT length the hour of severance is at hand. It is two years since he resigned St. Mary's; two years since he had preached, at Littlemore, his sermon on the Parting of Friends.

"O my mother," he cried then in the anguish of farewell, "whence is this unto thee that thou hast good things poured out upon thee and canst not keep them, and bearest children, yet darest not own them? Why hast thou not the skill to use their services, nor the heart to rejoice in their love? How is it that whatever is generous in purpose, and tender or deep in devotion, thy flower and thy promise, falls from thy bosom and finds no home within thine arms?"

As he uttered these last sad words his voice faltered, and the friends of whom he was taking his final leave could not restrain their tears.

"O my brethren," he said, as he gazed down upon them from the pulpit from which he had spoken to them so often, "O kind and affectionate hearts, O loving friends, should you know anyone whose lot it has been, by writing or by word of mouth, in some degree to help you thus to act; if he has ever told you what you knew about yourselves, or what you did not know; has read to you your wants or feelings, and comforted you by the very reading; has made you feel that there was a higher life than this daily one, and a brighter world than that you see; or encouraged you, or sobered you, or opened a way to the inquiring, or soothed the perplexed; if what he has said or done has ever made you take an interest in him, and feel well inclined towards him; remember such a one in time to come, though you hear him not, and pray for him, that in all things he may know God's will, and at all times be ready to fulfil it."

Two years had passed since those words had fallen from his lips. And the silence which followed had sent a chill to the hearts of those who, Sunday after Sunday, for so many years had hung upon his words, looking to him for guidance. "It was," writes one of his disciples of those days, "as when to one kneeling by night, in the silence of some vast cathedral, the great bell tolling solemnly overhead has suddenly gone still."

And now for Newman the verdict of reason had been delivered; no more was to be gained from controversy or from the searching of books. For him, the Church of England was a schismatic Church. Why then, did he not move? He had reached the summit of the distant ridge towards which he had so long been faring. But he must still wait, for the sky was dark before him. That illumination of the spirit had not yet shone forth within him. He is alone now, alone with God, waiting for the σημεῖον, for the dayspring from on high to visit him. The friends whom he loved averted their gaze from him or looked on him with sorrowful eyes. And friends were always so necessary to him. Their coldness, or their disapproval, or their indifference laid a chill upon his heart and dried up the fountain of his being. But even his intimate companions who dwelt with him beneath the same roof, unremitting as they ever were in offices of tenderness and affection, even his beloved Ambrose St. John, could not avail him now. The journey through the shadows must be made alone; he must pass across the dark frontier which divided the old life from the new, alone with One Whose face he could not see, to lead him. Could it be that God, too, had turned away His countenance from him?

"What hope have I but in Him?" he cries despairingly in his hour of trial. "To whom should I go? Who can do me any good? Who can speak a word of comfort but He? Who is there but looks on me with a sorrowful face? . . . but He can lift up the light of His countenance upon me. All is against me—may He not add Himself as an adversary! May He tell me, may I listen to Him, if His will is other than I think it to be. . . ."

It was a cry out of the darkness, out of the night of perplexity, hesitation, and sorrow.

All this time, month after month, he had been at work upon his *Essay on Development,* toiling with a ceaseless ardour that wore him to a shadow. And as he wrote, a vision began to take shape beneath his pen. The Past was touched into life, and the dead rose again. The mists of time were rolled away and the historic Christian Church, Catholic and Apostolic, rose up before his eyes, a great overwhelming objective fact, venerable yet young, majestic yet infinitely tender. He had set himself to write this book as a sort of *Apologia* to make clear his position to the world. It should display to all the "notes" by which he discerned the identity of the Catholic Roman Church of to-day—its creeds, its formularies, its rites and ceremonies—with the Church of the earliest times. And when the work was finished—and not before—he would go whither the vision beckoned him. Such was his resolve. The years were passing—how swiftly! In a little while, it seemed to him, old age would be upon him. But this work should be finished quickly, and then, when he had made the position quite clear and explained to his friends and to all those many followers who were mystified or impatient or saddened by the change that had come upon him—then, and not till then, he would set forth.

Meantime events were happening, circumstances grouping themselves, as it were upon a stage, for the act which was to close and set its seal upon the first half of his career.

Others, his friends, "whose simpler minds were strangers to his own resolve to resist the promptings of impulse for a fixed time," had joined, or were on the point of joining, the Catholic Church. Dalgairns had been received at Aston by Father Dominic, the Passionist, who was to come to visit his convert at Littlemore on October 8, on his way home to Belgium. Could anything, Newman asked, have been clearer than the providential nature of this event? On October 3 he resigned his Oriel Fellowship. Four days later, Ambrose St. John, who had been away on a holiday and had been received in the course of it, returned to Littlemore. Newman, who never kept anything from this his most beloved friend, told him of his intention.

At ten o'clock on the night of October 8, 1845, Dalgairns and St. John walked into Oxford to meet Father Dominic. It had been raining steadily for hours, and when the traveller arrived at Littlemore late at night, he had to sit close to a blazing fire to dry his sodden clothes. That same night, despite the lateness of the hour, Newman made his general confession in the little Oratory, while the rain fell and the wind moaned in the trees without. Next day he made his communion as a Catholic in that same Oratory, and Mass was said there for the first time. Thus, "without observation," he crossed the frontier, passing from the old life to the new.

Quietly as Newman made his entrance upon the stage, almost simultaneously, and no less quietly, another actor of genius in the great religious drama made his exit from it. Three days before, as the shades of night were falling, Ernest Renan had descended the steps of St. Sulpice for the last time in his cassock, and shaken the dust of the seminary for ever from his feet.

On Newman's desk lay the unfinished manuscript of the *Essay on Development,* destined never to be completed. But his pilgrimage through the successive ages of the Church's history had brought him at length into the light and warmth of the *Visio Pacis* for which with such wistful eagerness his heart had yearned so long.

In a deathless page he records the end of his journey:

"Such were the thoughts concerning the 'Blessed Vision of Peace,' of one whose long-continued petition had been that the Most Merciful would not despise the work of His own Hands, nor leave him to himself; while yet his eyes were dim, and his breast laden, and he could but employ Reason in the things of Faith. And now, dear Reader, time is short, eternity is long. Put not from you what you have here found; regard it not as mere matter of present controversy; set not out resolved to refute it, and looking about for the best way of doing so; seduce not yourself with the imagination that it comes of disappointment, or disgust, or restlessness, or wounded feeling, or undue sensibility, or other weakness. Wrap not yourself round in the associations of years past, nor determine that to be truth which you wish to be so, nor make an idol of cherished anticipations. Time is short, eternity is long.

Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine,
Secundum verbum tuum in pace,
Quia viderunt oculi mei salutare tuum."

CHAPTER VII

"AVE ATQUE VALE"

There are some for whom places and scenes made dear by long and intimate association have an almost human appeal, for whom a familiar landscape or, maybe, a house or even a room, is like the face of an old and trusted friend, the faithful comrade of good and evil days. A fold in the hills, a certain grouping of wood and river and meadow, for example, will leave an impress on the heart that neither time nor distance can efface. Such a sensitiveness to the spirit of place, to the *genius loci,* was one of Newman's most marked characteristics. Even the objects of everyday use, a writing-desk, or a chair, or a pen, stirred his affections as though companions that had rendered him long and faithful service.

We can imagine the practical, unemotional reader smiling at Newman's confession that, when he tore himself away from Littlemore, he could not help kissing his bed and mantelpiece and other parts of the house. The last two days he spent there, he was quite alone in the place, as he had been when he originally took possession of it. The night of Sunday, February 22, he slept in Oxford—"at my dear friend's, Mr. Johnson's, at the Observatory"—and the following morning he said good-bye to various friends who came to see the last of him: Mr. Copeland, Mr. Church, Mr. Buckle, Mr. Pattison, Mr. Lewis, and Dr. Pusey. And then he went to call on his old tutor, Dr. Ogle, who had taken him in hand long ago when, scarcely more than a child, he had come up, so shy and yet so resolute, from the Reverend Dr. Nicholas's Academy at Ealing.

"In him" (Dr. Ogle), says Newman, "I took leave of my first College, Trinity, which was so dear to me, and which held on its foundation so many who had been kind to me both when I was a boy and all through my Oxford life. Trinity had never been unkind to me. There used to be much snapdragon growing on the walls opposite my freshman's rooms there, and I had for years taken it as the emblem of my own perpetual residence even unto death in my University.

"I have never seen Oxford since," he wrote in the *Apologia,* "excepting its spires as they are seen from the railway."

But, indeed, he never ceased to see her, as a man may see in every detail—hair and eyes and lips—the countenance of one loved long ago, hallowed and transfigured by time. Long afterwards, the details of that leave-taking and of the scene on which his eyes then rested in sorrowful farewell were clear and definite even as on the morning when he turned and went away. In his novel *Loss and Gain,* he describes the feelings of the convert Charles Reding as he too turned away from the city he had loved so well; and who can doubt that the emotions he thus describes were those which he himself had experienced on the like occasion?

"There lay old Oxford before him, with its hills as gentle and its meadows as green as ever. Each college, each church—he counted them by their pinnacles and turrets. The silver Isis, the grey willows, the far-stretching plains, the dark groves, the distant range of Shotover . . . all had passed as a dream, and he was a stranger where he had hoped to have a home."

But the snapdragon still flourishes on the walls at Trinity. The emblem has not belied the presage that it gave. Newman did not leave Oxford. Oxford was indeed with him "even unto death," and he with Oxford. And now, beyond death, he is with Oxford still.

CHAPTER VIII

THE EVOLUTION OF DOGMA

THERE is a sense in which the *Essay on Development* is the greatest, as, at least for the ordinary reader, for the reader unlearned in theology, it is perhaps the most difficult of Newman's works. It abounds in passages of intense power, of almost lyrical beauty; but this beauty, as always with Newman, is not adornment, it is intrinsic in the very nature of the subject and inseparable from it. It is born of the fire, the enthusiasm within, so that some force external to the writer seems to have taken the pen and written for him.

It is too often forgotten that Newman, the poet and visionary, was also a profound and accomplished mathematician. He will bring to the demonstration of a proposition not merely a wealth of poetic imagery and historic illustration, but a sureness, a lucidity, a deftness, and a skill that is mathematical in its precision.

It has been said by someone that Newman was not a man of action, was not in the ordinary sense an orator, but that when he took the pen in his hand, then he was a match for the whole world. The power with which he is thus credited is surely nowhere more strikingly shown than in the *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine*.

It meant the application—many years before Darwin published his *Origin of Species*—of the evolutionary idea to religious dogma. Henceforth, that dogma, instead of being regarded as static, as something motionless, inert, incapable of expansion, became a thing instinct with the principles of growth and development.

The full-grown oak bears no resemblance to the acorn from which it sprang, yet the giant tree contains nothing that was not implicit in the seed of its origin.

Development, in matters of religious belief, was natural and to be expected. The truths of revelation lay like leaves in the bud, destined to be unfolded not at once, but gradually, in the long process of time; and as the world grew in knowledge and experience, so there came to be displayed to the world not contradictions of the old truths—for that could not be, since they were divinely revealed—but new facets, new aspects of them. Dogmas are reassertions of old truths couched in terms designed to rebut false interpretations that had been put upon them. Developments in this sense are to be expected, are indeed inevitable.

"An idea," says Newman, "not only modifies, but is modified, or at least influenced, by the state of things in which it is carried out, and is dependent in various ways on the circumstances which surround it. Its development proceeds quickly or slowly, as it may be; the order of succession in its separate stages is variable; it shows differently in a small sphere of action and in an extended; it may be interrupted, retarded, mutilated, distorted, by external violence; it may be enfeebled by the effort of ridding itself of domestic foes; it may be impeded and swayed or even absorbed by counter energetic ideas; it may be coloured by the received tone of thought into which it comes, or depraved by the intrusion of foreign principles, or at length shattered by the development of some original fault within it.

"But whatever be the risk of corruption from intercourse with the world around, such a risk must be encountered if a great idea is duly to be understood, and much more if it is to be fully exhibited. It is elicited and expanded by trial, and battles into perfection and supremacy. Nor does it escape the collision of opinion even in its earlier years, nor does it remain truer to itself, and with a better claim to be considered one and the same, though externally protected from vicissitude and change. It is indeed sometimes said that the stream is clearest near the spring. Whatever use may fairly be made of this image, it does not apply to the history of a philosophy or belief, which, on the contrary, is more equable, and purer, and stronger, when its bed has become deep, and broad, and full. It necessarily rises out of an existing state of things, and for a time savours of the soil. Its vital element needs disengaging from what is foreign and temporary, and is employed in efforts after freedom which become more vigorous and hopeful as its years increase. Its beginnings are no measure of its capabilities, nor of its scope. At first no one knows what it is, or what it is worth. It remains perhaps for a time quiescent; it tries, as it were, its limbs, and proves the ground under it, and feels its way. From time to time it makes essays which fail, and are in consequence abandoned. It seems in suspense which way to go; it wavers, and at length strikes out in one definite direction. In time it enters upon strange territory; points of controversy alter their bearing; parties rise and fall around it; dangers and hopes appear in new relations; and old principles reappear under new forms. It changes with them in order to remain the same. In a higher world it is otherwise, but here below to live is to change, and to be perfect is to have changed often."

If, then, developments are to be looked for in the growth and expansion of doctrine, how are we to discern true developments from false, orderly healthy evolution from corruption and decay? And if revelation is divine, if it be an illumination vouchsafed to man from above as it were, in the seed, is the development of that seed to be left to chance, or is it watched over and kept inviolate by some means divinely appointed to that end? If Revelation be from God, is it not antecedently probable that Providence should have furnished the means of safeguarding and preserving from corruption the truths thus revealed? Hence the idea of an infallible Church, the safeguard and the interpreter of the treasure committed to its charge, the authority that shall define, when occasion arises, what is, and what is not, legitimate development, and winnow the false from the true.

There are those who conceive of the early days of Christianity as a sort of Golden Age—simplicity, with no laws, no rules, no dogmas, which they regard as so much lumber accumulated by the schoolmen, overloading and obscuring the simple, primitive belief. Others hold that, up to a certain point in the Church's history, developments and dogmatic definitions are authentic and to be accepted as implicit in the original revelation, but that all subsequent to that point are mere corruptions. M. Guizot, in his *History of European Civilization,* says that Christianity "in the early ages was a belief, a sentiment, an individual conviction," the Christian society appears as a pure association of men animated by the same sentiments and professing the same creed. "The first Christians," he continues, "assembled to enjoy the same emotions, the same religious convictions. We do not find any doctrinal system established, any form of discipline or of laws or any body of magistrates." This, says Newman, is to fail to distinguish between a principle and its exhibitions and instances:

"The principle indeed of Dogmatism developed into Councils in the course of time; but it was active, nay, sovereign from the first in every part of Christendom. A conviction that truth was one, that it was a gift from without, a sacred trust, an inestimable blessing; that it was to be reverenced, guarded, defended, transmitted; that its absence was a grievous want, and its loss an unutterable calamity. . . . Councils and Popes are the guardians and instruments of the dogmatic principle; they are not that principle themselves; they presuppose they are summoned into action at the call of the principle, and the principle might act even before they had their legitimate place, and exercised a recognized power in the movements of the Christian body."

To the objection that, in the case of Christianity, its inspired documents at once determine the limits of its mission without further trouble, Newman answers that—

> "ideas are in the writer and the reader of the revelation, not the inspired text itself; and the question is whether those ideas which the letter conveys from writer to reader, reach the reader at once in their completeness and accuracy on his first perception of them, or whether they open out in his intellect and grow to perfection in the course of time."

And are the truths of Christianity so easy to understand, and can they be summed up in a sentence? Do no questions, no difficulties, arise in their application even in the simplest states of society composed entirely of men of good will? And if they do so arise, how much more complex and difficult of solution are likely to be the problems raised in a more sophisticated and more sceptical age! The simplest idea, the plainest proposition, is susceptible of endless interpretations. Take, for example, such a statement as "Beauty is Truth," and throw it out among the mass of men, and what will they make of it? Is it a simple matter to find a definition of Beauty that will command universal acceptance? And as for the nature of Truth, that is a quest that had occupied the minds of men for many a generation before Pontius Pilate, and is likely to continue so to occupy them till the end of time.

> "The more claim an idea has to be considered living," Newman observes, "the more various will be its aspects; and the more social and political is its nature, the more complicated and subtle will be its issues, and the longer and more eventful will be its course. And in the number of these special ideas, which from their very depth and richness cannot be fully understood at once, but are more and more clearly expressed the longer they last—having aspects many and bearings many, mutually connected and growing one out of another, and all parts of a whole, with a sympathy and a correspondence keeping pace with the ever-changing necessities of the world, multiform, prolific, and ever resourceful,"

surely Christianity has a foremost place.

The ever-changing necessities of the world! Yes, to keep pace with these, that is the task and glory of the Church in Newman's view of it. The truths of revelation are, in the Christian's idea of them, divine, and being so, surely it follows that there exists a divinely appointed means of preserving them inviolate.

It has been questioned by many whether, if Newman could have foreseen the effect which the Tractarian Movement was destined eventually to have upon the Church of England, he would have ever gone over to Rome. Surely this book furnishes a sufficient answer to such inquiries. If the arguments which he advances, if the considerations on which he dwells, are in the main sound and worthy of credence; or if, whether they are or not, he believed them to be so, then to have remained where he was would have argued that he was lacking either in sincerity or in courage. Still, even at this late hour, the vast majority of people, and even many who have made a considerable study of theological and ecclesiastical matters, look on the Oxford Movement as the outcome of a more or less mild antiquarianism. The *Essay on Development* is, then, a work of supreme importance. But how many read it? In the course of the Prayer Book controversy a noble lord writing to *The Times* reiterated the appeal to Antiquity as if this book had never been written. He thought that up to the time of Constantine things had gone well with the Church, but that after that period corruption had set in.

But what is corruption, and what development? How shall the one be distinguished from the other?

"To find what corruption or perversion of the truth is, let us," says Newman, "inquire what the word means when used literally of material substances. Now, it is plain, first of all, that a corruption is a word attaching to organized matters only; a stone may be crushed to powder, but it cannot be corrupted. Corruption, on the contrary, is the breaking up of life, preparatory to its termination. This resolution of a body into its component parts is the stage before its dissolution; it begins when life has reached its perfection, and it is the sequel, or rather the continuation, of that process towards perfection, being at the same time the reversal and undoing of what went before. Till this point of regression is reached, the body has a function of its own, and a direction and aim in its action, and a nature with laws; these it is now losing, and the traits and tokens of former years; and with them its vigour and powers of assimilation, and of self-preservation.

"Taking this analogy as a guide," he proceeds, "I venture to set down seven Notes of varying cogency, independence, and applicability, to discriminate healthy developments of an idea from its state of corruption and decay, as follows: There is no corruption if it retains one and the same type, the same principle, the same organization; if its beginnings anticipate its subsequent phases, and its later phenomena protect and subserve its earlier; if it has a power of assimilation and revival and a vigorous action from first to last."

On these seven tests—viz. preservation of type; continuity of principles; power of assimilation; logical sequence; anticipation of the future; conservative action upon the past; chronic vigour—he then proceeds to enlarge. Of all these tests and of all the descriptions and illustrations of them, the most interesting, the most important, and the most essential to the evolutionary idea which gives the work its unique importance is that which treats of the power of assimilation.

Assimilation is the ingestion into the body of new substances and their absorption, their incorporation, into the system in such a manner as to maintain its vigour and assist its growth. This test, applied to the religions of the world, shows that Christianity alone possessed this faculty of selection and rejection in the matter of doctrine, of selecting and assimilating what was in accordance with its nature and rejecting what was foreign or injurious to it; and when Christianity lost its primitive unity, then this power of assimilation, with its concomitant power of rejecting what is false, is found to be the exclusive "note" of the Catholic Church.

Perhaps one may venture to set forth an analogy with the human body which is—at all events up to a certain point—protected against the absorption of unsuitable or injurious substances by a natural tendency to reject and disgorge whatever is harmful or foreign to its nature. The claim to infallibility advanced by the Catholic Church amounts, perhaps, just to this: that the Church is so constituted by its Divine Founder that it cannot ingest, or assimilate, or retain within its system anything contrary or injurious to its nature.

In the Church of England the congenital defects of digestion (to continue the simile), which, though sometimes dormant, have always been present and which have lately become so acute as to suggest that dissolution cannot be long delayed, are responsible for some strange and baffling phenomena. That institution has, it would seem, developed at least three separate stomachs, each of which is capable of acting independently of its fellows. The result is that while one, perhaps, of these stomachs is eagerly absorbing and assimilating the pabulum offered to it, the other two are no less eagerly rejecting it. It has, of course, been attempted to effect a *modus vivendi* between these separate and mutually hostile organisms by offering to each a synthetic diet compounded of a modicum of the diverse warring ingredients, but the only result of this well-intentioned effort at conciliation has been, if not to arouse the antipathy, at least to secure no more than the sullen acquiescence of them all. That perhaps was some gain. "He made a desolation and called it peace"; but if gain it was, the Church of England was not permitted to enjoy it; the House of Commons, of which all but a mere handful of members were indifferent or hostile to the Establishment, but which, having a giant's strength, was eager to exhibit it in the tyrannic manner habitual with giants, crushed the compromise with the weight of its veto. The "note" of assimilation, then, is not a possession of the Anglican Church, nor can it be said to display, in a conspicuous degree, any of the six remaining notes which Newman applies as tests of true development. But, it will be urged, where shall we look for the satisfaction of these tests? Are there not instances enough in the Catholic Church, of discordant opinions, of warring principles? Have we not heard, in the words of Chillingworth, of Popes against Popes, Councils against Councils?

"I answer, of course," says Newman, "this will be said, but let the fact of this objection be carefully examined, and its value reduced to its true measure, before it is used in argument. I grant that there are 'Bishops against Bishops in Church history, Fathers against Fathers, Fathers against themselves,' for such differences in individual writers are consistent with, or rather are involved in, the very idea of doctrinal development, and consequently are no real objection to it; the one essential question is whether the recognized organ of teaching, the Church herself, acting through Pope or Council as the oracle of heaven, has ever contradicted her own enunciations. If so, the hypothesis which I am advocating is at once shattered; but till I have positive and distinct evidence of the fact, I am slow to give credence to the existence of so great an improbability."

Matthew Arnold, impressed by the solvent effect of the Higher Criticism and of Science generally on traditional beliefs, and especially on belief in the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures, was for abandoning dogmatic religion in favour of poetry.

"The future of poetry is immense," he says," because in poetry, where it is worthy of its high destinies, our race, as time goes on, will find an ever surer and surer stay. There is not a creed which is not shaken, not an accredited dogma which is not shown to be questionable, not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve. Our religion has materialized itself in the fact, in the supposed fact; it has attached its emotion to the fact, and now the fact is failing it."

If the Catholic Church had asserted, as so many others have asserted, that every incident recorded in the Bible was to be accepted as historic fact; that, for example, Jonah's sojourn in the whale's belly was a fact in the same sense as the battle of Trafalgar is a fact, then that contradiction of which Newman speaks would also be a fact and a disastrous one for those who trust in the dogmatic infallibility of the Church. But in truth the Church lays down no more than that the Scriptures are the word of God and are true. In what sense they are true she has never defined, and, until she decrees otherwise, every Catholic is at liberty to look on the account given in Genesis of the creation of the world and similar events as historical, if he will, or if he prefer it so, as allegorical. But in truth what constitutes the great value of this evolutionary theory thus applied by Newman to dogma is the illumination it casts over the religions of the world. Even in the superstitious beliefs of wild and uncivilized tribes, in the gropings towards the light of untutored and simple races, as in the religions of Greece and Rome, we may discern vague glimpses, inchoate, rudimentary premonitions and patterns of those great religious truths which, threading their way upwards in a long ascent through Judaism, find their ultimate expression in the truths revealed to the apostles.

"The phenomenon, admitted on all hands, is this: That great portion of what is generally received as Christian truth is, in its rudiments or in its separate parts, to be found in heathen philosophies and religions. For instance, the doctrine of a Trinity is found both in the East and in the West; so is the ceremony of Washing; so is the rite of sacrifice. The doctrine of the Divine Word is Platonic; the doctrine of the Incarnation is Indian; of a divine kingdom is Judaic; of Angels and demons is Magian; the connexion of sin with the body is Gnostic; celibacy is known to Bonze and Talapoin; a sacerdotal order is Egyptian; the idea of a new birth is Chinese and Eleusinian; belief in sacramental virtue is Pythagorean; and honours to the dead are a polytheism."

There are those who argue:

"These things are in heathenism, therefore they are not Christian." A Catholic would prefer to say, "These things are in Christianity, therefore they are not heathen. These things are but broken lights of the truth, but such as they are, they too are from God. So far, then, from the Church's creed 'being of doubtful credit because it resembles foreign theologies,' we even hold that one special way in which Providence has imparted divine knowledge to us has been by enabling her to draw and collect it together out of the world, and, in this sense, as in others, to 'suck the milk of the Gentiles and to suck the breast of Kings.' "

Christianity came not to destroy, but to fulfil, and surely the fact that the Church has assimilated and subdued to her purpose so much of Pagan ritual and observance increases rather than diminishes her claim to Catholicity.

"We are not distressed to be told that the doctrine of the angelic host came from Babylon, while we know that they did sing at the Nativity; nor that the vision of a Mediator is in Philo, if in very deed He died for us on Calvary. Nor are we afraid to allow that, even after His coming, the Church has been a treasure-house, giving forth things old and new, casting the gold of fresh tributaries into her refiner's fire, or stamping upon her own, as time required it, a deeper impress of her Master's image.

"The distinction between these two theories is broad and obvious. The advocates of the one imply that Revelation was a single, entire, solitary act, or nearly so, introducing a certain message; whereas we, who maintain the other, consider that Divine teaching has been in fact, what the analogy of nature would lead us to expect, 'at sundry times and in diverse manners,' various, complex, progressive, and supplemental of itself. We consider the Christian doctrine, when analysed, to appear, like the human frame, 'fearfully and wonderfully made'; but they think it some one tenet or certain principles given out at one time in their fullness, without gradual enlargement before Christ's coming or elucidation afterwards. They cast off all that they also find in Pharisee or heathen; we conceive that the Church, like Aaron's rod, devours the serpents of the magicians. They are ever hunting for a fabulous primitive simplicity; we repose in Catholic fullness. They seek what has never been found; we accept and use what even they acknowledge to be a substance. They are driven to maintain, on their part, that the Church's doctrine was never pure; we say that it can never be corrupt. We consider that a divine promise keeps the Church Catholic from doctrinal corruption; but on what promise, or on what encouragement, they are seeking for their visionary purity does not appear."

CHAPTER IX

THE NEW CITY

NEWMAN says of the state of mind that followed his conversion, that it was like coming into port after a rough sea. It proved, in the event, less like landing in a port than setting foot on a strange and unfamiliar shore, where the manners and customs, and even the speech, of the inhabitants were, to say the least, unfamiliar. Their attitude towards the newcomers was friendly, but there was an atmosphere of constraint, of shyness on both sides, which it took time to dispel. When Newman goes to Oscott to receive confirmation at the hands of Dr. Wiseman, he is embarrassed and tongue-tied. He and his companion, J. Walker, and the ever-faithful Ambrose St. John, are ushered into the guest-room, and to them enters the Bishop with two priests in attendance. The formal greetings over, the Bishop and Newman sit facing each other, endeavouring with scanty success to "make conversation," and when at length a message is brought to Wiseman that a boy is waiting to go to confession, the Bishop retires with significant alacrity. Only at Prior Park, where Bishop Baines had left behind him the impress of his own piety, refinement, and culture, did he find himself in a congenial atmosphere. Bishop Baines, a Benedictine, had been succeeded in 1843 by his coadjutor, Dr. Brindle, also a Benedictine, a scholar, and a gentleman. In the Bishop's house—

> "the whole set-out is gentlemanlike, yet accompanied with the deep impression of religion as an objective fact, which I should not expect to see in an Anglican house [parsonage] equally gentlemanlike. How can it be otherwise with the Blessed Sacrament in it? I think I should get on well with Dr. B. and the bursar, Mr. Shaddock, who is very like an Oxford resident of fifty years old, say, a fellow of Magdalen or St. John's, in externals."

But elsewhere, though he rarely says so, there were things that jarred upon his sensitive nature. The Pope writes to Dr. Wiseman and requests him to congratulate "Joannem Henricum Newman, Puseistorum factionis ducem," on his recovery from the heresy in which "miserrime jacuerat." Probably Joannes Henricus Newman, the leader of the Puseyites, winced a little at that. Then Father Dominic must needs write two letters to the *Tablet* about the converts. They are called "quaint" in the sedate language of the official biography. The second one ends with a dreadful pun on the word Littlemore; and Newman said they gave him the stomachache. But when a certain Bishop Wareing wrote a letter to the same journal in which he made references to "the devout Faber," "the pious Faber," "the humble Faber," all the Oxford, all the gentleman in Newman revolted; his gorge rose at it and he wrote off to Dr. Wiseman "to remonstrate about both these compositions." It would be interesting to see the text of that remonstrance. There are other things besides heresy in which it is possible "miserrime jacere." To wallow pitiably in an oleaginous epistolary style is one.

Wounded sensibilities often carry greater weight than arguments with the majority, and even when they are not decisive, they continue to be operative. One can imagine Miss Jemima Newman asking in mildly horrified tones concerning more than one of her brother's co-religionists, "But is he quite a gentleman, my dear?" Some of his present experiences offered strange contrast to the Anglican rectory and the trim lawn, and the silver tea-service and all the accompaniments of cultured Christianity which finds its highest expression in "the quietude and decorum of the Cathedral city." It was the sort of difference one might expect to find between a company of mounted yeomanry parading in their handsome uniforms on a Saturday afternoon, and a body of infantry-of-the-line stained with the dust and sweat of battle and officered, as often as not, by men who had risen from the ranks. Joannes Henricus, who possessed an almost feminine sensibility, and in his later years looked like an old lady washed in milk, must have suffered not a little in these contacts. He, who behaved so splendidly during the cholera outbreak in Birmingham, visiting the poor in their homes and doing menial offices for the sick, had nevertheless an aristocrat's horror of the mob.

Meantime the conversions continue. Hardly a day passes but fugitives from the Anglican camp arrive, singly or in batches. Newman and his comrades scan the intervening distance and watch them as they approach. One day it is "a Mr. Henry Marshall, a Curate of Robert Wilberforce, the Yorkshire Archdeacon." Next "a clergyman named Birks of the Chester Diocese." Then, although "it is not to be talked about," there is "Formby with his Curate, Mr. Bardex." A Mr. Martin, a clergyman in Suffolk, "is to have a talk with me at Christmas," and "a person in Devonshire is all but made up—he sticks at St. Cyprian—and is to bring others." Then there is "an attorney in Gloucester," and "Spencer Northcote, Christie's pupil who married one of the Pooles, is all but safe." And "Macmullen and Lewis are very near." And so on. Most of these names reappear subsequently in the Church's annals, their bearers having gained more or less distinction in her service, though the identity of the anonymous person from Devonshire has not been officially disclosed and it is impossible to say on which side of the St. Cyprian hedge he ultimately remained. All this time Pusey is terribly distressed. He desired above everything that the new converts should regard themselves as "having been transferred to another portion of the same vineyard," and is inconsolable when he finds they are determined to proselytize.

The question now arises what is to be done with these converts. Wiseman appears to have made up his mind that they must at all events leave Littlemore. He wanted to have them under his eye. Old Oscott was the very place for them. Let them come there. He would set a couple of priests, "good theologians and experienced directors," to put them through their paces. The good Bishop did not wish to harass them. Let them decide on their programme at their leisure. The offer of Old Oscott was accepted, and the round of visits was over—including one to Oscott on St. Cecilia's day, kept up as a sort of gaudy, where he was regaled, in the boys' dining-room, with cakes, remarkably stiff punch ("I was obliged to dilute it to twice or thrice its quantity with water"), and music.

The flesh had always been sternly mortified at Littlemore; so much so that a small section of Catholics looked at the converts askance, holding that nothing good could come of Oxford Puseyism and saying that the ascetic life at Littlemore was due to pride and love of singularity. The cynic would probably retort that it was a sort of inverted self-indulgence, and that the anchorite starving on bread and water and the epicure toying with his caviare exemplify but varying aspects of the same psychological phenomenon. But

> "quondam cithara tacentem
> Suscitat Musam neque semper arcum tendit Apollo."

A piano is bought for Walker; Newman tunes his violin (which he holds not under his chin, but against his chest), and the two have "some delightful duets of Beethoven and Haydn." Nor is the buttery so ill-stocked. One of the party, St. John or Stanton, goes off to Oscott to get things ready there and accidentally takes the key with him.

> "Stanton or you," writes Newman to St. John, "have carried off the closet key, and but for my own private key we should have been tealess, wineless, jamless. Just before you went, when I came in to breakfast, I saw a key on a plate, which I seized with much secret commendation of your or Stanton's thoughtfulness, but it turns out to be the key of Bowles's box—who, I believe, had lost it, and is much puzzled to make out how it got there."

This kind of thing is delightfully human and homely, with just a faint hint of old-maidishness in the gentleness of it, of a grace even in little things, conveying just that touch of femininity which is so often the accompaniment of genius.

One by one his friends left in advance of him. "Part of us are gone—part going. I shall, I suppose, remain the last, as I came in first." And on February 21, his forty-fifth birthday, he writes to Henry Wilberforce:

> "I am here to-day by myself—all my friends gone—and the books. . . . I came into this bower by myself—I quit it by myself. Very happy times have I had here (though in such doubt), and I am loth to leave it. Perhaps I shall never have quiet again. Shall I ever see Littlemore again?"

The first letter he wrote from his "new home" was to Henry Wilberforce. The whole conveys that note of mingled tenderness and melancholy that sounds so often in Newman's writings. He had got out his paper intending to write to Pusey—

> "but somehow my fingers have slipt away with my purpose, and I write to you, who have been so faithful to me. No one can be truer or more faithful to me than Pusey himself—but Aristotle says something about our hearts going more with those younger than ourselves than with others; and of those who in any sense have been providentially placed under me you alone have been affectionate to me. And that is the reason perhaps I love St. John so much, because he comes from you and from your teaching. . . . I am writing in the next room to the Chapel. It is such an incomprehensible blessing to have Christ's bodily presence in one's house, within one's walls, as swallows up all other privileges and destroys, or should destroy, every pain. To know that He is close by—to be able again and again through the day to go in to Him; and be sure, my dearest W., when I am thus in His Presence you are not forgotten. It is *the* place for intercession surely, where the Blessed Sacrament is."

Belief in the Real Presence was not common in the English Church in those days. In these, there are multitudes of sincere people who derive the same "incomprehensible blessing" as that of which Newman speaks, from the presence in their Churches of the Blessed Sacrament. But, legally, that blessing is denied them. Not in an aumbry, not even in a vestry, is it lawful to reserve the Sacred Elements. It is as though the Anglican's desires were baffled and curtailed at every point by some vexatious "Dora," that grudgingly bestows a gift and then snatches it away again, and fetters the worship of God with an infinity of ecclesiastical red tape.

CHAPTER X

"INGENS ITERABIMUS ÆQUOR"

OLD Oscott (or more anciently Auscott), where the members of the Littlemore community now found a home and a welcome, was a pleasant little hamlet, half-hidden among the leafy Warwickshire lanes and wooded slopes that in those days lay around it. Here, in a little secluded valley, remote from the public highway, Mr. Andrew Bromwich, confessor of the Faith, had set up a mission towards the end of the seventeenth century, and, in the scare which attended the "revelations" of the notorious Titus Oates, had come within an ace of losing his head.

On the site of this mission, Bishop Hornyold, in the year 1752, had built a house which was intended to serve as a residence for the Vicars Apostolic of the Midland District. Some forty years later, when the Revolution had driven the religious orders from France and shut up the schools there, a number of the Catholic nobility and gentry of England formed a committee for the establishment of a place of education where their sons, as well as students destined for the priesthood, might receive their training "in an English atmosphere"; and by agreement with the ecclesiastical authorities, the house at Oscott was taken over for this purpose. The fortunes of the institution fluctuated, and in 1808 seemed destined to decline, when Dr. Milner succeeded to the management and put a new complexion on affairs. He invigorated the discipline and improved the studies and liturgical observances. Important additions were made to the building, and the Chapel of the Sacred Heart, the first on English soil, was opened in 1820. Later on, under Henry Weedall, the school continued to progress so rapidly that the buildings were no longer able to accommodate the pupils, and a new college was built about two miles from the old, on a piece of ground at the edge of Sutton Coldfield Common. Bishop Wiseman succeeded Weedall in 1840.

Here, then, in Old Oscott, Wiseman offered the Oxford converts a place of sojourn and study and meditation, and hither, with their *lares et penates,* they removed in February 1846, giving their new abode the name of Maryvale, which it still bears. Though much had been done by the advance guard from Littlemore towards putting their house in order, much remained to do, and the brothers, eight in number, addressed themselves with zeal and diligence to the task, with Newman at their head. The library was their great concern, for they had brought with them from Littlemore a prodigious quantity of books. The floors were not strong enough to support the weight of projecting bookcases "as at the Bodleian," and so they had to be stacked in shelves against the walls, reaching from floor to ceiling. Thus the "great room" and the small adjoining one were completely lined with books; but some of them were up "awfully high," which caused Newman to "grumble uncommonly." Inside, we learn from Brother Ambrose, the house was much improved; but without, it was "strikingly like the Sandford Paper Mills." Brother Ambrose was apparently assigned the office of cook, and endeavoured to apply himself to the study of Bellarmine "with his head full of pea-soup, roly-polies and ribs of beef," and the anxiety occasioned by a recalcitrant "jack," which refused to revolve. The diet sounds liberal, but, in fact, the rule, ordained by Wiseman, was sufficiently stringent.

The day began at five, Newman ringing the bell, a duty imposed upon him by Wiseman, together with that of seeing that all the rooms were in decent order by ten o'clock. Mass was at seven. Prime and Tierce at a quarter to eight; breakfast at a quarter past. Sext and None at a quarter past twelve, a Latin Conference half past twelve to one; at a quarter past one, dinner. Up to and including dinner, silence was observed. It ended with a visit to the Blessed Sacrament after dinner, and began again at six, with Vespers and Compline—and then, tea. At half past eight Rosary or Litany. Matins at a quarter to nine, and then bed!

Newman formed a choir out of five of their number, the remainder composing what Ambrose St. John calls the "awkward squad." If only things could have gone on like this, how happy they would all have been! Singing, or saying, the offices, attending to the household duties, writing, meditating, praying—*Laborare et orare!* And for recreation, walking, gardening, and a little music, Beethoven, Handel, Mozart, and Haydn—how calm and gracious an existence and what an atmosphere of serene and radiant blessedness would have been shed abroad—like the perfume and beauty of a rose—from this tranquil and industrious little community! The Bishop was "so kind," and they all rejoiced that Providence had "put them in the way of such a director."

But the director, though kind, was bent on making the most of the situation. Surely now or never was the time for converts. Never had the Establishment reeled under so shrewd a blow. It would never do to let Newman settle down like this. Newman should be the rod to strike the rock and bring forth an unending stream of converts. Now that all eyes were upon Newman, why should he not write for popular consumption a succinct account of his reasons for becoming a Catholic? But Newman vehemently, almost petulantly, declined the invitation. Catholicism could not be served up "in a teacup." As for his reasons, they were not to be bought for a crown piece, not to be taken up and tossed about at will. "You must consent to *think*—and you must exercise such resignation to the Divine Hand which leads you, as to follow it any whither. . . . Moral proofs are grown into, not learnt by heart." Thus Newman refused to turn journalist, refused to purvey the popular pabulum, the glittering bait with which the lesser sort of converts might be hooked; refused to attempt the "vulgarization" of the thoughts, convictions, promptings of his whole being which, working slowly and taking their time, had brought about his own conversion. The incentive to write must be born of inward inspiration, it could not come from outward suggestion.

But Rome had triumphed; and so eminent a captive as this late protagonist in the ranks of Anglicanism, this quondam champion of the *Via Media,* must perforce proceed to headquarters and bend the knee in fealty to the successor of St. Peter. And so they set out, Newman and his *fidus Achates,* Ambrose St. John, *in Latium,* where, alas! they were to find anything rather than *sedes quietas.* On their way they pay a visit to Langres to call on Dalgairns, who is studying for the priesthood with M. Lorain. There is something faintly suggestive about their restrained excitement, about their comments on sights and incidents and people, of a pair of High School misses doing the *grand tour.*

"The clergy are a merry, simple, affectionate set . . . at the same time their ceremony is most amusing—they have never done bowing in the most formal manner. St. John has in vain asked how often we ought to bow on taking leave—and as for me, who hardly ever made a formal bow in my life, I can hardly keep my countenance, as I put my elbows to my hips and make a segment of a circle, the lower vertebra being the centre and my head the circumference."

And the food! Newman could not bear dishes cooked in oil; the very smell disgusted him; but a dish of fricasseed frogs he ate as to the manner born. The burgundy and the claret were excellent, but oh! the tea, which their hosts insisted on giving them, the veriest apology for tea, served in coffee-cups! After dinner my Lord Bishop hands Newman ceremoniously to a sofa, as if he had been a lady. And indeed there was something ladylike about him, the sort of almost effeminate gentleness and debonair refinement with which elderly colonels comport themselves in drawing-rooms.

At length, on September 16, they leave France *en route* for Milan, travelling by way of the Jura, Brigue, the Simplon, and Domodossola. Over the Jura Mountains, down into Lausanne, was "a beautiful ride"; Mont Blanc and the Alps before them on their right, and, opposite, the lake of Neuchâtel.

The Italian side they found even lovelier than the other, and the descent longer, for the afternoon was well advanced before they reached Domodossola. Pushing on, after the briefest of halts, they passed through Arona, St. Charles's town, at midnight, and reached Milan in time for the last Mass on Sunday morning in the Duomo.

They stayed in Milan four or five weeks, and the sojourn there was one of the happiest experiences of Newman's life, one of the few "green isles" that diversified for him the wide sea of misunderstanding and neglect which was to encompass him for so many years to come. A certain *Abbate,* to whom James Hope had given Newman an introduction, got them most excellent rooms, lofty, cool, and quiet, in the heart of the city. A letter written at this time to Henry Wilberforce contains an interesting and perhaps unexpected avowal. On the face of it, it is trivial; in reality it affords a most important clue to Newman's tastes and character. Ninety-nine people out of a hundred of those to whom he is but a name, a legend, who have read no more of him than "Lead, kindly Light," and perhaps a passage or two from the *Apologia,* would class him among the Romantics. If they furnished a background to their mental portrait of him, that background would almost certainly have some suggestion of Gothic about it. Was he not brought up on Scott? Did he not love and venerate Oxford beyond all other cities? Did not such names as Canterbury, York, Winchester, Salisbury, so rich in medieval tradition, fall like music on his inward ear? One would have thought, then, that of the various forms of religious architecture, Gothic—in its austerer manifestations—would have appealed to him before all others. But no. The rooms they were occupying in Milan formed part of the priest's house of S. Fidelis, and there was direct and private access from them into the church.

"It is like a Jesuit Church," he writes, "Grecian and Palladian—and I cannot deny that, however my reason may go with Gothic, my heart has ever gone with Grecian. I loved Trinity Chapel at Oxford more than any other building. There is, in the Italian style, such a simplicity, purity, elegance, beauty, brightness, which I suppose the word 'classical' implies, that it seems to befit the notion of an Angel or Saint."

"Perhaps," he says in a letter to another correspondent, "I do but follow the way of elderly persons who have seen enough that is sad in life to be able to dispense with officious, intentional sadness—and as the young prefer autumn and the old spring, the young tragedy and the old comedy, so in the ceremonial of religion, young men have my leave to prefer Gothic, if they will but tolerate me in my weakness which requires the Italian."

And there follows a passage, Watteau-like in its grace and delicacy of touch, suggesting, so surely yet so lightly, the sense of stillness, of quiet beauty and sedate elegance as of a region cloistered and remote, yet not sombre or sad or severe, but exquisitely serene, shut off from the noise and bustle of the tumultuous world:

"It is so soothing and pleasant," he says, "after the hot streets, to go into these delicate yet rich interiors, which are like the bowers of paradise or an angel's chamber. . . . It was oppressively hot and we wandered through the narrow streets in the evening, seeking out the Jesuit's house. When we found it, the Superior was out and we were ushered in, as into a drawing-room, into so green and beautiful a garden, with refreshing trees on the lawn and quiet figures stealing along the walks saying their office. We entered a trellised walk of vines and seated ourselves on a stone bench which lay on the ground."

As into a drawing-room. How characteristic is that simile, and how exquisitely appropriate, revealing in four words, as if by magic, a scene which pages of laborious description would never have even suggested!

It is this preference for the classical which explains the perfect lucidity of his literary style, its harmony, its grace, its symmetry, its unerring poise, its measure, its restraint. And that style is but the reflection of a mind to which carelessness, confusion, slovenliness, were utterly repugnant. The same mental attitude which prompted his dislike of metaphysics, led to his abhorrence of all looseness, all untidiness, in thought or expression.

Here then, in Milan, the Past seemed to breathe around him, the voices of the dead to whisper in his ear. He recalls among the countless historic memories of the place how the great St. Charles Borromeo, in the very height of his fame, while yet his work was incomplete, was stricken with fever at Arona and came to Milan to die. The people could scarcely believe it possible that death threatened to rob them of one whom they loved and venerated with such passionate devotion. They thronged the churches, and flung themselves on their knees praying that he might not be taken from them. Night came, "and still the frantic devotion, so to call it, of the people continued. Suddenly the great bell of the Duomo began to sound and announced to the city its irreparable loss. This is over three centuries ago, yet St. Carlo still seems to live. You see the memorials of him on every side."

On Friday, October 23, they set out for Rome, arriving by diligence at ten o'clock on the following Wednesday night. Next morning they went straight to St.

Peter's and found the Pope saying Mass at the Tomb of the Apostles. At first, for a few days, they put up at an hotel. On November 9 they moved to the Collegio di Propaganda.

CHAPTER XI

ROME ONCE MORE

AT length then, when the year was drawing to its close, they find themselves in Rome. They had come. Before their sojourn was over they may have been tempted to regret their coming—*sed non et venisse volent.* The climate of Rome was trying—"as variable as England, and some days very keen"—and Newman is laid up for several days with a cold. The authorities at Propaganda are "wonderfully kind," but somehow one detects a falling off, a declension from the happiness they had enjoyed in the Priest's House of S. Fidelis at Milan. They had come face to face with "The Machine," and it was calculated to inspire them with awe. In the Collegio di Propaganda everything went on "with quite a military punctuality" and "the boys seem very happy and merry." Twice a day they attend lectures with the boys, and Newman, "who had for many years lived in the most interesting society which Oxford afforded," came, in after-years, to confess that beginning school life—in a very different atmosphere from that of Dr. Nicholas's miniature Eton at Ealing—in the middle of his days was no small trial to him. Perhaps he thought a little regretfully of the calm decorum of the Fellows' Common-room at Oriel, of Trinity gardens in their wistful autumnal beauty, and, despite himself, grew a little homesick here in this majestic city among strangers whose language he could only speak with difficulty. He had, it is easy to gather, the true scholar's dislike of floundering or muddling through in an idiom which he had not mastered, and it is not easy to acquire ease and fluency of expression in a new language at the age of forty-five. How, then, was he to give an account of himself, to unfold his theories and submit plans for the future activities of himself and his fellow-converts in the ranks of Catholicism? It is true that all the important people spoke French, but whatever theoretic knowledge Newman possessed of that language, verbal fluency was apparently not included in it; for it seemed to St. John at one time that Dalgairns, who spoke French "like a native," might have to come to set matters right.

"I do hope," says St. John, writing to Dalgairns, "that when Newman has become more familiar with the language, he will have the opportunity of laying open to him the wants of England. From the Pope's encyclical letter it quite looks as if he quite thought that the most pressing want of the Church at present is something to meet the philosophy of the age. . . . How," he goes on, "is the Pope to know the influence Newman has on the minds of others, how that he is almost alone as a preacher to students and divines of an English turn of mind? . . . Newman, as you well know, is not the person to solve [these difficulties] by putting himself forward."

Newman had come to Rome persuaded in his own mind that new weapons were needed if a successful stand was to be made against the infidelity that was bound to accompany the advance of scientific knowledge. His philosophy of religion he had set forth in his *Essay on Development,* and his views on Education generally were those to which he was afterwards to give such clear and cogent expression in his discourses at Dublin on *The Idea of a University.* But his *Essay on Development,* instead of meeting with approval at Rome, was viewed with coldness and suspicion. Alarming reports were coming in from America. The Unitarians of Boston pounced on certain passages as affording proof that the doctrine of the Trinity was not primitive, but an addition of the third century. No one seems to have inquired whether the Unitarians were justified in such an interpretation of Newman's text, no one seems to have read the book as a whole, but all based their opinions of it on scraps taken here and there and viewed apart from their context. The merits of the case did not seem to matter. It was a practical question, not one of theory. The Church authorities in America were up in arms against the book, and that was felt to be a great inconvenience at Rome. Who was this convert who was so eagerly bent on forging new weapons for the conflict, on introducing new tactics and a new strategy? Let him go back to the old sword and buckler that had done such good service in the past.

Again, when he had the opportunity of giving an account of himself, he could say nothing or next to nothing. Father Perrone—the theological big gun of the day—mixed up Newman's Anglican works containing all the hard things he had said against Rome with the works he had written when the truth of Catholicism had dawned, or was dawning, upon him, and the said Perrone came out with the horrifying announcement that Newman "Romanum Pontificem vocat diabolum." It is true that Pio Nono had displayed great affability when Newman and St. John went to see him. But they had been in Rome the best part of a month before he deigned to summon them into his presence, and when they came, in obedience to his command, he kept them cooling their heels for an hour and a half in an antechamber. Still, he was quite affable and sent his visitors away, Newman with a picture, and St. John with a consecrated medal, but little or no wiser than when they came.

Then came the sermon at St. Isidore, which Newman, much against his will, preached at the funeral of a niece of Lady Shrewsbury who had died suddenly, immediately after her arrival in Rome. Newman used the occasion to castigate the Protestants who came as sightseers to Rome, glorified Cook's tourists who went prying and poking about "like brute animals" into sacred places. This gave considerable offence to the Catholics, who had invited their Protestant friends to attend the ceremony and let them in for a drubbing. "Will no one rid me of this turbulent priest?" seems to have been the thought that passed through the mind of the Pope. There was a sudden fall in the temperature. Newman felt a distinct touch of frost in the air. "Philosophizing," as his biographer says, "was suspect." It was as if the words "No genius need apply" had been posted up over the portals of the Vatican. "They have no philosophy," said a Jesuit father in answer to a question of Newman's. "Facts are the great things, and nothing else." So it was farewell—for many a long day at least—to theology and his cherished ideal of forming in England a band of storm-troops equipped and trained to combat the infidelity of the day.

Again, in a letter to Henry Wilberforce, there steals in the eternal note of sadness, the note of disillusion, of nostalgia. Disillusion not indeed in respect of his Faith. That never wavered; he had no regrets. The thought of retracing his steps back whence he had come, back to the "City of Confusion," never for a moment occurred to him. When he turned his thoughts away from the world, and drew aside the veil of the Sanctuary, the Presence was there, and of that comfort nothing could rob him. However long and hard the path, the "Kindly Light" never failed. No; the disillusion was regarding himself in his relations with "The Machine," and the work he was to do. Loneliness, a certain remoteness, is the almost inevitable portion of genius. People, honest, worthy, efficient people, look askance upon a man of genius. There is something strange, something odd about him that half scares and half repels. And in proportion to the complexity, the extent, and the efficiency of the System, so are the coldness and suspicion with which any departure from the ordinary, any deviation from the normal, are likely to be regarded. So the old loneliness was stealing upon him again.

"Nothing," he says to Wilberforce, "can exceed the kindness of the people with whom I am. Father Bresciano especially, the Rector, is a man of real delicacy as well as kindness, and he anticipates our wants in the most acceptable way—he really enters surprisingly into our feelings; but, after all, there is nothing like an old friend. New friends cannot love one—if they would; they know nothing of one; but to one who has known another twenty years, his face and his name is a history; a long series of associations is bound up with every word or deed which comes from him, which has a meaning and an interpretation in those associations. And then I feel that no one here can sympathize with me duly—for even those who think highly of me have the vaguest, most shadowy and fantastic notions attached to their idea of me, and feel a respect, not for me, but for some imagination of their own which bears my name."

Feeling himself thus lonely, misunderstood, passed by, he adds:

"But what people here can do for me, and what they cannot, carries off my mind to Him Who 'has fed me all my life long until this day,' whom I find protecting me most wonderfully under such new circumstances, just as He ever has before, and Who can give me that sympathy which men cannot give."

For those to whom it is given thus to hold communion with the Invisible, to whom the Unseen is as real, nay more real, than the material world about them, loneliness, that utter bankruptcy of the spirit which descends like a pall on those for whom the Heavens are empty, can never exist. *Nunquam minus solus quam cum solus,* said the Provost of Oriel to Newman, meeting him once on a solitary walk. And he was right, Newman was never less lonely than when he was alone.

But the work—what was it to be? What would they set him to do, these people who did not know him? "I am living," he goes on in his letter to Wilberforce, "the greater part of my time to and with myself—with St. John in the room opposite. What can people know of me? Nor would it do good to go out—both because I am so slow at the language and because I am so bashful and silent in general society." It was Whately who had given him confidence and brought him "out of his shell" at Oriel. He needed warmth and sympathy, as a flower needs the sun. There was attentiveness in abundance, but it was external, objective so to speak, civility, amiability, rather than the kindness for which he craved, the kindness that comes of understanding. So—he realizes it now—when he goes back he will be put somewhere into "The Machine." "Instead of returning with any special work to do," he will "slink into some ready-formed plan of operation, . . . humdrumming in some theological seminary or the like."

There is no need to recount how it all came about; everybody knows that in the end he became an Oratorian, he and his fellow-converts from Littlemore. "It [the Oratory] is like a college with hardly any rule. They keep their own property and furnish their own rooms"; and later, he adds, "I at my time of life shall never feel able to give up property and take to new habits." Property—things grown friendly and familiar from long use, not costly or, in the ordinary sense, valuable, but such things as an old cloak, which served as a remembrancer of days long past, an oddity of a silk handkerchief given him by a parishioner—he would regard as a kind of fetish. And he liked to be able to "sport his oak." There was a homeliness, a simplicity, about the Oratorian system that attracted him. St. Philip Neri, its founder, had governed by influence rather than by rule. The living, oral tradition in large measure took the place of a formal code. Let, then, all matter of dispute be set aside. He has not the heart now for controversy. The Oratorians with their external secularism and "the gentle inward bond of asceticism" seemed to offer a haven of peace within whose shelter they might pursue their quiet labours. Yet it was not without a pang that he turned aside from more ambitious tasks. He had been reading through his *University Sermons* in view of a French translation of them which Dalgairns was to arrange for.

"I must say," he writes, "I think they are on the whole the best things I have written, and I cannot believe that they are not Catholic and will not be useful. Indeed," he goes on, "there are times (I mean after reading them and the like) that feelings come upon me, which do not often else, but then vividly—I mean the feeling that I have not yet been done justice to—but I must leave all this to Him

Who knows what to do with me. People do not know me —and sometimes they half pass me by. . . . Sometimes it is marvellous to me how my life is going, and I have never been brought out prominently—and now I am likely less than ever—for there seems something of an iron form, though I may be wrong; but I mean people are at no trouble to deepen their views."

If Newman's Italian was poor and his French doubtful, he was very considerably at his ease in Latin. Every morning of his life, it is said, he used to set himself to translate a sentence or short passage into Latin. Latin was the language he had often fallen back upon when conversing with the clerics, French and Italian, whom he had met in the course of his journey. Latin he now employed in a letter which he took to the Secretary of Propaganda, setting forth his views of the Oratorian scheme, where they should establish themselves, what should be their duties, what modifications would be requisite or necessary to suit conditions in England, and so forth. "Mi piace immensamente!" exclaimed Monsignor. It is "ben ideata." He enjoined them to take it straight to the Cardinal, who would take it to the Pope, who would assuredly grant a Brief for the establishment of a House in Birmingham observing St. Philip's rule with such external modifications as would be required.

The Pope was delighted, and well he might be. The old idea of starting a school of theology, of philosophy, must go by the board. "We must give up our Dominican notion of teachers in divinity in schools, or of classics or philosophy. The Oratorian rule does not admit of it," writes Newman in a letter to Dalgairns. And what *were* they to do? On festivals there might be a sort of—

"discussion which would be found in a mechanics' institute; indeed," says Newman, "I should wish the Oratorio to include the functions of a Mechanics' Institute among its duties. First would come music, then the reading (Butler's Lives, Ecclesiastical History, a spiritual book), then *an objection* upon it; e.g. '*This* saint gave up his property —I don't see the good of this'; or, 'I can't make out that there was time enough between the Deluge and Exodus for this formation of language'; or, 'These Mahometans seem as good people as Catholics'; or, 'These discoveries in the stars seem to shake one's faith in the special connection of the human race with the Creator,' etc., etc. Then a debate, then perhaps a sermon."

Small danger in such activities as these! The Catholics of Boston could sleep in peace. Their Unitarian adversaries would find little here to furnish their armoury withal. No wonder the Pope was pleased. No danger now from those theological views which had caused such an uproar in America. These converts, with the restless inquiring spirit at their head, would learn to know their place, and for the peace and quietude of all concerned it was best that it should be a humble one. And so His Holiness not only approved, but actually took steps to further, so eminently desirable a project. He suggested that the novitiate should be spent in Rome and himself appointed the Novice Master. And so in due course, having been joined by Dalgairns, Bowles, Stanton, Coffin, and Penny, they find themselves at Santa Croce—*un bel sito,* as the Pope called it, and such indeed it was—with Father Rossi, from the Oratory in Rome, to initiate them. "Pius IX, even amid the distractions of that turbulent and anxious time, was all kindness and thoughtfulness." Newman and St. John were ordained priests on May 30. On the 6th of the following December, having bade farewell to the Pope at the Quirinal, they start for home, arriving in London on Christmas Eve. On New Year's Day, 1848, Newman said his first Mass at Maryvale.

One incident before they left Rome is worth recording. It was a chance meeting with Manning.

> "As to dear Manning," writes Newman to Henry Wilberforce, "I thought him looking very ill. He . . . ran up to me as I was getting into a carrozza—and I must say fairly that, for the first instant, I did not know him. And when I saw him again and again, his old face did not come out to me, nor did I get over, as one so often does, my first impression."

There is a suggestion of classic irony here. It was indeed fated that *"dear* Manning" was never to display his old face to Newman again. It was not until 1850 that Manning went over. Newman had five years' start, but the lesser man caught up and easily outdistanced the greater. There was no difficulty about Manning. He fitted admirably into The Machine. For thirty years—with one glorious interval—at first suspected, then ignored, Newman remained, if not in eclipse, at all events in a penumbra that was hardly distinguishable from it. Now Manning is all but forgotten. He has gone and left hardly a trace. As for Newman, he came into the world—the Roman world—and the world knew him not; but those ideas which were so suspected, which were received so coldly, have won their way. He applied the evolutionary idea to dogma, and that system, which seemed so petrified, so rigid, has come to be looked upon as eternally adaptable to the ever-changing aspects of human civilization. *Semper eadem* the Church indeed remains. In her essence she cannot change. The truth is immutable and cannot vary; but the aspects in which it presents itself to the world must of necessity vary with the shifting lights that are flung upon it. It is Protestantism which is static, rigid, and cold, like a body without an inward fire to animate it, without a living idea to lend it vigour and consistency. Growth indeed is of the essence of life, but it must be true growth and consistent with the original, the essential, idea. Failing this, it is not growth, but corruption and decay. If Protestantism moves, it moves towards scepticism, and its final expression is a denial of Christianity.

Such, in Newman's view, is the conclusion of the whole matter. There is logically no half-way house between unbelief and Catholicism. Whatever treatment was meted out to Newman in the future, whatever coldness and neglect and even hostility were to be his portion in the years to come, in this conviction he never wavered. The Catholic Church was the Ark of Safety; all around was the wide waste of waters. Yet how wistful is the gaze he turns from time to time upon the past, contemplating the way he has come, and with sad yearning recalling, amid his new surroundings, those places by memory made dear, places in which he had sojourned by the way; and of all these, first and foremost Oxford and the friends he had loved there. A visit to the Holy House at Loreto brings back Oxford again to his recollection.

"We went there to get the Blessed Virgin's blessing on us. I have ever been under her shadow, if I may say it. My college was St. Mary's and my church; and when I went to Littlemore, there, by my own previous disposition, our Blessed Lady was waiting for me. Nor did she do nothing for me in that low habitation of which I always think with pleasure."

CHAPTER XII

SAINT PHILIP IN ENGLAND

FEBRUARY 2, Candlemas Day, Foundation Day at Oriel, was chosen by Newman for the formal opening of the Oratory, so that from the beginning it might be "under the shadow of Maria Purificans."

What Newman craved for beyond everything was peace. He was now nearing fifty, a critical time in a man's life, a sort of climacteric in which the burden of existence is likely to weigh heavy upon him. Labour he did not mind, but he must be left to till his plot in peace, like the old gardener of Tarentum, undisturbed by troubles from within, by vexations from without. "How much happier for me," he writes pathetically to Ambrose St. John, who had gone away for a few days on some family business—"how much happier for me to have no liabilities (so to speak), but to be a single unfettered convert!" And then he adds, with a characteristic touch of tenderness, "But if this had been so, I should not have known you, Carissime—so good and evil go together." How little fitted he was for the task he had in hand! Work which Manning would have taken, as it were, in his stride, the organization of the new establishment, the alterations and extensions required in the house, all the hundred and one details of administration and management—how difficult he found them, and with what pathetic earnestness he set himself to deal with them! He is assailed if not by actual illness, at least by the consciousness, real or imaginary, of a loss of vigour, and he longs for the energy that was his when he began the *Tracts for the Times*. "Now I am scarce more to my own feelings than an *inutile lignum:* so stiff, so wooden." That sense of forlornness, of weariness, that is apt to come upon one half-way through a long and difficult task, the feeling that the thing is beyond one's powers, that one will never win through, had now descended upon Newman. It was like crossing a wide strait of friendless waters when the shore you have left and the shore to which you are steering are alike hidden from view.

"At times," he confesses to St. John, "the sense of weight [of responsibility] and of desolateness has come upon me so strongly that I could fancy it might grow equal to any pain; and I thought what the Pope must suffer." He seems to be haunted by a dread of failing faculties. "My head has been worse since you left," he says to St. John again. "It makes me languid and drowsy, and then I can't do my duties and people think me reserved, etc., when I don't mean to be."

It was Sydney Smith who once recounted that he had had a nightmare, that he had dreamt he was being preached to death by wild curates. Newman must have entertained similar apprehensions in connexion with some of the younger members of his community, notably with Father Wilfrid and his band of wild men. Father Wilfrid was none other than Frederick Faber, the future

Superior of the London Oratory. He was a poet; Wordsworth (presumably the "We are Seven" Wordsworth) spoke well of his muse, and he wrote a number of what are usually described as very beautiful hymns. Now, although it might not be easy to support the statement by direct evidence, one has an inkling that there was some obscure—antipathy is perhaps too strong a word, but some incompatibility, not so much of ideas or convictions as of manners, between these two men. Faber was, as we have seen, "pious" and "devout," but with all his obvious, perhaps over-obvious, zeal, was he quite . . . well, was he quite a gentleman? It is probably difficult for a saint to preserve that perfect balance, that unerring poise, which is one of the principal attributes of the gentleman. The gentleman shuns exaggeration, he hates to ticket himself; a saint can scarcely help it. St. Philip Neri himself, when he flung across the room the book bound in costly morocco which a coadjutor brought him as a token of his veneration, or when he sent a certain young aristocrat disciple to the vintner's with a gold piece and an enormous bottle to buy a pennyworth of wine, may have exhibited himself as a salutary disciplinarian, but scarcely as a model of *urbanitas*. Frederick Faber—or Father Wilfrid, as he came to call himself—went out of his way to startle the self-complacency of John Bull. *Épater les bourgeois* was a motto that would have become him as aptly as it fitted any young hot-head of Montmartre or the Quartier Latin.

Father Wilfrid, then, had founded a community of young and ardent converts at St. Wilfrid's, Cotton Hall, Cheadle. These Wilfridians, as they were called, asked leave to join the Oratory at Maryvale, and Newman gave his consent. From the first they grated on Newman, and he perhaps on them. He who was always so adverse to display and exaggeration of any kind, who loved the *fallentis semita vitæ,* shrank, as it were, into his shell at the contact of these young hot-bloods, who were more Italian than the Italians, and whose great ambition, it seemed, was to twist the tail of the Protestant lion.

Newman, even when only on the frontier of middle-age, was markedly afflicted with what in these days would be called "the old-age complex," a state of mind notably deepened by the tribulations which now fell to his lot, especially those which had their origin in the ill-disguised impatience of the recruits from St Wilfrid's—the *giovani,* as he called them. Events were not encouraging. Wiseman, now transferred to the metropolis, urged Newman and his fellow-Oratorians to deliver a series of Lenten sermons in London. Newman came and preached —at Spanish place and St. George's—to rows and rows of empty seats. That voice which, a few years since, thousands had flocked to hear, now echoed sadly about the roof and through the aisles of an all but deserted church. It seemed as though his day was over, that the old magic had departed from him, and his sensitive spirit was overwhelmed by a wave of profound despondency. Then Faber, with his Italianizing zeal, began a series of Lives of the Italian Saints, the tone of which gave deep umbrage to the hereditary English Catholics. The Bishop, Dr. Ullathorne, discouraged the continuance of the series.

At the end of October 1848 Newman and his community bade a final farewell to Maryvale and betook themselves temporarily to St. Wilfrid's, Cheadle, whence, in the following January, they removed to the new Oratory in Alcester Street, Birmingham. All this time the Wilfridians, that is Faber and his *giovani,* had been mixing with Newman and the older men much as oil mixes with water. They respected, nay they loved, the Father Superior, but he did not move fast enough for them. A new sphere for the free play of their energies was obviously needed, if that peace of heart and mind, without which all was desolation for Newman, was to be restored. Newman was not the sort of man to compel the obedience of his followers. It had to be a "gentle and unforced accord," or else there was silence, constraint, not bitter but sad. Newman would wait for a word that should melt the frost. His disciples, feeling a touch of reproof in the air, would also wait—and then, not a word, but perhaps a letter (strange, since they lived under the same roof) would come from the sensitive, shy man, who was physically unable to say the word that should turn winter into spring. People, he said, thought him reserved, whereas in reality he was but weary, weary with the conflict and the changes he had passed through. "Oh for one year of quiet!" he sighs again and again; surely peace might be his at last, just a little peace to heal and refresh his spirit after the long pilgrimage.

Since Frederick Faber—Father Wilfrid, as he was now called—and his followers were impatient of the leash, then let them go, and let them go to London. There would be work enough there. The step was decided upon. A building was taken in King William Street, Strand, and thither in April 1849 went Father Faber, Father Dalgairns following a week or so later. It was a wrench to part with Dalgairns, for he was one of those, and one of the dearest, with whom he had been associated in his Oxford and Littlemore days. Seven years they had dwelt more or less beneath the same roof. Seven years! It was a span of time that Newman deemed fraught with some fateful significance for him, and he sets out in a letter various instances exemplifying that idea. But he did not want Ambrose St. John to hear about it. "Don't tell Fr. Ambrose," he said, adding, "He is so fanciful!"

On May 31 the London Oratory was formally opened. By a great effort, the builder's men had managed to clear out the scaffolding the night before, but there were workmen toiling like niggers in the building until the very last moment.

It was a tradition of the *Chiesa Nuova* that, on occasions of high ceremonial, the Father Superior should serve as an acolyte, and it was in this humble capacity that Newman made his appearance in the sanctuary.

Returning to Birmingham, Newman is once more entangled in the difficulties of administration. New recruits arrive, but they are not all suitable. The grain has to be winnowed from the chaff. One of the newcomers—described by a sort of meiosis as "an oddity"—was very odd indeed. His eccentricities culminated in his drinking too much beer and stretching himself out at full length on the kitchen-dresser. He was expelled, or rather expelled himself, for he packed up his traps and went.

About this time a severe outbreak of cholera was devastating some of the great midland towns. In Bilston there was but one Catholic priest, and he was overwhelmed with work and anxiety. More than once, for lack of proper transport, he had been forced to carry a stricken parishioner on his back from his home to the infirmary. To Bilston, then, in September 1849 goes Newman, with Brother Aloysius, to take a hand in tending the sufferers. The epidemic subsided almost immediately after their arrival, but the generosity and self-sacrifice that had prompted the action was lost neither on the people nor on their priest.

In the meantime the Cause was prospering in London. The Oratorians had become a power to reckon with. They paced the streets in their Oratorian habit, they preached and proselytized, they were caricatured in *Punch*. Newman, at their suggestion, came down and delivered a course of weekly sermons or addresses in the church in King William Street. The people came in crowds; Catholic and Protestant, High Church and Latitudinarians, learned and simple, hung upon his words. These sermons were designed to smooth away the obstacles in the path of those who had their eyes turned towards Rome, but still hesitated and hung back. They sounded a note of triumph and of hope, to give strength and confidence to those who had fared with him far along the way, but who still lingered, timid or doubting, in the ranks of Anglicanism. Rich in rhetoric, abounding in irony, these *Discourses to Mixed Congregations* afford a striking contrast to the austere, almost stark simplicity of his *Parochial Sermons.* Newman was, when he willed, a master of rhetoric, and he used it to the full. He was also a master of irony, and he laid on and spared not. Wiseman, his big frame vested in a gorgeous cope, sat in the choir, his ruddy face beaming with satisfaction as point after point was dexterously driven home by this amazing master of dialectics.

These sermons made a great stir. The rumour of them reached as far as Rome, and Newman received the degree of D.D., *honoris causa,* as a reward. They are, as his biographer points out, the only example his work affords of aggressive controversy; all the rest was purely defensive.

Successful and effective as they were, these sermons were, in the writing of them, distasteful to Newman, "more intellectually against the grain" than anything he recollected doing.

"It is a book," says R. H. Hutton, speaking of the volume in which these discourses were assembled, "which adds but little to our insight into his mind, though it adds much to our estimate of his powers. I shall never forget," he goes on, "the impression which his voice and manner, which opened on me for the first time in these lectures, made on me. Never did a voice seem better adapted to persuade without irritating. Singularly sweet, perfectly free from any dictatorial note, and yet rich in all the cadences proper to the expression of pathos, of wonder, and of ridicule, there was still nothing in it that anyone could properly describe as insinuating, for its simplicity and frankness, and freedom from the half-smothered notes which express indirect purpose, were as remarkable as its sweetness, its freshness, and its gentle distinctness. As he described the growth of his disillusionment with the Church of England, and compared it to the transformation which takes place in fairy-tales when the magic castle vanishes, the spell is broken, 'and nothing is seen but the wild heath, the barren rock, and the forlorn sheep-walk,' no one could have doubted that he was describing with perfect truth the change that had taken place in his own mind, in regard to that Church which he had once thought 'so unearthly, and found so commonplace or worthless.' "

There was nothing *insinuating* in his voice; it was free from the *half-smothered notes* which mark indirect purpose. It was still "frank, gentle, and distinct." The voice, that is to say, was still the voice of the Fellow of Oriel, though the discourse betrayed an unmistakably Wilfridian flavour.

But to do Newman justice, he did not like this task. It was one imposed on him, and once he had accepted it he tackled it with a will, with all his energies, all his genius. But still, it had gone against the grain. There was something slap-dash (if one may so express it) about dealing thus with the soul's difficulties, the spirit's questionings—as if all men and women were made on a pattern, as if they were all subjects for identical treatment—from which his mind instinctively recoiled.

CHAPTER XIII

THE SECOND SPRING

THE prejudice against what is called Popery is deeply rooted in the British heart. Even now, in this twentieth century there are people who shake their heads ominously at the sight of a convent and murmur mysteriously, "Ah, if we only knew the things that go on behind those walls!" And if a convent and a monastery, or a seminary, happen to be situated within walking distance of each other, the popular imagination immediately supplies a subterranean passage secretly connecting the two. Reason is powerless in the matter. It is useless to represent to those sturdy Protestants who burn the Pope in effigy that they are supplying an argument for the honouring of images, since precisely the same mental process is involved in dishonouring, as in honouring, an image. Nor is there anything more repugnant to the Protestant imagination than "auricular confession," yet the same person who would never unseal his lips to a priest will willingly reveal the innermost secrets of his soul to a psycho-analyst. It is so to-day—despite the Tractarian Movement. The prejudice is bred in the bone, and, though time and the spread of education have attenuated, they are far from having removed it.

"What does this mean, restoring the temporal power to the Pope? There's something in it, you mark my words. Rome will soon be up to her old games again, you see if she won't," was said in my hearing. And when, a week or two later, the newspapers came out with some such headlines as "Vatican Denounces the Rotarians," the prophets, deeming their word fulfilled, exclaimed triumphantly, "I told you so." But if this is the state of affairs to-day, it is nothing to that which prevailed in 1850. Tractarianism, which has since exerted so profound an influence on the Anglican Church, had in those days scarcely begun to germinate among the masses. The "No Popery" fires were latent, but not extinguished. It needed but a breath to fan them into flame. Wiseman supplied, not indeed a breath, but a hurricane. In the fervour of his enthusiasm he saw converts flocking in unnumbered thousands to enroll themselves beneath the banner of St. Peter. The conversion of England was no longer a vague and distant aspiration. It needed, he thought, but a full measure of energy and determination to bring it within the pale of practical politics. Wiseman seems to have utterly failed to gauge the temper of the times. He deemed victory within his grasp. He was soon to be undeceived. Some of the older Catholics, more in touch with general society, to whom Wiseman was by no means *persona grata,* sent a protest to Rome, and, for a moment, Rome listened to the warning. Wiseman was told he was to have the Cardinal's hat and was to come to Rome to wear it. "Golden fetters," he said, and set out in anything but complete happiness of mind. But even as he travelled, the wind changed again. "Who is to lead us," his disciples asked, "if Wiseman goes?" The movement, then so full of promise, would be stayed. It would assuredly be long ere such an opportunity occurred again.

When he arrived in Rome, Wiseman found, to his surprise and supreme satisfaction, that "forward" counsels had prevailed once more. He was to be Cardinal and leader of the English Catholics. It should be a triumph, a Roman triumph. One seems to behold him, crowned with victorious laurel, standing erect, robed in purple, in his golden car, drawn by proudly prancing steeds, his submissive converts following in a long procession behind. Britain should again be conquered by Rome, but this should be a bloodless victory, a conquest not of the body but of the heart. The trumpets sound and are silent! The whole world is hushed in expectancy. Hark to the message proclaimed "from out the Flaminian Gate":

"The great work is complete. Catholic England has been restored to its orbit in the ecclesiastical firmament. . . . Truly this is a day of joy and exultation of spirit. . . . Till such time as the Holy See shall think fit otherwise to provide, we govern and shall continue to govern the counties of Middlesex, Hertford, and Essex as ordinary thereof, and those of Surrey, Sussex, Hants, Berkshire, and Hampshire with the islands annexed as administrators with ordinary powers."

This was the voice of Cæsar triumphant.

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento!

In an instant the whole country was up in arms. The sky was lurid with the glare of bonfires in which the Pope and that arch-conspirator Wiseman were burned in effigy. Priests were insulted, sometimes assaulted—Newman himself had a sack of flour emptied over him by some Protestant enthusiast—their congregations were greeted with storms of obloquy and abuse. It was not safe for a Catholic to walk abroad. Such was the message of Cæsar and such was the national commotion it provoked. Nevertheless the Hierarchy was established. Wiseman explained himself in a long letter to the Press—it occupied six columns of small print in *The Times* and was a model of tact and skill—and gradually the storm subsided. But it left behind it one memorial which will never pass away. The trumpets that rang so peremptorily "from out the Flaminian Gate" fainted upon the breeze, their echoes died away, the strident clamour was stilled. Cæsar spoke, and none remember the words of Cæsar. But the words of the Preacher and the Poet are not forgotten, nor will be. The notes of triumph are transmuted into strains of wonder and of praise. Newman was asked to preach at Oscott on the occasion of the re-establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy in England. He took for his text a verse from the Song of Songs: *"Surge, propera, amica mea, colomba mea, formosa mea, et veni.*

Jam enim hiems transiit, imber abiit et recessit. Flores apparuerunt in terra nostra." ("Arise, make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful one, and come. For the winter is now past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers have appeared in our land.")

Under the title of "The Second Spring," this sermon has been reprinted, in the form of a brochure, many times. Macaulay knew it by heart. George Eliot could not quote it without tears. It, too, is triumphant, but it is not aggressive. The note of victory it sounds is that of the martyr rather than of the conqueror; the victory that comes of suffering, renunciation, rather than of conquest and domination. The opening is slow and solemn and stately, like the overture to some majestic symphony. But its splendour is not heavy or barbaric. The light shines through it, as the dawn shines through a lattice. "We have," he begins, "familiar experience of the order, the constancy, the perpetual renovation of the material world which surrounds us. Frail and transitory as is every part of it, restless and migratory as are its elements, never ceasing as are its changes, still it abides." Notice the effect, as of the delicate tracery of leafless trees against the sky, of that long preliminary succession of "r's"—familiar experience . . . order . . . renovation . . . material . . . surrounds . . . frail and transitory . . . restless and migratory—and the contrast they afford with the tranquil simplicity of the close, gentle as a benediction, "still it abides." Then a further quiet continuation of the theme: "It is bound together by a law of permanence, it is set up in unity; and though it is ever dying, it is ever coming to life again. Dissolution does but give birth to fresh modes of organization, and one death is the parent of a thousand lives." And then a chain of phrases of the purest and most magical beauty:

"Each hour, as it comes, is but a testimony how fleeting, yet how secure, how certain, is the great whole. It is like an image on the waters, which is ever the same, though the waters ever flow. Change upon change—yet one change cries out to another, like the alternate Seraphim, in praise and glory of their Maker. The sun sinks to rise again; the day is swallowed up in the gloom of the night, to be born out of it, as fresh as if it had never been quenched. Spring passes into summer, and through summer and autumn into winter, only the more surely, by its own ultimate return, to triumph over that grave, towards which it resolutely hastened from its first hour."

This is inimitable, because it is born of instinct rather than of art, because it is set down by that mysterious power, external to self, that takes the pen of the writer, or the brush of the painter, or the chisel of the sculptor, and limns, in words or in colour or in marble, the creation of utterly harmonious, unique, and inaccessible perfection which we call a work of genius. In the concluding sentence of this passage, Art resumes the pen, the art of the moralist. The worker grows aware of himself, and, beautiful as it is, one is conscious of a declension, be it never so slight, from the supreme, inevitable perfection of what has gone before. Up to this point it is as though the writer were himself listening to a Voice not his own, a Voice that breaks upon the silence of the heart with accents of strange, ineffable beauty. Then the moralist takes the pen and points the moral—in our height of hope we must be sober, in the depths of desolation we must not despair.

A French critic, Monsieur Floris Delattre, the distinguished Professor of English at the University of Lille, in a volume of extracts from Newman's works which he has rendered with remarkable skill into French, says, with a truth that does credit to his critical insight:

> "Les sermons catholiques de Newman . . . sont très différents de ceux de Sainte Marie d'Oxford. La réserve un peu froide, la délicatesse si sobre des sermons anglicans, ont laissé place à une ferveur très sincère sans doute, mais qui ne dédaigne pas l'ornement d'une copieuse et sonore rhétorique. On a le sentiment que Newman, encore peu familiarisé avec la théologie et la dévotion catholiques, force en quelque sorte son talent et que l'énergie de sa piété nouvelle est achetée au prix des exquises nuances de sa pensée de naguère."

And then he adds, perhaps a little quaintly:

> "Le *fellow* élégant et raffiné s'est transformé en un humble prêtre qui, dans la grande ville manufacturière, se préoccupe surtout de convaincre en émouvant."

No such reproach, if reproach it be, as is implied in this criticism of the French professor, can apply to the work which will be considered in the next chapter—one of the chief, perhaps *the* chief, of those on which Newman's reputation as a writer reposes, and securely reposes.

CHAPTER XIV

A NEW OXFORD: "THE IDEA OF A UNIVERSITY"

"The perfect handling of a theory"—such is how Pater describes the volume entitled *The Idea of a University;* and from his chair at Cambridge, Professor A. T. Quiller-Couch enjoins every literary aspirant to wear it as "a frontlet on his brow, a talisman on his writing-wrist." In what regions of unruffled calm were these serene and beautiful pages composed? In what haven of grave and studious tranquillity were these infinitely delicate arguments and subtle trains of thought taken up so adroitly, thread by thread, and woven into language of incredible, aching perfection? The answer is that these lectures were written under stress of difficulties and anxieties so poignant as to have broken the resistance and crushed the spirit of many a seemingly stronger man than Newman. It may have been that in the dual crisis by which he was now confronted, it was the very unworldliness of his character that rendered him immune from attack and brought him scathless through a trial that would perhaps have borne down a man of coarser fibre.

"The first book I wrote," he confesses in a letter to Sister Mary Imelda Poole, "my *Arians,* I was almost fainting daily, when I was finishing it, and (except my *Parochial Sermons*) every book I have written, before and since I was a Catholic, has been a sort of operation, the distress has been so great. The *Irish Discourses,* now (thank God) all but finished, have been the most painful of all."

It was in 1850—in the height of the popular excitement which attended the formal re-establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy in England—that Newman delivered, at the Corn Exchange in Birmingham, a series of lectures on *The Present Position of Catholics in England.* Newman considered them the best written of all his works, probably because they gave him the least trouble in the writing. In them Newman was giving high festival to Irony, suffering it to run riot among the flowerbeds of the Protestant parks and pleasances. The peals of laughter which the gambols and curvetings of this spirited steed evoked were audible outside the building. A brilliant but most un-Newmanlike performance. That the matter of these lectures is telling, vivacious, incisive, mordant, merciless, no one will deny. Never was such a gift for satire put to such dazzling use. This, for example, is Newman's crushing summing-up of the whole matter:

"Such, then, is Popular Protestantism, considered in its opposition to Catholics. Its truth is Establishment by law; its philosophy is Theory; its faith is Prejudice; its facts are Fictions; its reasonings Fallacies; and its security is Ignorance about those whom it is opposing. The Law says that white is black; Ignorance says, why not? Theory says it ought to be, Fallacy says it must be; Fiction says it is, and Prejudice says it shall be."

Mr. Augustine Birrell somewhere advises those who would make acquaintance with the writings of Newman to begin, not with the *Apologia,* but with these lectures. And yet . . . and yet . . . the very facility with which he wields his weapon deprives the display of some of its effectiveness, and one is tempted to ask whether what was done so easily was not, after all, an easy thing to do. At any rate, at the present stage of our religious development—when, even among the ignorant, Maria Monk and Father Chiniquy have long since had their day—all this castigation of John Bull and his Protestant bigotry seems rather like lashing a dead horse. Such a treatment of the theme was perhaps justified by the blind and brutal anti-Catholic bias of the day, but if that prejudice has in after-years been largely tempered or removed, one may wonder how much of the mitigating process is to be ascribed to such displays as these, whether John Bull is quite the hectoring, ignorant creature we are invited to contemplate in these pages, and whether the change in his attitude towards Catholics and Catholic principles has not been brought about by more conciliatory, more persuasive methods than those adopted in the Corn Exchange Lectures.

Many years later, towards the end of his long life, Newman in an address to the Catholic Union of Great Britain endeavoured to explain what reasonable Catholics mean and expect when they pray for the conversion of England.

"They would expect, again," he says, "by their prayers, nothing sudden, nothing violent, nothing evidently miraculous, nothing inconsistent with the freewill of our countrymen, nothing out of keeping with the majestic march and slow but sure triumph of truth and right in this turbulent world. They would look for the gradual, steady, and sound advance of Catholicity by ordinary means, and issues which are probable, and acts and proceedings which are good and holy. They would pray for the conversion of individuals, and for a great many of them, and out of all ranks and classes, and those especially who are in faith and devotion nearest to the Church, and seem, if they do not themselves defeat it, to be the objects of God's election; for a removal from the public mind of prejudice and ignorance about us; for a better understanding in all quarters of what we hold and what we do not hold; for a feeling of good-will and respectful bearing in the population towards our bishops and priests; for a growing capacity in the educated classes of entering into a just appreciation of our characteristic opinions, sentiments, ways, and principles; and in order to effect all this, for a blessing on our controversialists, that they may be gifted with an abundant measure of prudence, self-command, tact, knowledge of men and things, good sense, candour, and straightforwardness, that their reputation may be high and their influence wide and deep; and, as a special means and most necessary for our success, for a larger increase in the Catholic body of brotherly love and mutual sympathy, unanimity, and high principle, for rectitude of conduct and purity of life."

How simple, yet how stately, how gracious and how moving is that, and how characteristic the conclusion—would it be inappropriate to call it the almost humorous conclusion?—in which he turns the prayers for the conversion of England into a prayer for the converters!

"Scholars," to quote Pater again, "and not only scholars, but all disinterested lovers of books, will always look to it [i.e. to literature] as to all other fine art, for a refuge, a sort of cloistral refuge, from a certain vulgarity in the actual world"; and then he adds, "A perfect poem like *Lycidas,* a perfect fiction like *Esmond,* the perfect handling of a theory like Newman's *Idea of a University,* has for them something of the uses of a religious 'retreat.' "

One of the two preoccupations, to give them no stronger name, by which Newman was assailed while engaged in the preparation of the discourses he was to deliver to the future students of the new university, was what was known as "the Achilli trial." The other, though less public, less acute than this *cause célèbre,* was more malignant in its effects, more deeply seated, more chronic in its nature, and at last materially helped to hurry on the collapse of an undertaking that was probably hopeless from the very beginning: it was the lack of sympathy, the unimaginative pragmatism, the complete misunderstanding of Newman and of the kind of work for which he was fitted, evinced by those who had invited his co-operation in the enterprise on which, with the sanction and encouragement of the Holy See, the ecclesiastical authorities in Ireland had determined to embark.

To begin with the Achilli trial. Giacinto Achilli was an ex-Dominican friar, who had been imprisoned by the Roman Inquisition for preaching against Catholicism and for stirring up sedition. He had gained his release through English intervention, and in 1850 came to London and set up as a lecturer, his theme being the martyrdom he had suffered at the hands of the iniquitous Roman Inquisition. His baggage was bursting, so to speak, with good, fat, nourishing scandals, succulent and steaming-hot. He was the very man for the moment. The "No Popery" party fell upon his neck and kissed him. The populace flocked to hear his awful revelations. Lord Palmerston received him and a deputation of the Evangelical Alliance, and conversed with him, at some length, in Italian. So tense was the excitement of the moment that the Reverend J. R. Leichfield (whose poetic gifts might otherwise have remained dormant) wrote a hymn, consisting of several stanzas of perfervid bombast, with which the persecuted friar was received on making his debut at Exeter Hall.

"Hail! Stranger—Friend from Rome!
  From the Roman dungeon, dark and deep;
Hail! to the freeman's land and home,
  Where the free will thy freedom keep!
Hail! Roman prisoner, hail!

No more a prisoner now.
Truth, Justice, Freedom, *shall* prevail,
And priests before them bow."

Truth, aroused by this trumpet-call, did in fact prevail, but in a manner highly inconvenient to Dr. Achilli and his supporters. Achilli, upon investigation, turned out to be a lewd fellow, a notorious evil-liver, a systematic and heartless seducer. His offences were detailed by Wiseman in an article in the *Dublin Review,* with dates and names of the places at which they were committed. Achilli took no notice. The article was reprinted as a pamphlet. Still Achilli was silent. Newman (who, knowing the tricky nature of the law of libel, was not blind to the possibility of a prosecution) repeated the charges in one of his lectures. He realized, says his official biographer, "that his blow must be unflinching and must be struck with all his might." He acted on this conviction. It would not be easy to find in the whole range of literature, ancient or modern, a more terribly effective indictment than is afforded by the passage in which he exposed the long series of offences perpetrated by this latest addition to the ranks of militant Protestantism.

But it is one thing to bring charges and to demonstrate them satisfactorily to any impartial audience; it is quite another to substantiate them in a court of law, even when justice may be expected to be administered with strict impartiality, and the perils are infinitely increased when, as was now the case, public opinion, and the sympathies and prejudices of the Judge and jury, are violently opposed to the defendant. Witnesses were necessary. The difficulty was to discover them and, when discovered, to bring them to the scene of action. Several, however, consented. They came from their homes in Italy to Paris, where they spent five months waiting for the trial. The women quarrelled. Their husbands drank. At length they crossed to England, but the trial (probably in order to embarrass the defence) was put off.

Some two months later the proceedings began. Lord Campbell was the Judge. Newman was defended by Sir Alexander Cockburn, assisted by Mr. Serjeant Wilkins and Mr. Badeley, while the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General appeared for the plaintiff. Achilli, whose appearance seems to have united the characteristics of Mr. Stiggins and the traditional stage Jesuit, lied with remarkable *sang-froid*. The question was, who was to be believed: Achilli, who protested that he was a much-wronged, innocent man, or a whole group of women whose testimony was the more credible because, many of them being now respectably married, they would, as Sir Alexander Cockburn pointed out, hardly have come forward if their stories had not been true. Lord Campbell summed up all in favour of Achilli, remarking amidst enthusiastic applause, that he thanked God there was no Inquisition in this country. The jury found that out of the twenty-three charges preferred against Achilli, one only—that he had been deprived of his professorship and forbidden to preach—had been proved. Dr. Newman was accordingly found guilty of libel.

At last it was over. The "twelve good men and true" had delivered their verdict. The popular cause had won

—and lost. Something had gone wrong. A frost, a blight, seemed to have laid a withering finger on the fine flower of British justice. *The Times* was uncomfortably frank. The proceedings at the trial, it said, were "indecorous in their nature, unsatisfactory in their result, and little calculated to increase the respect for the administration of justice or the estimation by foreign nations of the English name and character."

And the "martyr"—where was he? How was it faring with the "Friend from Rome"? Alas! the garlands had "withered on his brow." He had made so free in "the freeman's land and home" that he had—as there was abundant evidence to show—behaved in a manner most unbecoming in a martyr with the servant-girls in the various lodging-houses in which he had resided during his sojourn. "His eyes deep set and lustrous" were seen no more upon the public platform. His work was done; he vanished from the scene.

Judgment was reserved. What would it be? Prison? Late in November, John Henry Newman went to the court to hear his fate. His counsel urged him to agree to an application for a new trial. He at first refused but at length reluctantly consented. The scene was tense and dramatic. The Judges filed in and took their seats. The notes of the trial were read—the reading took three hours —and then Sir Alexander Cockburn rose. "A speech in mitigation of damages," thought Lord Campbell, who began to look merciful and condescending. "Sir Alexander!" he whispered. "Dr. Newman's affidavit—don't omit his affidavit!" "My Lord," answered Cockburn, "I am giving reasons for granting us a Rule for a new trial." The words sounded in the Judge's ear like the voice of the avenging angel.

"I did not look at the poor old man," says Newman, "but had I any resentment against him, alas! at that moment, and in the rest of the proceedings, it would have been gratified to the very full. He changed colour, shook, and his voice trembled. A military friend who was at my elbow said his head quivered, as though he had been shot in the ear."

Whether the new trial was granted or not, the iniquity of the verdict had been exposed. The rule was, in fact, refused "on technical grounds," and Lord Campbell was spared his crowning humiliation. Newman was fined a hundred pounds and roundly lectured by Mr. Justice Coleridge, whose theme was "the deterioration of converts." Newman listened to his "jobation" with compassionate amusement, the other Judges with pained surprise. The costs were heavy—£12,000. They were met forthwith by contributions from Catholics the whole world over. The lectures he had delivered in Dublin just before the opening of the trial and composed by him under the burden of its anxiety, were being prepared for publication. They were given to the world with a dedication whose simplicity and grandeur are like the opening notes of some great symphony—a fitting prelude to a work which is one of the glories of our literature:

Hospes eram, et collegistis Me.

In grateful never-dying remembrance
Of his many friends and benefactors,
Living and dead,
At home and abroad,
In Great Britain, Ireland, France,
In Belgium, Germany, Poland, Italy, and Malta,
In North America, and other countries,
Who, by their resolute prayers and penance
And by their generous stubborn efforts
And by their munificent alms,
Have broken for him the stress
Of a great anxiety,
THESE DISCOURSES
Offered to our Lady and St. Philip on its rise,
Composed under its pressure,
Finished on the eve of its termination,
Are respectfully and affectionately inscribed
BY THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER XV

"TU NE CEDE MALIS——"

THE other anxiety, the other difficulty, if less acute, less spectacular, was more insidious, more deep-seated, more protracted, and in the long run it proved fatal, not indeed to Newman, but to the Catholic University of Ireland. It came from within.

These, in brief, were the circumstances in which the project came to be started. It was felt that the Catholic youth in Ireland would be seriously handicapped in comparison with their Protestant contemporaries unless the advantages of a University education, such as Oxford and Cambridge offered to the young men of England, were placed within their reach. Thus the question arose whether the ecclesiastical authorities should avail themselves, for the purpose, of non-Catholic institutions already existing or promised; or whether they should create an establishment of their own to be run on exclusively Catholic lines. Sir Robert Peel's Queen's Colleges of Galway and Cork had been founded in 1846 with the object of providing Irish Catholics with facilities for a University training on the same terms as Protestants. The colleges were undenominational. Inasmuch as the religion of the people among whom they were situated was preponderatingly Catholic, there was no reasonable doubt that, in practice, these colleges would have satisfied all the scruples of the most rigid opponent of mixed education. Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin, and many of the most cultured and enlightened among the Irish clergy, were in favour of making use of the Queen's Colleges. But Dr. Cullen thought otherwise, and Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Armagh, was very strong-willed and very powerful at Rome. Dr. Cullen was a saint. But he did not answer letters. He seemed, at all events in his dealings with Newman, to have disdained the ordinary amenities of social intercourse. He did in fact behave with extraordinary rudeness. Letter after letter addressed to him by Newman remained unanswered. Newman stipulated that certain appointments should be made in consultation with himself, which was reasonable, seeing that he would have to pull in the same boat, so to speak, with the persons appointed. Dr. Cullen agreed—and then calmly made the appointments without reference to Newman and without even troubling to let him know he had made them.

It was, then, in this harassing atmosphere of anxiety and doubt and misgiving that Newman addressed himself to the task of presenting to his hearers in Dublin his theory of the special mission of a University. The two main questions with which he concerns himself in these discourses are, first, whether it is consistent with the idea of University teaching to exclude theology from a place among the sciences which it embraces; next, whether it is consistent with that idea to make the useful arts and sciences its direct and principal concern, to the neglect of those liberal studies and exercises of mind in which it has heretofore been considered mainly to consist. A University he defines as a place of instruction where universal knowledge is professed. Theology is a branch of knowledge, therefore a University, if it is to fulfil its mission to the full, must teach theology. If it fails in this respect, if it excludes theology from its range of studies, it is falling short of its professed character.

"Is not," he asks, "the being of a God reported to us by testimony, handed down by history, inferred by an inductive process, brought home to us by metaphysical necessity, urged on us by the suggestions of our conscience? It is a truth in the natural order as well as in the supernatural. So much for its origin; and when obtained, what is it worth? Is it a great truth or a small one? Is it a comprehensive truth? . . . The word 'God,'" he goes on, "is a theology in itself, indivisibly one, inexhaustibly various, from the vastness and simplicity of its meaning. Admit a God, and you introduce among the subjects of your knowledge a fact encompassing, closing in upon, absorbing, every other fact conceivable. How can we investigate any part of any order of knowledge, and stop short of that which enters into every order? All true principles run over with it, all phenomena converge towards it; it is truly the First and the Last."

To those who would divide knowledge into branches, into human and divine, secular and religious, and advocate our addressing ourselves to the one without interfering with the other, he replies that such a thing is impossible.

"Granting that divine truth differs in kind from human, so do human truths differ in kind one from another. If the knowledge of the Creator is in a different order from knowledge of the creature, so, in like manner, metaphysical science is in a different order from physical, physics from history, history from ethics. You will," he concludes, "soon break up into fragments the whole circle of secular knowledge if you begin the mutilation with divine."

Theology a branch of knowledge! The statement sounds perhaps strangely in a modern ear. We are far from having recovered—even allowing that the process of recovery has begun—from the dazzling effect produced upon the mind and imagination by the astonishing progress which attended the study of the physical sciences in the latter half of the nineteenth century. An "infidel" writer of the day—as Newman would have called him—speaking of the breaking-down of the old theories of the Universe before the triumphant advance of modern science, refers to the times "when God had no other children but mankind, and all His creation was administered after a fashion at once puerile and poetical, like the routine of a vast cathedral. Thus conceived, the Universe was so simple that it was fully and adequately represented, with its true shape and proper motion, in sundry great clocks constructed and painted by the craftsmen of the Middle Ages."

And then he proceeds:

"We are done now with the twelve spheres and the planets under which men were born happy or unhappy, jovial or saturnine. The solid vault of the firmament is cleft asunder. Our eyes and thoughts plunge into the infinite abysses of the heavens. Beyond the planets we discover, instead of the Empyrean of the elect and the angels, a hundred millions of Suns rolling through space, escorted each by its own procession of dim satellites, invisible to us. Amidst this infinitude of systems *our* Sun is but a bubble of gas and the Earth a drop of mud," and he adds: "There are stars that have gone out under our eyes, while others are even now flickering like the dying flame of a taper. The heavens which men deemed incorruptible, know of no eternity but the eternal flux of things."

Such is the sort of effect that some of the results of scientific research may have upon the cultivated imagination. The passage from Anatole France above quoted, has a most striking parallel in the discourse on "A Form of Infidelity of the Day," which is contained in the volume under discussion. It runs as follows:

"Let a person devote himself to the studies of the day; let him be taught by the astronomer that our sun is but one of a million central luminaries, and our earth but one of ten million globes moving in space; let him learn from the geologist that on that globe of ours enormous revolutions have been in progress through innumerable ages; let him be told by the comparative anatomist of the minutely arranged system of organized Nature . . . I say, let him take in and master the vastness of the view thus afforded to him of Nature, its infinite complexity, its awful comprehensiveness . . . and then, . . . let him turn round to peruse the inspired records . . . not that his reason really deduces anything from his much-loved studies contrary to the faith, but that his imagination is bewildered, and swims with the ineffable distance of that faith from the view of things which is familiar to him."

And then he proceeds to explain the tactics that will be adopted by those who are opposed to the study of theology and desire to annihilate it. They will not persecute those who pursue it, for that would be but to stimulate their zeal and inspire them with fresh energy. No, they will choose a more effective method. They will ignore it.

"Sciences," says Newman, "which deal with tangible facts, practical results, ever-growing discoveries and perpetual novelties, which feed curiosity, sustain attention, and stimulate expectation, require but a fair stage and no favour to distance that Ancient Truth which never changes. . . . And therefore they look out for the day when they shall have put down Religion, not by shutting its schools, but by emptying them, not by disputing its tenets, but by the superior worth and persuasiveness of their own."

And this, in fact, is the policy which indifference or hostility has led the champions of science to adopt. The gulf between the finite and the infinite is unbridgeable. No additions, however vast, however far-reaching, to the stock of human knowledge can ever avail to penetrate the mystery that envelops the destiny of man, or reveal the secrets of the life beyond the grave. All the treasures that man has painfully and diligently gleaned upon the field of knowledge, the accumulated wisdom of the sages, the most brilliant discoveries of science, are but a ray that loses itself in the unfathomable void. We may conquer realm after realm in our onward march, we may subdue the forces of Nature to our will in a manner and with a completeness yet unguessed at, we may extend the frontiers of our knowledge into undreamt-of regions, we may "flash the lightning, weigh the sun," and still, in comparison of the distance that remains to be traversed, we shall not seem to have so much as stirred from our starting-point. If such is the sum-total of the result that is to attend the accumulation of human effort so long as the world shall last, it follows that there is a vast, an infinite region which by the human intelligence can never be explored. And if the existence of God be problematic, and if, even granting His existence, He has never manifested Himself, directly or indirectly, to His creatures, if we never hear His voice or behold His countenance, if an impenetrable barrier conceals Him eternally from our gaze, then it follows that all our notions concerning Him are matters, not of conviction, not of certitude, but of opinion and speculation. Theology can no longer be regarded as a science, and its subject-matter must be relegated to the region of the Unknowable.

"A belief," says Huxley, "is void of justification, unless its subject-matter lies within the boundaries of possible knowledge, and unless its evidence satisfies the conditions which experience imposes as the guarantee of credibility."

The book from which I quote this passage belonged to my father, who, as might be expected in a contemporary of Huxley and a medical man, entertained a respect almost amounting to veneration for that great scientist and formidable adversary of dogmatic religion. And I, too, who followed in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century,* with more eagerness than understanding, the duel in which, as it seems to me, he discomfited Gladstone and routed Wace, had a schoolboy's admiration for the sledge-hammer blows of this redoubtable champion. Schoolboys have in their nature this at least of the quality ascribed to the gods, they like to be on the side of the big battalions. It is only in later years, when they have had experience of life, that they discover, like Cato, a sympathetic predilection for lost causes and find themselves wondering whether the cause that seemed, amid the dust and tumble of the fray, to have been routed and driven headlong from the field, had, after all, suffered such irretrievable disaster. When the storm is over and the turmoil has subsided, the old, obstinate questionings, which one thought had received their quietus for all time, return again as insistent, as peremptory as ever. These new voices, which seemed just now so triumphantly to confute the ancient oracles, have they, after all, said the last word? The victorious march-past of the physical sciences, with their trumpets and banners, has taken place, but somehow the heart is still unsatisfied. Shovel it all away, discard your creeds, make a clean sweep of theology and all that outworn lumber—still, there comes a day when, as the Bishop says in Browning's poem, some mysterious prompting, some message faint yet clear, one knows not whence, steals into the heart—

> ". . . a sunset touch,
> A fancy from a flower-bell, someone's death,
> A chorus ending from Euripides,"

and behold, "the ancient idol on his base again." This voice and the vision it evokes may be obscured and drowned for a space by the glamour of the restless, teeming multitudinous world about us, but return it does, at last.

Perhaps throughout the whole of his writings there is no passage in which the qualities of delicate imagination and poetic grace and exquisite verbal felicity are exhibited in such perfect unison as that in which Newman speaks of the engrossing effect on the mind of the vivid, restless, and obvious phenomena of the material world:

"The physical nature lies before us, patent to the sight, ready to the touch, appealing to the senses in so unequivocal a way that the science which is founded upon it is as real to us as the fact of our personal existence. But the phenomena, which are the basis of morals and religion, have nothing of this luminous evidence. Instead of being obtruded upon our notice, so that we cannot possibly overlook them, they are the dictates either of Conscience or of Faith. They are faint shadows and tracings, certain indeed, but delicate, fragile, and almost evanescent, which the mind recognizes at one time, not at another—discerns when it is calm, loses when it is in agitation. The reflection of sky and mountains in the lake is a proof that sky and mountains are around it, but the twilight, or the mist, or the sudden storm hurries away the beautiful image, which leaves behind it no memorial of what it was. Something like this are the Moral Law and the informations of Faith, as they present themselves to individual minds."

Those who take a purely utilitarian view of education, and those who confound education with the mere acquisition of knowledge, will, like the poor, be always with us. Every schoolmaster is familiar with the parent who, in discussing the subjects to which his son is to devote attention, urges with the confidence that attends the enunciation of a self-evident principle, that he wishes him to be thoroughly grounded in those subjects which, when he reaches manhood, he will be able to turn to practical account, and which will hold out the prospect of some definite, tangible result—a result, that is, which may be estimated in terms of money. This desire is natural and, so far as it goes, sound. Those whose ears are haunted with such phrases as "the battle of life," "the struggle for existence," those who perhaps have themselves had the grim significance of these phrases brought home to them by bitter experience, and have, after a protracted struggle and so far as material things are concerned, lessened the insecurity which is a necessary concomitant of life, naturally feel that the things which enable them to achieve this end are, as the saying goes, *the things which matter*. Nor is this view confined to the mere man of the world; a philosopher of no less repute than the great Locke himself has urged the same doctrine with a cogency and a confidence that would seem to imply the conviction that there can be no other side to the question.

"Reason," he says, "if consulted with, would advise that [the learners'] time should be spent in acquiring what might be *useful* to them when they come to be men rather than that their heads should be stuffed with a deal of trash, a great part whereof they usually never do ('tis certain they never need to) think on again as long as they live; and so much of it as does stick to them they are only the worse for."

And in another passage he asks:

"Can there be anything more ridiculous than that a father should waste his own money, and his son's time, in setting him to *learn the Roman language,* when at the same time he *designs him for a trade,* wherein he, having no use for Latin, fails not to forget that little which he brought from school, and which 'tis ten to one he abhors for the ill-usage it procured him? Could it be believed, unless we have everywhere amongst us examples of it, that a child should be forced to learn the rudiments of a language, which he is never to use in the course of life that he is designed to, and neglect all the while the writing a good hand, and casting accounts, which are of great advantage in all conditions of life, and to most trades indispensably necessary?"

That is the argument for utility in all its force, and, it must be added, in all its baldness, and it is of course absurd—nothing could be more so—to neglect in education those matters which are necessary for a boy's future calling; but as Newman observes, "the tone of Locke's remarks evidently implies more than this and is condemnatory of any teaching which tends to the general cultivation of the mind."

However, the views thus propounded by Locke were at the foundation of the criticisms levelled by the Edinburgh Reviewers against the system of education which "reformed Oxford" had adopted and of which the study of the Classics formed the basis. After the manner of Locke, the *Edinburgh Review* expressed the conviction that no good could come of a system which was not based on the principle of Utility. The Reviewers, however, as Newman points out, differ from Locke in this respect, namely, that Locke judged of utility in respect of the individual educated, they judged of it in respect of the community at large; in other words, Locke looked to the benefit accruing to the individual, they to the advancement of the sciences whose study they advocated. Oriel, whose foundation and history Newman describes in a page of moving beauty, had been the first to put its house in order. On her, then, it devolved to play a chief part in defending against these formidable adversaries from the North, those views of liberal education she had at heart and vindicating the value of intellectual culture *per se* against the advocates of a specious but narrow utilitarianism.

The pages in which Newman, with the aid of quotations from articles by Dr. Copleston (then Fellow, and afterwards Provost, of Oriel) and Mr. Davison (another Fellow), devotes himself to this task are a model of delicate insight, close reasoning, and lucid exposition. The imparting of technical skill, the division of the field of knowledge into separate departments, and the teaching of this science to one student and that to another, though admirably adapted no doubt to the production of a race of professional specialists and technical experts, does not conduce to that wide philosophic view of things which, in an earlier discourse, Newman had shown it to be the special province of a University to impart. The mere amassing of knowledge is not education; the acquisition of technical skill is not education. Knowledge, to bear fruit, must be acted upon and assimilated by the intellect; only when it has thus been acted upon, systematized, and arranged, so to speak, in ordered perspective, does it result in real enlargement and in that philosophy of which mere knowledge is but the raw material.

The earlier discourses are devoted to showing how a University should teach all branches of knowledge, including, as we have seen, theology, and to demonstrating how the intellectual atmosphere tends to enlargement and liberality of judgment, because one branch of knowledge is modified and corrected by those with which it finds itself in juxtaposition. He then proceeds to lay down what, at first sight, it would appear difficult to sustain, namely, that knowledge is its own end, is to be valued for its own sake irrespective of the material and tangible uses in which it may result. The proper exercise of the muscles produces that sense of physical well-being which we call health. Health is a good thing in itself quite apart from the uses to which the physical organism may be put. And as there is a health of the body, so there is a health of the mind. And both are good and desirable, each in its own sphere, but Newman is careful to define what he means by "knowledge."

"It seems to me," he says, "improper to call that passive sensation or perception of things, which brutes seem to possess, by the name of Knowledge. When I speak of Knowledge, I mean something intellectual, something which grasps what it perceives through the senses; something which takes a view of things; which sees more than the senses convey; which reasons upon what it sees and while it sees; which invests it with an idea. It expresses itself not in a mere enumeration, but by an enthymeme; it is of the nature of science from the first, and in this consists its dignity. The principle of real dignity in Knowledge, its worth, its desirableness, considered irrespectively of its results, is this germ within it of a scientific or a philosophical process. This is how it comes to be an end in itself. Not to know the relative dispositions of things is the state of slaves or children; to have mapped out the Universe is the boast, or at least the ambition, of Philosophy."

And again:

"Education . . . implies an action upon our mental nature and the formation of a character. . . . When, then, we speak of the communication of knowledge as being Education, we thereby really imply that that knowledge is a state or condition of mind; and since cultivation of mind is surely worth seeking for its own sake, we are thus brought once more to the conclusion which the word 'Liberal' and the word 'Philosophy' have already suggested, that there is a knowledge which is desirable, though nothing come of it, as being of itself a treasure and sufficient remuneration of years of labour."

There are times when these principles, always salutary, are of special and urgent application. One such period was ushered in with the perfection of the printing press and the enormous multiplication of books which it involved. The hopes and anticipations founded on the cheap production of reading matter and the benefits which were expected to result from the mere process of reading, whether or not the readers were sufficiently prepared to absorb what they read, were animadverted upon in a passage which, in view of the results which we are promised from the advocates of education by "wireless," it will not be inappropriate to quote. After inveighing against those who would imply "that a smattering in a dozen branches of study is not shallowness, which it really is, but enlargement, which it is not; of considering an acquaintance with the learned names of things and persons, and the possession of clever duodecimos, and attendance on eloquent lecturers, and membership with scientific institutions, and the sight of the experiments of a platform and the specimens of a museum, that all this is not dissipation of mind, but progress," he goes on:

> "All things now are to be learned at once, not first one thing, then another, not one well, but many badly. Learning is to be without exertion, without attention, without toil. . . . The population is to be passively, almost unconsciously enlightened, by the mere multiplication and dissemination of volumes. Whether it be the school-boy, or the school-girl, or the youth at college, or the mechanic in the town, or the politician in the Senate, all have been the victims in one way or other of this most preposterous and pernicious of delusions."

No idea is so false and so absurd as the notion that the mere reading of a book is of any benefit in itself, is not indeed worse than useless, unless the mind of the reader has been prepared by education to receive it. You do not convert a cannibal from his anthropophagous habits by persuading him to read the Bible. As reasonably might one expect to make a surgeon of a bank-clerk by inducing him to read a manual on the art of surgery.

"Recreations," says Newman, "are not education; accomplishments are not education. Do not say, the people must be educated, when, after all, you only mean amused, refreshed, soothed, put into good spirits and good humour, or kept from vicious excesses. . . . Stuffing birds or playing stringed instruments is an elegant pastime and a resource to the idle, but it is not education; it does not form or cultivate the intellect. Education is a high word; it is the preparation for knowledge, and it is the imparting of knowledge *in proportion to that education.*"

I have italicized the words "in proportion to that education" in the first place because they are of paramount importance, and in the second because educationists are but too prone to overlook them. A man may have too much knowledge, too much, that is to say, for his given stage of development. The effect of such a burden of learning on one whose intellectual stature is unequal to sustain it is to distort his vision and disturb his poise; it engenders that most distressing product of imperfect, or rather indiscriminating, "education," namely, "the crank" and "the prig." Just as the stomach is capable of assimilating a certain quantity of food and no more, so the mind is capable of assimilating a certain quantity of knowledge and no more. Any excess over and above this limit results in discomfort, it "puffeth up" and is altogether to be deplored. Matthew Arnold, who in Francis Newman had to deal with a well-marked case of over-erudition, quoted the Duke of Wellington as having said of a certain peer that "it was a great pity his education had been so far too much for his abilities." The two typical results of slovenly and misapplied "education" are the smatterer and the bore. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," says the proverb. And it might have been added, "too much knowledge is a pernicious thing"; causing a distressing fermentation in the possessor of it, and spreading its baneful effects far and wide throughout the whole extent of his sphere of influence. This lack of poise, of the power to take a general view of things, is characteristic alike of the over-erudite and the over-specialized. They are like travellers in what is known as a blind country, a country of deep lanes, tall hedgerows, and dense woodlands in which it is impossible to gain a clear summit whence to take a general survey of the surrounding territory. Against this unrestricted specialization, the protagonists of Oriel presented a united front.

"In proportion as [a man's] sphere of action is narrowed," says Dr. Copleston, "his mental powers and habits become contracted; and he resembles a subordinate part of some powerful machinery, useful in its place, but insignificant and worthless out of it."

"The professional character," adds Mr. Davison, "is not the only one which a person engaged in a profession has to support. He is not always upon duty. There are services he owes which are neither parochial, nor forensic, nor military, nor yet to be described by any such epithet of civil regulation, and yet are in no wise inferior to those that bear these authoritative titles; inferior neither in their intrinsic value, nor their moral import, nor their impression upon society. As a friend, as a companion, as a citizen at large; in the connections of domestic life; in the improvement and embellishment of his leisure, he has a sphere of action, revolving, if you please, within the sphere of his profession, but not clashing with it; in which, if he can show none of the advantages of an improved understanding, whatever may be his skill or proficiency in the other, he is no more than an ill-educated man."

Newman clinches the whole matter in a memorable page.

"If then," he says, "a practical end must be assigned to a University course, I say it is that of training good members of society. Its art is the art of social life, and its end is fitness for the world. It neither confines its views to particular professions on the one hand, nor creates heroes nor inspires genius on the other. Works indeed of genius fall under no art; heroic minds come under no rule; a University is not a birthplace of poets or of immortal authors, of founders of schools, leaders of colonies, or conquerors of nations. It does not promise a generation of Aristotles or Newtons, of Napoleons or Washingtons, of Raphaels or Shakespeares, though such miracles of nature it has before now contained within its precincts. Nor is it content, on the other hand, with forming the critic or the experimentalist, the economist or the inquirer, though such too it includes within its scope. But a University training is the great, ordinary means to a great but ordinary end; it aims at raising the intellectual tone of society, at cultivating the public mind, at purifying the national taste, at supplying true principles to popular enthusiasm and fixed aims to popular aspiration, at giving enlargement and sobriety to the ideas of the age, at facilitating the exercise of political power and refining the intercourse of private life. It is the education which gives a man a clear, conscious view of his own opinions and judgments, a truth in developing them, an eloquence in expressing them, and a force in urging them. It teaches him to see things as they are, to go right to the point, to disentangle a skein of thought, to detect what is sophistical, and to discard what is irrelevant. It prepares him to fill any post with credit, and to master any subject with facility. It shows him how to accommodate himself to others, how to throw himself into their state of mind, how to bring before them his own, how to influence them, how to come to an understanding with them, how to bear with them. He is at home in any society, he has common ground with every class; he knows when to speak and when to be silent; he is able to converse, he is able to listen; he can ask a question pertinently, and gain a lesson seasonably when he has nothing to impart himself; he is every ready, yet never in the way; he is a pleasant companion and a comrade you can depend upon; he knows when to be serious and when to trifle; and he has a sure tact which enables him to trifle with gracefulness and to be serious with effect. He has the repose of mind which lives in itself, while it lives in the world, and which has resources for its happiness at home when it cannot go abroad. He has a gift which serves him in public and supports him in retirement, without which good fortune is but vulgar and with which failure and disappointment have a charm. The art which tends to make a man all this, is in the object which it pursues, as useful as the art of wealth or the art of health, though it is less susceptible of method, and less tangible, less certain, less complete in its result."

There, in that passage, what warmth, what glow, what harmony! Rhetorical, yes! But rhetoric in its proper place and striking the proper note. The sort of rhetoric that Shakespeare himself knew how to employ with effect. There is more than a hint of resemblance between it and the utterances of Dr. Copleston and Mr. Davison, but there is a difference still more marked—the difference between a deputation, we will say, of frock-coated, dignified professional men and a stately procession passing along with banners and music, but music from stringed instruments and not, as with a Gibbon for example, from brazen.

So the aim of a University, such as Newman conceived it, is the preservation and development of *humanitas,* a word for which it is difficult to find an equivalent or paraphrase in English. *Litteræ Humaniores*—

"The term," says an essayist of to-day,[1] "is one that marries two divergent tendencies, the tendency toward thought and theory (litteræ) and the tendency toward observation and manners (humaniores). Humane literature dwells on the life of the market-place and on the learning of the study with equal lovingness, so that, in so far as literature has the power to humanize a man at all, it will develop the sympathies of all sides of his nature. Since art," he continues, "is man's best teacher, for man is influenced through his imagination and all powerful influence is indirect, letters, the most comprehensive of the arts, must be the art best adapted to a liberal education."

Alas! how many a parent who has conceived high ambitions for his offspring, sending him to a public school and to Oxford, has had to console himself for his son's failure to secure distinction in the schools by his skill on the saxophone and his proficiency in the dance-hall! "When it is a matter of the humanities," to quote Mr. Burdett once more, "the character is as necessary to the training as the training to the character."

All good writing, someone has said, is consciously or unconsciously autobiographical, and the picture he draws in the passage summing up the "use" of a University education is really, so far as it goes, a piece of selfportraiture. In Newman's case, superadded to the product of merely human culture, was the inward fire, the glow, the unearthly illumination of his religious genius. Looking at the matter from the purely human standpoint, that other picture of a gentleman and his setting (based on memories of his father's house at Ham) represents, perhaps, that *otium cum dignitate,* that life of lettered ease, which, on a purely worldly basis, might serve as the supreme *desideratum* of a man of taste and education. This is how he catalogues the elements of such a life:

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[1] Mr. Osbert Burdett, *Critical Essays*, p. 177.

> "Easy circumstances, books, friends, literary connexions, the fine arts, presents from abroad, foreign correspondents, handsome appointments, elegant simplicity, gravel walks, lawns, flower-beds, trees and shrubberies, summer-houses, strawberry beds, a green-house, a wall for peaches, 'hoc erat in votis';—nothing out of the way, no hot-houses, graperies, pineries,—'Persicos odi, puer, apparatus,'—no mansions, no parks, no deer, no preserves; these things are not worth the cost, they involve the bother of dependants, they interfere with enjoyment. One or two faithful servants, who last on as the trees do, and cannot change their place."

Such, considered on the worldly plane, was the ideal life—the "life in the country in the midst of one's own people," which was "the dream of Roman poets from Virgil to Juvenal and the reward of Roman statesmen from Cincinnatus to Pliny." Touch it with celestial fire, and you have the perfect, but perfectly unworldly "member of society," unaffected yet remote, gracious yet austere, winning yet hieratic, with a hint of the "noli me tangere" of divinity in his presence, stately yet natural, courteous yet grave, a true son of Oxford, a great Prince of the Church.

CHAPTER XVI

"QUI SEMINANT IN LACRIMIS——"

It seemed that now, at last, after long years of waiting, Providence was about to put into his hands a task for which his training, his sympathies, and his genius fitted him beyond all others. Of all earthly abodes of which he had ever had experience, none was so dear to him as Oxford. Reading, study, lectures, intellectual exercises, are the means whereby we store the mind and train the faculties; but influences, less direct, less definite, yet none the less profound, mould our hearts, shape our sympathies, giving them a form and a direction which never desert them so long as life endures. Some "little town by river or sea-shore," an old bridge and a quay thronged with little coastwise craft, an old house backed by a rookery of tall elms carpeted with patches of moss, a shadowy pool which the autumn winds strew with dead leaves, such impressions as these, absorbed day after day in the impressible period of childhood or youth, are no less formative, no less educative, though less definable, less susceptible of analysis, than the lessons gained from books or formally imparted by tutors.

Oxford, then, in the case of Newman, was the visible scene that left its indelible impress on his imagination—Oxford, transfigured like a dream-city in his memory of her. When, therefore, it seemed to him that now, after long years, God's good Providence was calling him to a mission so consonant with his sympathies and powers, he felt like one emerging out of darkness into light. His dream was to rear a new Oxford on Irish soil. In imagination, he beheld the towers and turrets of an Alma Mater which should one day draw to her bosom, as Athens, as Paris, as Oxford herself had drawn, students from every quarter of the globe; in which every science should flourish free and unhindered in the light of that faith which had once been the illumination and the glory of Oxford herself, and which should compensate, and more than compensate, for the absence of tradition and of that beauty which only the lapse of centuries, "the unimaginable touch of Time," can impart.

Such was the dream. But what were the obstacles that stood in the way of its fulfilment? What were the real aims of those who launched the project? What were the real reasons and considerations by which they had been actuated? They feared the effect of unrestricted scientific teaching upon youthful and uninstructed minds. They knew that undenominational teaching, with its pretence of not supporting any single religious body at the expense of the rest, was in effect hostile to them all. Within a brief five years they had seen Oxford undergo a complete change of heart, a complete metamorphosis of spirit. Where, a few years since, religion had held undisputed sway, science was now supreme. Newman was almost forgotten, and Jowett reigned in his stead. Nor was it only the inexperienced and the untrained for whom the adversaries of "mixed" education entertained misgivings. Men as gifted, as highly trained, as Mark Pattison, James Anthony Froude, and Matthew Arnold, who had at one time come under Newman's influence, definitely turned away from his teaching. For these the sea of faith, once at the full, was swiftly receding and they now could only hear,

"Its melancholy long withdrawing roar
Retreating to the breath of the night wind
Down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world."

But though the Irish clergy were opposed to mixed education, even with the safeguards offered in the case of the Queen's Colleges, and even in districts where, the overwhelming majority of the population being Catholic, such safeguards would have been superfluous, they were so far from being united in their opposition that, at the synod of Thurles at which the question was submitted, the resolution to proceed with the University scheme was carried by a majority of one.

It was unfortunate that the more enlightened among the Irish clergy, and those to whom Newman was most naturally drawn by temperament and training, were either opposed or indifferent to the scheme of which he found himself the champion.

Newman, in the *Nine Discourses* delivered in Dublin, had elaborated a theory of University education so liberal, so enlightened, and so far-seeing that they serve to-day and will continue to serve for many a day to come, as guiding lights for all who would thread their way successfully through the multitude of conflicting and too often erroneous theories of what education really is. He saw that to attempt to secure safety for the faith of young students by excluding science from the field of studies or only to admit it in theological fetters was, when the time came for them to pass out into the world, to expose them in an increased degree to the very dangers from which it was desired to preserve them. If danger there was, and Newman realized the danger to the full, it was not to be overcome by ignoring it; but by meeting it fearlessly face to face in the open field.

Dr. Cullen's ideas were diametrically opposed to all this. He aimed at founding not so much a University as a seminary, and though he was quite willing to avail himself of Newman's prestige, he seems to have determined in his own mind to ignore or override his principles. Newman's ideas were no doubt very fine—such seems to have been his train of thought—Newman was a master of words, no doubt; but words went for nothing. Let the weaver of fine phrases, the spinner of airy theories, spin and weave away to his heart's content. Deeds were what counted, and when it came to deeds he, Cardinal Cullen, would take the direction of affairs. Cardinal Cullen was a most estimable man, a conscientious administrator, with the intellectual outlook of a sacristan. There are ecclesiastics, well-meaning, hard-working and, within their limits, capable men (capable, that is, of running their parish, of performing punctually all the routine duties of their calling, sacred and secular—christenings, marriages and funerals, bazaars, concerts, whist-drives), who yet never expose the faith of their flock to such imminent peril as when they attempt to expound it. They revolve in a fixed and strictly limited orbit, and because they themselves are without curiosity or imagination, they do not guess what risks the possession of those qualities may entail on minds more prone to speculation than their own. It would be as erroneous as it would be uncharitable and unbecoming to speak disrespectfully of such men as Dr. Cullen. After all, for those in possession of the one thing needful, that is to say of the faith, of what importance is literary culture, or humane learning, or scientific research? What does it matter whether or not a man is "a good member of society" upon earth, if a place be assured to him in heaven? There is logic in that question, though it have a narrow and a selfish basis. A man cannot fulfil his duty to God unless he fulfil it to his fellow-men.

On the face of it, then, the position looks piquantly paradoxical: the saintly Newman, so unworldly as to mistrust the very reality of material phenomena, aiming at turning out finished "men of the world," men who in manners or in culture would not show to disadvantage in comparison with the sons of Oxford or Cambridge, and who should add to the immeasurable moral and spiritual riches which their Catholicism conferred upon them, the intellectual and social advantages of a liberal education. He saw no reason why boorishness, awkwardness, ignorance, narrowness of intellectual outlook, should be the necessary concomitants of spiritual illumination. Of course if knowledge, if intellectual enlightenment, were to endanger the faith of those who set out to acquire them, then the temporal must yield to the eternal, and knowledge and intellectual enlightenment must go by the board. Newman, however, saw in ignorance and narrowness, in *gaucherie* and unfitness for the world, a danger for Catholics themselves and the grounds, of which Protestants were only too ready to avail themselves, for sneering at the backwardness and the obscurantism of the Church. A purely cloistral training for those who will one day have to leave the cloister and depart

"Into the world and wave of men"

and that at the most impressible period of their career, constitutes a grave gratuitous danger. Ignorance of the world and its ways in those who have to live in it is a peril to themselves and a reproach to the body to which they belong. If, then, Newman laid stress on such things as intellectual culture, philosophic enlightenment, and an unrestricted field for all branches of knowledge, provided theological studies had their place, it was not because he set a value on secular things in comparison with Divine Truth, but because he did not wish Catholic youth to suffer from a serious and unnecessary disadvantage in their intercourse with their Protestant fellows. His policy and his attitude were alike dictated by a desire to advance the influence of the Catholic name, a desire no less fervent, but surely far more liberal and fraught with far richer promise than the policy at once timid and suspicious adopted by Cardinal Cullen and his followers.

Being anxious to establish a new Oxford in Ireland, what more natural than that he should aim at seeking the co-operation of his Oxford friends? But those to whom he applied failed him to a man. He wanted Cardinal Wiseman to be Chancellor. The Irish episcopate would not have him. Manning, whom he proposed as Vice-Rector, hesitated and finally declined. But the great stumbling-block to the whole scheme was Dr. Cullen. Elaborate and skilful attempts have been made to explain the attitude and behaviour of that dignitary. There is only one explanation. It is that he was grossly ill-mannered and behaved towards Newman in a way that the latter's fastidious and highly sensitive spirit could not endure.

"I had now been appointed Rector for two years," writes Newman, in his Diary, "and nothing had been done. If for the first of the two the Achilli trial kept me from Ireland, yet many things might have been done in Ireland to smooth such difficulties as were sure to beset me when I did come. For two years Dr. Cullen had met my earnest applications for information or a settlement of particular points, or the expression of my views and wishes, by silence or abrupt acts. He had written to me, I think, once. He did not even correspond with me through a secretary. He made a stranger to me my secretary, and obliged me to pick up the crumbs of his words or doings by means of him."

The situation required a Manning. He would have rattled these Irishmen in fine style. But Newman! The fact was that Dr. Cullen and his supporters were not going to be dictated to by this English convert. Who was he, after all, that he should presume to come over with his Oxford ways and high-falutin notions to educate them, to tell them what to do? They were, in a word, jealous. What could Newman do? They were his ecclesiastical superiors. How could he act, or maintain his independence? There was only one way out. Newman must be made a Bishop. Wiseman, now in Rome, takes the matter in hand. He goes to the Pope and unfolds the situation. His Holiness promises to do all that is required of him. There shall be a new Brief for the University, of which, be it noted, Archbishop Cullen (not Wiseman) is to be Chancellor, and a mitre for Newman. All this news is conveyed to Newman by Wiseman himself, who requests "the consolation and honour" of conferring on him the proposed dignity, when the proper time shall come.

The news of Newman's coming preferment was bruited abroad. Dr. Ullathorne, the Bishop of Birmingham, referred to him on a public occasion as "Right Reverend." Congratulations flowed in upon him from all parts, together with more tangible offerings. The Duke of Norfolk sent a massive gold chain, Mrs. Bowden a cross and chain of Maltese filigree work, Mr. Hope-Scott a morse for a cope, ornamented with his wife's jewels, and Mr. Monsell a cross. The Papal Brief was a *fait accompli;* he had the Pope's word for the Bishopric. Newman rejoiced. "I did feel glad," he confesses, "for I did not see, without some accession of weight to my official position, how I could overcome the *inertia* and opposition which existed in Ireland on the project of a University."

The feeling of elation was upon him when he reached Dublin in February 1854. It suffered considerable abatement the next day. Father Curtis—"a man of great character and experience"—did not beat about the bush. To start a University was one thing; to find students for it was another. The middle class was too poor; the gentleman class went to Trinity, because it granted degrees. The upper classes sent their sons to Oxford and Cambridge. The classification is curious; but the upshot was that Father Curtis thought it a hopeless business. "Go to the Archbishop and say, 'Don't attempt the University—give up the idea.' " Dr. Kencham, the President of Maynooth, was "distinctly cold," Dr. Russell was despondent, Dr. Ryan pessimistic. The lawyers were not a whit more hopeful. And then it seemed that the whole thing had been merely intended as a sort of diplomatic counterblast, a demonstration, a move in the game, a piece of political bluff, with Newman as a mascot.

Nevertheless he perseveres. He makes up his mind to do the round of these formidable Bishops, to visit them in their several dioceses up and down the country. Thurles, Kilkenny, Carlow, Waterford, Cork, Killarney, Limerick, Galway, Athenrea, Tuam, Loughrea, Athlone, Mullingar, Navan, Drogheda, Newry, Belfast, Ballymena, Coleraine, Londonderry—he was to range far and wide, "beating up for scholars and Professors." But the weather was bad and he caught a chill. He saw six Bishops and had to turn back. He could get no sleep on the feather beds on curtained four-posters. He could not tackle "the coarse and bleeding mutton which was the ordinary dinner." And he occasioned remark by going without it. The whole prospect was more than he could face, so he gave up and returned to Dublin. And then he went back to England and opened the Brompton Oratory on March 22, 1854. Then to Ireland again in June for his installation as Rector. There followed a holiday in England, and at length in September, sadly and with a terrible sinking at the heart, he returned to Ireland again for the opening of the Faculty of Philosophy and Letters. In the face of indifference, jealousy, and ignorant hostility, Newman strove with the heroism of despair. He founded a University Church; started a University Gazette; set up a Medical School; encouraged the study of Celtic literature; strove to obtain a charter from the State and busied himself with innumerable projects, besides discharging the multifarious routine duties that fell to his lot.

And amid it all we catch a glimpse of the Newman of old days, doing his best, amid unpromising surroundings and in the face of every sort of discouragement, to introduce into his place of exile—for such in fact it was—something of the atmosphere, of the spirit, of the gracious enlightenment of that Oxford to which he had given, and from which he had received, so much. "Something of the old fascination," says Mr. Wilfrid Ward—"social, spiritual, and intellectual combined—which had enthralled the *élite* of Oxford in the later thirties seems to have made itself felt once again in Dublin, among members of a race especially appreciative of intellectual distinction and charm." It was at the opening of the School of Philosophy and Letters that he delivered two unforgettable addresses. One of them is a plea for the Classics as the instrument *par excellence* of intellectual culture, an utterance of which it is hardly too much to say that it is in itself a sort of liberal education *in parvo.* The other is on Literature, and is directed to disposing of the narrow and bigoted fallacy favoured by Dr. Cullen and his school that there is, or could be, a Catholic as distinct from a national literature. When he addressed the students he doubtless also had in mind those prelates who regarded "any intellectual man as being on the road to perdition," and instead of a University where the sciences should be allowed to flourish and expand in freedom, aimed at establishing "a close borough of clergymen and a clerical village."

There is extant, in a book by a talented Irishman (who is nevertheless too often tempted by an innate and incurable perversity to indulge in utterances of incredible silliness), some remarks cast into the form of a dialogue concerning Newman. What he says about his style is not worth noticing, nor indeed are his opinions, based on a cursory reading of the *Apologia,* about what he supposes to be Newman's character as a man. Let him read—and ponder—the following passage, and say if he can justify his gibes about Newman's pale character and emasculate disposition.

"Man's work will savour of man; in his elements and powers excellent and admirable, but prone to disorder and excess, to error and to sin. Such too will be his literature; it will have the beauty and the fierceness, the sweetness and the rankness, of the natural man, and, with all its richness and greatness, will necessarily offend the senses of those who, in the Apostle's words, are really 'exercised to discern between good and evil.' 'It is said of the holy Sturme,' says an Oxford writer, 'that, in passing a horde of unconverted Germans as they were bathing and gambolling in the stream, he was so overpowered by the intolerable scent which arose from them that he nearly fainted away.' National literature is, in a parallel way, the untutored movements of the reason, imagination, passions, and affections of the natural man, the leapings and the friskings, the plungings and the snortings, the sportings and the buffoonings, the clumsy play and the aimless toil, of the noble, lawless savage of 'God's intellectual creation.' "

Those powers and instincts which, in the majority of men, and especially in those whose lives are passed in the region vaguely termed Bohemia, find but the one ordinary mode of expression, the common outlet; in a few elect spirits, in one or two here and there, are as it were sublimated in a purifying crucible and made ethereal. If there be a whiteness about Newman's genius, do not mistake, it is the whiteness of heat, not the pallor of anæmia.

Newman, who seemed to have adopted as his motto the

Tu ne cede malis sed contra audentior ito

of Virgil, still worked on with an air of undaunted courage, though his heart was sinking within him. He worked on, with his face towards the foe, the foe being his *soi-disant* friend Dr. Cullen and all his allies in the episcopate, who, having smelt the blood of an Englishman, were hungering for his carcase.

It was as if a Persian cat of royal lineage and delicate nurture had strayed by accident into some great, draughty, dilapidated house where the pets, a miscellaneous rabble of hard-bitten, wire-haired terriers, were suffered to roam at will. Some of the terriers growled and were with difficulty kept from rending the intruder; others glowered at her with sullen, suspicious hostility; while some, but they were very few, frolicked and gambolled with her, and their good-humoured tumblings and buffetings were hardly less distressing than the ill-temper of the others.

As witness the entertainment at Limerick. The Bishop of that place, Dr. Ryan, flatly confessed that he considered the University project "simply hopeless," and he made no bones about saying so. But the good Bishop was a kind-hearted, hospitable man, and he determined to entertain his guest in proper style. So he got up a big dinner to which he invited his clergy. It was a tremendous gathering, a great night, and there seems to have been no question of "lavin' gaiety all to the laity" on that occasion. When the conviviality was at its height, up got the Bishop and proclaimed to the assembled kerns and gallowglasses that there and then, without any more ado, he appointed

Newman Vicar-General of the diocese. The announcement brought the house down. The company thundered applause and forthwith broke out into song. They roared out the songs of '98 till the rafters rang again.

Then, some time later, Newman was summoned to meet an assembly of Bishops. He expected a terrific set-to, especially with Dr. McHale, the Archbishop of Tuam, a fierce opponent of the University—and of Newman. But —*mirabile dictu*—no thunderbolts were hurled. On the contrary, the Bishops cooed like sucking doves and the redoubtable John of Tuam sat still in his place and said nothing.

And the promised Bishopric—where was that? No one knew. It had vanished into air, gone to the limbo where "footless fancies dwell." Wiseman, who had been the prime mover, never so much as referred to it again, now or hereafter. But Dr. Cullen knew all about it. The Irish Bishops had been at work. *They* had "made representations" in Rome. It was Wiseman—an Englishman—who had won the promise of the Bishopric from the Pope. Wiseman who asked to be allowed to consecrate him. This, forsooth, did not suit the Irishmen at all. When the Brief came, it contained a reference to Newman as "egregiis animi dotibus ornatus." *That* was the distinction! But a Bishopric, oh dear, no! The Irishmen had seen to that. *Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ!* No one, not Dr. Cullen, nor Dr. Grant, nor Dr. Ullathorne, nor anyone else ever said one single word on the subject. "Nor," says Newman, "did they make any chance remark by which I have been able to form any idea why that elevation which was thought by Pope, Cardinal, and Archbishop so expedient for the University, or at least so settled a point, and which was so publicly announced, was suddenly and silently reversed." The Pope, when a friend of Newman's was indiscreet enough to ask him to his face why he did not make Newman a Bishop, looked "much confused" and took a prodigious quantity of snuff! It was a fortunate escape. If Newman had been made a Bishop, in Ireland he would have had to remain. His proud, sensitive spirit would never have borne the strain. He would never have won the distinction that Pio Nono's successor conferred upon him, because he would not have lived to receive it. "I should never have been able to resign," says Newman, "if I had taken such wages; I might have been in Ireland till now. I am ever thankful to St. Philip for having saved me from this. *Sic me servavit Apollo!*"

It were too long and too tedious to record the progress of the difficulties between Newman and the Archbishop. Newman wanted a University, Dr. Cullen a "gymnasium." There was no agreement possible. The end came in sight when the Oratorians at Birmingham demanded that their Superior should return to them. Newman's final departure was postponed, but it was inevitable. Indifference, sullenness, active opposition on the part of those to whom he was entitled to look for sympathy and help—how was he to combat obstacles such as these? He could not. And at last he gave up the struggle.

So ended this ill-fated attempt. But justice must be done to these Irishmen. The history of Ireland in its relations with the sister isle was such that it is small wonder that suspicion and rancour should remain even "in heavenly breasts." The Irish are in fact a wayward but generous race, full of fire and genius, but a genius forced in upon itself by unhappiness, injustice, and suffering till it became fierce, fuliginous, explosive—not gentle, expansive, radiant, and calm, as in happier circumstances it might have proved itself. Dr. Cullen and those who thought with him looked out from their tower, like the watchmen of a beleaguered fortress, and saw the forces of infidelity advancing as though a great tide upon them. What course was open to them, they thought, but to haul up the drawbridge, buckle on their armour, and man the ramparts, ready to die rather than surrender?

But though the University project came to naught, Newman's work was not lost. The discourses and lectures he delivered in the course of his rectorship enshrine, in pages whose serenity is untroubled by the storms that raged about him as he wrote, ideas and principles so generous and so enlightened as to make the very reading of them a liberal education in itself.

CHAPTER XVII

THE CARDINAL AND THE BIBLE

To adjust the claims of Faith and Reason, to address himself to the delimitation of the frontiers of Theology and Science, was a task that had a special appeal for Newman. It was one with which he had dealt as an Anglican in his *University Sermons;* it was one which the problems and controversies of the hour invested with a special and an urgent importance. The devotional exuberances of such men as Father Faber had brought about a wave of reaction which threatened to sweep some of the more advanced thinkers off their feet. Someone of experience and authority was needed to give a steadying hand to those who were thus in peril of losing their foothold and being carried beyond their depth. Such a task appealed to Newman. It was one for which his penetrating insight and his command of a style, unrivalled alike in its lucidity and its persuasiveness, specially adapted him. Catholics, he held, must not be afraid of the weapons of modern scientific research; rather must they familiarize themselves with them and use them in the service of religious truth, even as the methods of Aristotle, at one time looked upon as part of the Devil's armoury, had been made to subserve the interests of the Catholic Faith.

"We are in a strange time" (so he writes in a letter to a friend). "I have not a shadow of a misgiving that the Catholic Church and its doctrines are directly from God; but then I know well that there is, in particular quarters, a narrowness which is not of God. And I believe great changes before now have taken place in the direction of the Church's course and that new aspects of her aboriginal doctrines have suddenly come forth, and all this coincidently with changes in the world's history, such as are now in progress; so that I never should shut up, when new views are set before me, though I might not take them as a whole."

Newman was preparing to trace a sort of reasoned *via media* midway between the extremists on either side, when his purpose was interrupted by an important and startling invitation which came to him from Cardinal Wiseman.

This was nothing more nor less than an invitation to edit the new English version of the Scriptures which the second Synod of Oscott had recommended in 1855. With whatever reluctance the treatise on Faith and Reason was put aside, there is no doubt that Newman accepted the invitation with alacrity. There is a note of almost triumphant satisfaction in his reply to the Cardinal's letter.

"A greater honour I feel could not possibly have been done me than that which Your Eminence . . . has conferred in selecting me for preparing an annotated English version of the Bible, and I beg Your Eminence, and, through you, the Episcopal body, to receive the heartfelt and most humble acknowledgment which so high and singular a mark of approbation and confidence demands at my hands."

The wheel of Fortune had again revolved full circle. The Irish University had been a grievous disappointment. The treatment meted out to him by Dr. Cullen and the Irish Episcopacy generally had reacted most painfully on his sensitive nature. Had he been able *brusquer les choses,* had he been less fastidious, less aloof, he might have succeeded in driving a wedge into the Irish opposition, but—he would not have been Newman. Now the skies had cleared again. Here was a task which he was eminently fitted to perform, and the offer of it was at once a solace for the rebuffs and ill-treatment he had suffered and a compliment to his genius.

Without loss of time Newman set to work to select a body of translators and to allocate to each his special task. He also wrote at great pains an introduction to the translation which was to serve as "a work of apologetic especially designed to counteract the influence of the agnostic propaganda which was being carried on in the name of modern Science." [1] A year went by, work was done and money (Newman's) expended. Then came a bolt from the blue in the shape of a letter (transmitted to him without comment by Cardinal Wiseman) from the American Bishops stating that a new translation of the Bible was being undertaken by the Archbishop of Baltimore and that some of it had already been published. "Why," said the American Bishops, "have two independent versions? Why not one under the joint editorship of Dr. Newman and the Archbishop of Baltimore?" Combines appeal to the American mind. This particular combine did not appeal to Newman. The prospect which, a little while ago, had seemed so inviting, suddenly became very bleak indeed. Here had Newman been rejoicing at being at last able to settle down to a work for which his gifts conspicuously endowed him, with a group of carefully chosen and congenial collaborators to assist him, when this Archbishop of Baltimore came to trouble the feast. Nor was that the whole of the matter. Newman had disbursed what was for him a considerable sum of money. It was coolly represented to him that this money would revert to him by the copyright's being vested in his hands. Well and good. But if publication of the new version were indefinitely postponed—what then? Newman—like Hamlet—seemed fated to "eat the air promise crammed," and found the diet lowering.

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[1] Ward's *Life of Newman.*

There is no need to pursue the topic in detail. Cardinal Wiseman seemed to have an inveterate predilection for the rhetorical device known to grammarians as *aposiopesis,* a sudden breaking off into silence. No word, not so much as a whisper, came to Newman. He bade his collaborators suspend their labours until he received some definite news. None came. He tore up his Prolegomena. The pall of acute discouragement descended upon him again.

It would be tedious to relate the difficulties in which he next found himself involved in his editorship of the *Rambler*. Once more he was face to face with The Machine, and The Machine threatened to make mincemeat of him. An article of his was delated to Rome. Intellectualism, it seemed, was but another name for heterodoxy, and his ideas for a new apologetic looked, to the authorities, precious like heresy. "Bring out the rusty old chain armour; it suited our fathers, it should be good enough for us. Science is an invention of the devil; we must make no terms with it." Such seems to have been the attitude of "the authorities."

Newman was growing old; indeed, old age had long been a sort of obsession with him. It is remarkable how a sense of failure and disillusionment ages a man, and Newman had been suffering disillusionment ever since 1838, when the ground, the Anglican ground which he had deemed so solid, failed beneath his feet. And since 1845, since he had become a Catholic, disillusionment and disappointment had almost consistently been his portion. Some of the things which brought him most into the public eye, such as the King William Street lectures, were tasks to which he had addressed himself with no great eagerness. But the work on which he set a real value, his efforts for the University, his ambition to forge new weapons to withstand the new perils of the day, and, then, the new version of the Scriptures—all of these things, apparently through the apathy and neglect of his ecclesiastical superiors, had come to naught. "God uses his instruments as He wills," so he wrote to a Catholic friend:

"*Hunc humiliat et hunc exaltat.* To myself I feel as full of thought and life as ever I was,—but a certain invisible chain impedes me, or bar stops me, when I attempt to do anything,—and the only reason why I do not *enjoy* the happiness of being out of conflict is because I feel to myself I could do much in it."

And then he adds, significantly:

"The country is under Propaganda. . . . But Propaganda is a quasi-military power, extraordinary, for missionary countries, rough and ready. It does not understand an intellectual movement. It likes quick results, scalps from beaten foes by the hundred."

It did. And Newman himself was a scalp suspended conspicuously amid scores of lesser ones from His Eminence's belt. Or rather he was like a trapped animal—a strange, outlandish creature—borne along in a cage from village to village, the showman marching on in front beating a big drum and inviting the populace to come and gaze on the captive and observe its pretty ways.

But for all this, it would be a fundamental error to suppose that Newman regretted his conversion. Not even in the days of his most profound discouragement did such an idea for a moment enter his head. True, he was, as it were, flung aside and forgotten; true, his writings and his teaching were suspect; true, he was only remembered, if remembered at all, as *magni nominis umbra,* as one who had been great in former years, but who had long since had his day. The great Oxford leader, whose very name had once seemed like a clarion call to his disciples, was now a little old clerical schoolmaster clad in rusty black, patiently discharging his ecclesiastical and pedagogic duties within the walls of a rather unlovely building in Birmingham. "Newman," said Father Wilfrid, "has put himself on the shelf and intends to remain there." He was rescued from this premature and undeserved oblivion by a strange means.

> "Via prima salutis
> Quod minime reris, Graia pandetur ab urbe."

It was a Protestant who brought him back to the forefront of the battle; it was a Protestant who was the means of restoring to his name all, and more than all, the lustre it had borne in his palmiest days, so that men spoke of him once more with veneration and bated breath. That lustre, that prestige, he has never since lost. The story of his life he was now to relate in circumstances tense and dramatic. He was to show the world, not what he thought, but what he *was,* and, in the process, to win a place in the hearts of his countrymen from which, so long as Englishmen set a value on sincerity and purity of motive, he can never be dethroned. He came now before the world, not merely as the brilliant controversialist, as the great master of language, but as one, for all his great intellectual gifts, of transparent honesty and saintly simplicity of character.

CHAPTER XVIII

"THE APOLOGIA"

At Christmas in the year 1863, Charles Kingsley, influenced, one must suppose, by the festive atmosphere of the season, light-heartedly calls Newman a liar. "Truth," says the author of *Westward Ho!* who appears to have been suffering from that morbid state of mental excitement which the Scots call *fey*—"truth for its own sake had never been a virtue with the Roman clergy. Father Newman informs us that it need not be and on the whole ought not to be; that cunning is the weapon which Heaven has given to the Saints wherewith to withstand the brute force of the wicked world which marries and is given in marriage."

Newman wrote to the publishers "to draw their attention, as gentlemen, to a grave and gratuitous slander." Kingsley replied referring to a sermon entitled "Wisdom and Innocence," which was not only written while Newman was still a Protestant, but contained not the smallest grounds for crediting him with such an opinion. Kingsley, when this was pointed out to him, condescendingly complimented Newman on the *tone* of his letter and offered to make an apology which was, in fact, nothing but an aggravation of the insult.

"Dr. Newman," the proposed apology ran, "has, by letter, expressed, in the strongest terms, his denial of the meaning which I have put upon his words. No man knows the use of words better than Dr. Newman; no man, therefore, has a better right to define what he does, or does not, mean by them. It only remains, therefore, for me to express my hearty regret at having so seriously mistaken him, and my hearty pleasure at finding him on the side of truth, in this, or any other matters."

Finally, Kingsley expunged the reference to Newman's being an adept in the use of words (by which he intended to convey that he was a past-master in chicanery), and the apology which was published in *Macmillan's Magazine* appeared as follows:

"Dr. Newman has expressed in the strongest terms his denial of the meaning I have put upon his words. It only remains, therefore, for me to express my hearty regret at having so seriously mistaken him."

Fortunately, Newman was not content with this. He felt that he owed it, if not to himself, then at least to his brethren in the priesthood, to deal faithfully by this wanton aggressor. Says Kingsley, "I am relieved that you did not mean what you said." *"Mean* it," retorts Newman; "but I never *said* it!" and he proceeded to publish the correspondence, accompanying it with what his official biographer restrainedly calls "a witty caricature" of Kingsley's argument. It was hardly a caricature, and it was a great deal more than witty. It was indeed a piece of devastating irony, which Mr. Kingsley's "rough but manly intellect" found unquestionably embarrassing. He must have become keenly but uncomfortably conscious of the wisdom contained in the adage about letting sleeping dogs "lie," and have wished he had extended its application to Catholic priests in general and to Father Newman in particular. He might perhaps have been content to let matters remain as they were, hoping that a contest in which he had hitherto cut anything but a brilliant figure might gradually fade from the public mind. This policy, if he ever entertained it, was rendered impossible of fulfilment by the unlooked-for intervention, on Newman's behalf, of no less a person than Richard Holt Hutton, editor of the *Spectator,* a Liberal, a quondam Unitarian, and a whole-hearted supporter of Frederick Denison Maurice.

"Mr. Kingsley," said he, "has just afforded at his own expense a genuine literary pleasure to all who can find intellectual pleasure in the play of great powers of sarcasm, by bringing Father Newman from his retirement and showing, not only one of the greatest of English writers, but perhaps the greatest master of delicate and polished sarcasm in the English language, still in full possession of all the powers which contributed to his wonderful mastery of that subtle and dangerous weapon. Mr. Kingsley is a choice, though perhaps too helpless, victim for the full exercise of Father Newman's powers. . . . A more opportune Protestant ram for Father Newman's sacrificial knife could scarcely have been found."

And then he went on to talk of the ordinary "steeplechase fashion" in which he (Mr. Kingsley) chooses "not so much to think as to *splash up* thought," with more in that strain, saying that Kingsley ought to have acknowledged plainly that on examining the sermon on which his charge was founded, no passage in it would bear any colourable meaning at all like that he had put on it; and, finally, taxing him with want of candour in his apology, and unintentionally administering the most unkindest cut of all by saying, in effect, that Dr. Newman had inflicted a sounder drubbing on Mr. Kingsley than that honest but misguided champion of truth deserved.

This was terrible, unprecedented, unendurable! It was as though some favourite actor, some idol of the populace, accustomed to the never-failing plaudits of the throng, were suddenly to find the performance which had won him popularity greeted with a chilling silence broken only by unmistakable murmurs of disapprobation. The thing was preposterous. Something must be done, and quickly. And so Kingsley set about hitting back in a way that should make his adversary wish his mother had not borne him.

"I am answering Newman now," he writes to a friend, "and though, of course, I give up the charge of conscious dishonesty, I trust to make him and his admirers sorry that they did not leave me alone. I have a score of more than twenty years to pay, and this is an instalment of it."

If one rod had broken in his hand, the rod of conscious dishonesty, or, in plain language, of lying, Mr. Kingsley had plenty more in pickle. There were Newman's views on ecclesiastical miracles, for example. What could be more egregiously fatuous than they? Anyhow, Newman was not going to get off this time. If he wasn't a knave, then he was a fool; but he was more probably a mixture of both.

"Too many," says the outraged pamphleteer, "prefer the charge of insincerity to that of insipience; Dr. Newman seems not to be of that number. . . . If I, like hundreds more, have mistaken his meaning and intent, he must blame not me, but himself. If he will indulge in subtle paradoxes, in rhetorical exaggerations; if, whenever he touches on the question of truth and honesty, he will take a perverse pleasure in saying something shocking to plain English notions, he must take the consequences of his own eccentricities."

Mr. Kingsley, then, was the plain, straightforward, upright Englishman, and Father Newman—well, the following passage implies what Kingsley held, and wished the public to hold, about Father Newman:

"I am henceforth in doubt and fear," writes Kingsley, "as much as any honest man can be, concerning every word Dr. Newman may write. How can I tell that I shall not be the dupe of some cunning equivocation, of one of the three kinds laid down as permissible by the blessed Alfonso da Liguori and his pupils, even when confirmed by oath, because 'then we do not deceive our neighbour, but allow him to deceive himself'? . . . It is admissible, therefore, to use words and sentences which have a double signification and leave the hapless hearer to take which of them he may choose. What proof have I, then, that by *'Mean it? I never said it!'* Dr. Newman does not *signify,* 'I did not say it, but I did mean it'?"

This pamphlet Kingsley was entitled to consider a good piece of work. It was a real bit of inspiration which prompted that telling touch about preferring "the charge of insipience to that of insincerity." It was with no small measure of pride that Kingsley laid down his pen when he had written the last words of his reply and sat back in his chair and breathed a sigh of satisfaction at the conclusion of a piece of work well and conscientiously turned out. For Kingsley was the type and exemplar of the honest, upright, clean-minded Anglo-Saxon, the sort of educated middle-class Englishman belonging to one of the learned professions—clergyman, doctor, lawyer, let us say—who when he is touring the Continent surveys the scene and the people with an air of well-bred condescension which seems to imply the belief that all—Alps, lakes, cities, cathedrals, the very inhabitants, their costumes and their mode of life—were put there by a beneficent Providence to make an Anglo-Saxon holiday. And Kingsley could write, there was no doubt about that; and now his blood was stirred by indignation at an outrage he felt sure must have been committed by Father Newman on "plain English notions" (though he had not quite made up his mind when and where), he stood forth the self-appointed champion of British honesty who would soon make short work of these subterranean casuists. And when he associated Newman and his teaching with the names of "St. Alfonso da Liguori," and "Scavini" and "Neyraguet," "compeers and pupils," whose very names he hoped would reek of un-English cunning and duplicity, he already felt the broad hand of bluff John Bull giving him an approving pat upon the shoulder.

That satisfaction, if it was ever his, was not of long duration. Newman's answer was not long delayed.

"Against the blind contempt of Kingsley, who hesitated," says Mr. Wilfrid Ward, "between 'knavery' and 'silliness' as the true charge against his antagonist, Newman levels the piercing scorn of the wider and more penetrating mind."

"I cannot be sorry to have forced my Accuser," says Newman, "to bring out in fullness his charges against me. It is far better that he should discharge his thoughts upon me in my lifetime, than after I am dead. Under the circumstances, I am happy in having the opportunity of reading the worst that can be said about me by a writer who has taken pains with his work and is well satisfied with it. I account it a gain to be surveyed from without by one who hates the principles which are nearest to my heart, has no personal knowledge of me to set right his misconceptions of my doctrine, and who has some motive or other to be as severe with me as he can possibly be."

And he went on:

"I am in warfare with him, but I wish him no ill; it is very difficult to get up resentment towards persons whom one has never seen. It is easy enough to be irritated with friends or foes *vis-à-vis,* but, though I am writing with all my heart against what he has said of me, I am not conscious of personal unkindness towards himself. I think it necessary to write as I am writing, for my own sake, and for the sake of the Catholic Priesthood; but I wish to impute nothing worse to him than that he has been furiously carried away by his own feelings."

Then there follows an indictment of Kingsley's method of controversy, a serene and terrible indictment. If Newman knew the use of words as Kingsley said he did, Kingsley himself was singularly ignorant of their value.

"I am henceforth in doubt and fear," he had written in a passage of which he was no doubt proud, "as much as any honest man can be, concerning every word Dr. Newman may write. How can I tell that I shall not be the dupe of some cunning equivocation," etc., etc.

This was the passage upon which Newman brought to bear the full force of his terrible indignation, castigating, in words that burnt like fire into the soul, this attempt on the part of his adversary to poison the wells.

"Now, these insinuations," he cries, "shall be answered in their proper places; here I will but say that I scorn and detest lying and quibbling, and double-tongued practice, and slyness, and cunning, and smoothness and cant and pretence, quite as much as any Protestants hate them; and I pray to be kept from the snare of them. But all this is just now by the bye; my present subject is my Accuser; what I insist upon here is this unmanly attempt of his, in his concluding pages, to cut the ground from under my feet; to poison by anticipation the public mind against me, John Henry Newman, and to infuse into the imaginations of my readers suspicion and mistrust of everything that I may say in reply to him. This I call *poisoning the wells*. . . . I can hardly," he adds, "get myself to protest against a method of controversy so base and cruel, lest in doing so, I should be violating my self-respect and self-possession; but most base and cruel it is."

And then he proceeds to explain wherein its baseness and cruelty lie, instancing the example of a sane man who was shut up by mistake in the wards of a lunatic asylum and who, when he pleaded his cause to some strangers visiting the establishment, only elicited the remark, "How naturally he talks! You would think he was in his senses!"

The task, then, was to break through this barrier of prejudice.

"When first I read the Pamphlet of Accusation," says Newman, "I almost despaired of meeting effectively such a heap of misrepresentation and such a vehemence of animosity. What was the good of answering first one point and then another and going through the whole circle of its abuse; when my answer to the first point would be forgotten, as soon as I got to the second? . . . I reflected, and I saw a way out of my perplexity. . . . His very question (I said to myself) is about my *meaning:* 'What does Dr. Newman mean?' He asks what I *mean;* not about my words, not about my arguments, not about my actions, as his ultimate point, but about that living intelligence, by which I write, and argue, and act. He asks about my Mind and its beliefs and its sentiments; and he shall be answered;—not for his own sake, but for mine, for the sake of the religion which I profess and of the Priesthood in which I am unworthily included. . . . I must give the true key to my whole life; I must show what I am, that it may be seen what I am not, and that the phantom may be extinguished which gibbers instead of me. . . . I shall account for that phenomenon which to so many seems so wonderful, that I should have left 'my kindred and my father's house' for a Church from which I once turned away with dread;—so wonderful to them! as if forsooth a Religion which has flourished through so many ages, among so many nations, amid such varieties of social life, in such contrary classes and conditions of men, and after so many revolutions, political and civil, could not subdue the reason and overcome the heart, without the aid of fraud in the process and the sophistries of the schools."

It was thus then that the *Apologia pro Vita Sua* came to be given to the world. The form of the reply to Kingsley having been decided upon, it was necessary to carry it through with the utmost speed. For seven weeks without a single break, beginning with April 21, 1864, the successive parts of this remarkable book were rained upon the world. It was in reality a blessing that the time-limit for its composition was so short, but the strain on its writer was superhuman. It was only the fire of his spirit, seeming to shine through him as a fountain lit up from within, that enabled him to carry through in triumph so stupendous an undertaking. While working at Part 3 he wrote one day for sixteen hours at a stretch, and while engaged on Part 5 he wrote for twenty-two hours running.

It was a phenomenon that captured the imagination of the world. Men stood and listened

"like wonder-wounded hearers"

to a prose the like of which for delicacy and precision had rarely, perhaps never, fallen on English ears before. There is something irresistibly attractive, too, in the spectacle of skill triumphing over the blind rushes of brute force; and the rapier of Newman played like continuous lightning about the staggering body of his valiant but unskilled antagonist.

The personal part of the controversy, all save what was necessary to explain the narrative which followed, was expunged by Newman from all editions subsequent to the first. This omission did honour to Newman's heart, for his castigation of Kingsley was terrible in its severity; but that introduction served another purpose than the discomfiture of his rival. It can hardly be supposed that if the *Apologia* had begun with the third instalment it would have achieved the widespread popularity it did; that it would have been "read in clubs, in drawing-rooms, in railway-trains, by clerks on the top of omnibuses." The fact is that the public, and especially the British public, dearly loves a duel; and a fight, whether it be a fight of fists or phrases, will always attract the mob. The crowd that huzzaed the triumph of Newman over Kingsley was identical, at least in instinct, with the crowd that, more than twenty years later, made the welkin ring with cheers for Huxley when he routed Wace and humbled Gladstone to the dust.

The clash of steel, the lightning play of the rapier, did their work; they served to attract the throng. That done, it was well that this preliminary encounter should fall into oblivion.

Years afterwards, in a letter to a friend at the time of Kingsley's death, we find him writing these words:

"As to Mr. Kingsley, much less could I feel any resentment against him, when he was accidentally the instrument, in the good Providence of God, by whom I had an opportunity given me, which otherwise I should not have had, of vindicating my character and conduct in my *Apologia*. I heard, too, a few years back from a friend that she chanced to go into Chester Cathedral and found Mr. K. preaching about me, kindly, though, of course, with criticisms on me. . . . I have always hoped that by good luck I might meet him, feeling sure that there would be no embarrassment on my part, and I said Mass for his soul as soon as I heard of his death."

There, then, we have them, the two adversaries of former days looking upon each other with a respect that was not far removed from affection. Kingsley speaking "kindly" about Newman in Chester Cathedral, Newman saying a Mass for Kingsley's soul.

Perhaps, in the calm regions beyond the Dark River, they have met and learned to understand each other completely, who were such fierce antagonists on earth. After all, Kingsley was a man, honest and generous at heart, but led away by prejudice and temper into taking up a position disastrously opposed to his real character. Newman, not a whit less honest or less generous, possessed a mind so sensitive, so penetrating, so subtly alive to almost imperceptible shades of meaning as to explain, if not to excuse, the attitude of those ruder intellects who saw in him an inveterate and un-English tendency to juggle with the truth. Tract Ninety is no doubt a masterpiece of logical exposition. The Thirty-nine Articles, when Newman had done with them, were riddled through and through as though an army of ants had been at work on them. Yet for all its preterhuman ingenuity we may wonder how much Tract Ninety achieved, and how much comfort those who are fain to put a Catholic interpretation on the Articles derive from its perusal.

To our old friend "the plain Englishman," if he thinks about such things at all, the broad intentions of the framers of the Articles are pretty evident and the *finesse* with which Newman would credit them certainly never influenced their deliberations.

The *Apologia* is a classic. It contains passages of sorrowful and pathetic beauty, the like of which are scarcely to be found in the whole range of English literature, passages that fall upon the ear like music, inexpressibly tender, irresistibly persuasive. Even in its more pedestrian passages, in the plain records of matters of fact where there is no emotion to heighten the style, where it moves along on a level, so to speak, it betrays a peculiar charm, an inalienable and inimitable distinction.

The *Apologia* was begun on April 21, 1864; the Appendix was published on the 25th of the following June.

"I never had such a time," writes Newman from Rednal to Keble, "both for hard work and for distress of mind. But it is, thank God, now over, and I am come here (where we have our burying-ground) for a little quiet."

At a stroke he had won back his old position. His triumph reverberated throughout the world. As for the book itself, it has been proclaimed a classic—which means that it is one of those books which people say they must read some time, and never read at all. I happened to hear the names of Newman and Carlyle mentioned a little while ago in the presence of a distinguished novelist and playwright. "Carlyle . . . Newman . . ." mused the great man, with rather a compassionate smile, "who reads them now, I wonder!" And he might well wonder. To ears coarsened by the strident uproar of the modern world with its jazz and its "talkies" and all its multitudinous, soul-destroying vulgarities of sight and sound, such a message of beauty as that conveyed in the concluding words of the *Apologia* would be murmured in vain. In the last chapter of his book, entitled "Position of my Mind since 1845," he had taken occasion to explain in words addressed to Protestant ears what, without risk of reproof, he could not have laid down to members of his own communion, and that was the true Catholic view of the Church's doctrine of Infallibility. His idea of it was far different from that held by such men as Manning and Faber. Newman held, as we have seen in his discourses at Dublin, that the forces of Reason and Science should have free play, and that only when they showed a tendency to encroach upon a sphere that was not their own should they be restrained and put in their place by Rome. Rome's prerogative was not to initiate ideas of doctrine—these arose from free discussion throughout the length and breadth of the Catholic world—but in due time to ratify, or reject, as the case might be. Thus the vulgar notion that the Pope may suddenly confront the faithful with some new doctrine which they have to swallow or suffer excommunication was shown to be entirely erroneous, though, it must be confessed, the writings and speeches of some of the extremists such as Faber and Manning, who were more Papal than the

Pope, lent it a certain amount of colour. Newman then, who at the end of his *Apologia* had been occupied with such themes as these, treading warily, for the path was a dangerous one, and "delators" were always on the watch for a false step, turned at length, with a sigh of relief, and penned the following conclusion to the whole matter. The battle was over, the victory won, but the words with which he sets the seal upon his triumph are not a pæan but a prayer:

"I have closed this history of myself with St. Philip's name upon St. Philip's feast-day; and, having done so, to whom can I more suitably offer it, as a memorial of affection and gratitude, than to St. Philip's sons, my dearest brothers of this House, the Priests of the Birmingham Oratory, AMBROSE ST. JOHN, HENRY AUSTIN MILLS, HENRY BITTLESTON, EDWARD CASWALL, WILLIAM PAINE NEVILLE, AND HENRY IGNATIUS DUDLEY RYDER?—who have been so faithful to me; who have been so sensitive to my needs; who have been so indulgent to my failings; who have carried me through so many trials; who have grudged no sacrifice, if I asked for it; who have been so cheerful under discouragements of my causing; who have done so many good works, and let me have the credit of them;—with whom I have lived so long, with whom I hope to die.

"And to you especially, dear Ambrose St. John; whom God gave me, when he took everyone else away; who are the link between my old life and my new; who have now for twenty-one years been so devoted to me, so patient, so zealous, so tender; who have let me lean so hard upon you; who have watched me so narrowly; who have never thought of yourself, if I was in question.

"And in you I gather up and bear in memory those familiar affectionate companions and counsellors, who in Oxford were given to me, one after another, to be my daily solace and relief; and all those others, of great name and high example, who were my thorough friends, and showed me true attachment in times long past; and also those many younger men, whether I knew them or not, who have never been disloyal to me by word or deed; and of all these, thus various in their relations to me, those more especially who have since joined the Catholic Church.

"And I earnestly pray for this whole company, with a hope against hope, that all of us, who once were so united, and so happy in our union, may even now be brought at length, by the Power of the Divine Will, into One Fold and under One Shepherd."

CHAPTER XIX

HOPES UNFULFILLED

"You shall know the difference now that I am back again" were words (they are the words of Achilles when he came forth to resume his place in battle) that had murmured long ago in Newman's ear. Well, he had come back again, back from the shadows, and the powers of thought and expression which he had thought were failing him were shown to be as matchless as ever. There had come, in the words of Mr. Wilfrid Ward, "real calm, rest, peace—the sense of triumph so long denied; the acclaim for the defender of the priesthood, and sympathy from his fellow-Catholics so long withheld; praise, too, most welcome of all, from ecclesiastical authority, . . . and along with it all, the artist's keen satisfaction, almost physical pleasure, in good work done and the response to it in support and recognition."

Some of the "recognition" was distasteful. Monsignor Talbot's, for example. Monsignor Talbot, who was very much in *les petits papiers* of Pio Nono, was, like Wiseman, a good showman, but without Wiseman's generosity of disposition. Monsignor Talbot "could not abide" Newman, but Newman was now the rage and it occurs to Monsignor Talbot to exhibit him in Rome.

Having called on Newman at Edgbaston and found him out, he writes:

> "One of the reasons for which I called upon you was to invite you to come to Rome for next Lent to preach at my church in the Piazza del Popolo, where you would have a more educated audience of Protestants than could ever be the case in England, and where they are more open to Catholic influences. When I told the Holy Father that I intended to invite you, he highly approved of my intention, and I think myself that you will derive great benefit from revisiting Rome and again showing yourself to the Ecclesiastical Authorities there, who are anxious to see you."

This meant, "You are simply throwing yourself away on those Brummagem *canaille;* anybody's good enough for them. Come over and preach at my church—first-rate people! And then you could get into personal touch with the Authorities and show yourself. It's no good hiding your light under a bushel."

Besides being a genius, Newman was a saint, and besides being a saint, he was a gentleman. Any one of these three attributes would have been a sad handicap in Monsignor Talbot's fashionable world. Taken together, they were fatal. The genius, the saint, and the gentleman all revolted at the patronizing worldliness of this, perhaps unconsciously, insolent letter. The answer was short—and sharp:

"DEAR MONSIGNOR TALBOT,

"I have received your letter, inviting me to preach next Lent in your church at Rome to 'an audience of Protestants more educated than could ever be the case in England.'

"However, Birmingham people have souls; and I have neither taste nor talent for the sort of work which you cut out for me. And I beg to decline your offer.

"I am, yours truly,
"JOHN H. NEWMAN."

C'était magnifique, et c'était la guerre, at least as far as Monsignor Talbot was concerned. "Wait, Dr. Newman; the day will come when you shall see what it costs to snub one who has the ear of the Pope!" The day soon came.

There was a piece of eligible ground to be had in Oxford, the site of the old workhouse. What about building a branch of the Oratory there, which might perhaps serve as a hall or hostel for the Catholic students who would be sure to be coming up now that the tests had been removed? To go back to Oxford, Oxford so full of happy memories for him, Oxford which was to him as home is to the exile. But he was not going there to proselytize, to beat the polemical drum and herd his converts into the fold. He did not associate the Anglicanism of Oxford with what he called the National Protestantism. By no means. His Oratory should be a home for those whose hearts were already turned towards Catholicism, and a guiding influence for those Catholics who should come up to complete their studies there; but, as for the Church of England, he desired to live on friendly terms with her, and he brought not a sword, but peace.

The project met with strong support from those—they were many and influential—who sympathized with Newman and his educational ideals. The Bishop (Dr. Ullathorne) was well disposed, and Newman, by subscription among his allies, bought the land. Never did prospect seem brighter. But there was Manning and there was Ward—*terribiles visu formæ*. To these men Anglicanism was the enemy; and the more it looked like Catholicism, the more it was the enemy. At any rate Oxford, mixed education, friendliness towards the Anglicans—all this was anathema to Ward and Manning, and Newman must be prevented at all costs from carrying out his pernicious plan, all the more pernicious because it was bound to prove successful. Manning acted like lightning. He flashed the word to Talbot. Forthwith the Monsignor lost not an instant, but whispered it into the Papal ear. Newman must not go to Oxford. The Bishops in England were instructed to negative the proposition. They did so almost to a man. Newman some time before had been with Patterson, an old Oxford friend, to see Cardinal Wiseman about the Oxford scheme. Newman had implored Patterson to get him out quickly, as the Cardinal was such a tremendous talker. In the event, the Cardinal hardly spoke. They thought he was poorly. He was not. He had heard from Rome.

Thus Newman received another "balk," as he put it. The Oxford scheme was dropped. In no long time it was revived, but in a different form. It was later on decided to establish a Mission in Oxford, independent of any consideration for such Catholic students as might find their way there. Newman thought, and everyone thought, that he and his Oratorians would be asked to establish a branch house there. How near that idea came to fulfilment and how it failed of it we shall see in a subsequent chapter.

CHAPTER XX

OXFORD AGAIN

WHEN the *Apologia* was published—and acclaimed, Newman in reality had conquered. For years he had been retreating and retreating, suffering defeat after defeat; but the *Apologia* marked the turning-point. It was his battle of the Marne. For a long time to come his adversaries kept the field, fighting with intrepid courage and incomparable energy, driving in a salient here, scoring a victory there, but their successes, great as they seemed, were but temporary and local. Though neither he nor his adversaries knew it, Newman had won. The Idea always triumphs in the long run over Force. Newman represented the Idea. Manning and his henchmen represented Force. The Idea was solitary; Force was multitudinous. Yet the Idea, as was inevitable, carried the day. But the day was not yet.

In September 1865 there was a dramatic meeting between the great protagonists of the Tractarian Movement—Keble, Pusey, and Newman—at Keble's Vicarage at Hursley. It is not necessary to relate the circumstances which led to this meeting. Enough that it took place. A few days after, Newman describes it in a letter to Ambrose St. John, dated from Ryde:

"Here I am," he writes, "very comfortable, and if I had my dear fiddle with me, I might sing and play 're-cubans sub tegmine fagi' in full content. Scarcely had I left Birmingham, when it struck me that, since Pusey was to be at Keble's that evening, he would, no manner of doubt, get into my train at Oxford and travel down with me. But he did not. I determined to go to Keble's next morning to see him. . . .

"I had forgotten the country and was not prepared for its woodland beauty. Keble was at the door; he did not know me, nor I him. How mysterious that first sight of friends is! For when I came to contemplate him, it was the old face and manner, but the first effect or impression was different. . . . He said, 'I must go and prepare Pusey.' He did so, and then took me into the room where Pusey was.

"I went in rapidly, and it is strange how action overcomes pain. Pusey, being passive, was evidently shrinking back into the corner of the room, as I should have done had he rushed in upon me. He could not help contemplating the look of me narrowly and long. 'Ah,' I thought, 'you are thinking how old I am grown, and I see myself in you—though you, I do think, are more altered than I.' . . . His chest is very broad, and he is altogether large, and (don't say all this to anyone) he has a strange, condescending way when he speaks. His voice is the same; were my eyes shut I should not be sensible of any alteration."

Mrs. Keble was ill and the three friends dined together *tête-à-tête.*

"There was something awful" (this in a letter to Mrs. Froude) "in three men meeting in old age who had worked together in their best days. Vanity of vanities, all is vanity, was the sad burden of the whole—once so united, now so broken up, so counter to each other—though neither of them, of course, would quite allow it.

"Keble is deaf—but what is worse, his speech is much impaired, and I think he *thinks* more slowly. Pusey . . . was just on publishing his book which he calls an Eirenicon . . . have you seen it? It is anything but an Eirenicon; it is likely to make Catholics very angry—and justly angry."

Keble died the following year and his wife survived him only a few weeks.

This Eirenicon of Pusey's was, indeed, anything but a peace offering. It was a sword concealed within an olive branch. It attacked, especially, what it deemed the Mariolatry of the Roman Church. That is, it taxed the Church with formally countenancing and approving the excessive devotions and ideas practised or held by certain Continental enthusiasts and their followers in England. Newman publicly replied to this Eirenicon, and thus seized the opportunity, while ostensibly answering Pusey, to put extremists, such as Faber, in their places. A few years earlier, and the event would scarcely have been noticed; Newman was forgotten then, and no one read him. But times had changed. Newman had once more emerged as the greatest religious force in England, and his answer to Pusey called forth an article of seven columns in *The Times,* an article nearly as long as the "Reply" with which it dealt. The news got to Rome, and Rome was duly impressed; but someone—was it Monsignor Talbot?—pointed out in high quarters that Newman apparently favoured two brands of Catholicism—one suitable to England, the other to the Continent. That little drop of poison, distilled into Pio Nono's ear, was to do its work in due season.

And now there came up the question, alluded to at the end of the last chapter, of a Catholic mission in Oxford. It was to be primarily religious, not educational in character. But however much the ecclesiastical authorities might dislike it, the question of mixed education would insist on cropping up.

What was to become of Catholic young men who wanted to go to a University and had no University to go to—save Oxford or Cambridge or, worse still, London? The ideal thing, of course, was a Catholic University on the pattern of Louvain, where Literature and Science should have free play to grow and expand in a Catholic atmosphere and under Catholic guidance. But this ideal was not realizable. What was the next best thing? Newman thought Oxford. There were dangers, of course, but in a city so venerable, so beautiful, "breathing from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age," they would not be so terribly redoubtable. "Under God," wrote Monsignor Patterson, a convert, who, though endorsing the anti-Oxford policy of the Bishops, cherished still the old reverence for Newman and the old love of Oxford [1]—

> "I owe the opening of my mind to His Truth to Oxford—Oxford with its spirit of reverence for the past, its very walls and stones crying out of Catholic times and preaching of the City of the living God. It was you [Newman] who heard and interpreted them aright and showed to us, then youths, the beauty of Catholic conduct, . . . and now I see the Hand of God in your being brought back to preach once more in Oxford with the certainty of faith, much that you taught us of old as your most earnest conviction, at the wish of your Bishops and with the sanction of Rome. The *genius loci,*" continues Monsignor Patterson, "is so potent that I sincerely believe there is a danger to the faith of young Catholics who go to Oxford, and as some, I fear, at any rate will study there, it is of the utmost moment that the mission should be a first-rate one in every point of view."

But in Rome the mixed education idea was held in horror. Nothing must be done to encourage parents to send their sons to Oxford. There must be nothing in the way of a Hall or College, and whatever was done by Catholics to add to the strength of their establishment there, must be done as a mission *in partibus infidelium.*

When, two or three years previously, it had been settled by Dr. Ullathorne that Newman was to go to Oxford, he (Newman) was severely reprimanded for saying in a circular that he went "for the sake of the religious instruction of the Catholic youth there." Theoretically and officially there was no Catholic youth there. So now not a word was to be said about Catholic undergraduates. They were there, but they were not to be mentioned, lest it should be assumed that Rome approved of their being there. Nevertheless, it was decided, at length, after long suspense and hesitation, that an Oratory there should be in Oxford. Contributions came in freely and a site was fixed upon. At last Newman was able to look forward to spending the evening of his days in a place endeared to him beyond all others by the associations of past years, and the work he would do there would be a work which he felt specially congenial to his nature.

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[1] Ward's *Life*, vol. ii, p. 133.

Meanwhile Mr. Comberbach, the old Oxford priest whose place the Oratorians were to take, was extraordinarily loth to pack up. They thought him a funny and rather tiresome old gentleman, and waited with what patience they could for his departure. At last, on March 21, Father William Neville went up to Oxford to see how the land lay, and Mr. Comberbach said he would be gone soon after Easter. Neville was to go to Oxford again on the Eve of Passion Sunday. Having packed his bag, he went for a walk with Newman before starting. Mr. Wilfrid Ward records, in a moving passage, the memory of their conversation as they strolled along the Highfield road, past St. George's Church.

"Newman, sunshine on his face, talked of the prospect. 'Earlier failures do not matter now,' he said; 'I see that I have been reserved by God for this. There are signs of a religious reaction in Oxford against the Liberalism and indifferentism of ten years ago. It is evidently a moment when a strong and persuasive assertion of Christian and Catholic principles will be invaluable. Such men as Mark Pattison may conceivably be won over. Although I am not young, I feel as full of life and thought as ever I did. It may prove to be the inauguration of a second Oxford Movement.' Then he turned to the practical object of Neville's visit. 'Have a good look at the Catholic undergraduates in church. Tell me how many they are. Try and find out *who* they are and what they are like. Let me know where they sit in the church, that I may picture beforehand how I shall have to stand when I preach, in order to see them naturally, and address them. Tell me, too, what the church services are at present, and we will discuss what changes may be made with advantage.' Thus, happily talking they returned to the Oratory. The servant, who opened the door to admit them, at once gave Newman a long blue envelope, and said, 'Canon Estcourt has called from the Bishop's house and asked me to be sure and give you this immediately on your return.' Newman opened and read the letter, and turned to William Neville: 'All is over. I am not allowed to go.' No word more was spoken. The Father covered his face with his hands, and left his friend, who went to his room and unpacked his portmanteau."

It was like a Greek tragedy, in which, when all difficulties seem resolved, all troubles smoothed away, we know the climax is at hand. Behind the scenes, Manning had been weaving his web—Manning and Ward. Newman in Oxford again! Manning knew too well what a lure that would be. Young men would flock to the place. Catholic undergraduates would be numbered, not by twos and threes, but by scores, by hundreds. It would be like Napoleon landing in France after his escape from Elba—and no Waterloo in sight. Something must be done. Something was done. It was all contained in a detailed missive in the long blue envelope, but it may be summed up shortly enough. Formal permission had been granted for the establishment of an Oratory at Oxford. That was right enough. Newman should have his pound of flesh; but he should not go to Oxford. With the permission, had come to Dr. Ullathorne a secret instruction saying that if Newman himself showed any disposition to go and reside there, he was "in the gentlest manner in the world," *blande suaviterque,* to be called home again. Poor Dr. Ullathorne had not divulged this "secret instruction" to Newman because he intended going to Rome to endeavour to get it cancelled. But he wasn't quick enough. It is doubtful whether he would have been quick enough even if he had flown there. Mr. Martin, the Rome correspondent of the *Weekly Register,* was ready with an anonymous letter to his journal, only waiting the psychological moment to drop it in the postbox. Mr. Martin told the whole secret. But who had told Mr. Martin?

CHAPTER XXI

NEWMAN AND MANNING

HERE, then, is matter indeed for the prejudiced observer on the look-out for evidence of "Romish" hypocrisy and double-dealing, or for the historian with an eye to dramatic effect. Here we have them: the wolf and the lamb, the hawk and the dove—or what you will; Manning being the former, and Newman the latter. History doubtless presents these contrasts. Life rarely does. Certainly such a simile would be hopelessly inapplicable to the case in point.

Manning was a splendid character, a man of iron will which, as Newman himself said, must needs "bend or break" all that was opposed to it. He felt passionately, sincerely, if erroneously, that to allow Newman "with his literary and patristic ideas" to have a free hand at Oxford would be a disaster to the Catholic cause of the first magnitude. It must be prevented at all costs, and perhaps by any means—even by "secret instructions." Manning was a soldier, a man of action, and his acts were swift, sharp, decisive—even (if you will) unscrupulous, though not consciously so. The Catholic Church was an army in the field, the world was the enemy with whom there was and could be no compromise. Everyone who came to the Church must pass beneath the Caudine Forks.

Anglicanism, Protestantism, Infidelity—they were all one to him. He saw no difference save that Anglicanism, presenting sometimes—and not least in Oxford—a colourable resemblance to Catholicism, was the enemy in his most dangerous guise. But like most men of action, his range of vision was limited. He had a fine brain, but no mind. Given a definite concrete obstacle, he would charge at it and overthrow it. Newman's proposal to found an Oratory at Oxford was such an obstacle. Manning made short work of it. But where brains come into opposition with mind, it is mind that wins the final battle, whatever temporary reverses brains may inflict on it in the course of the conflict. The struggle between these two men shows how, if nothing fails like success, nothing succeeds like failure. In an obituary notice in *The Times* of Cardinal Gasquet it is stated:

"As Abbot-President [of Downside] Gasquet promoted the foundation at Cambridge of a Benedictine house of studies—an institution very dear to his heart, as a resumption of the old tradition by which the ancient monastic houses sent some of their best students to be taught at the Universities. Long before this, he had warmly supported Cardinal Vaughan in reversing the policy of Cardinal Manning, which was opposed to young Catholics going to Oxford or Cambridge."

Someone, on being asked whether he considered Mr. Gladstone had a first-class mind, is reported to have said, "No; not first class, but first-rate second class."

Sometimes the second best is better than the best, and perhaps for success in this workaday world, to be "first-rate second class" pays better than to be first class. In other words, it tends to more rapid advancement that a man should be capable, intelligent, energetic, determined, persevering; that he should have sound talents developed and made the most of by education, than that he should be a genius. The world is becoming more highly mechanized every day, and in order to fit readily into the machine, the component parts have to conform to its general plan and pattern; that is to say, they have to be what is called standardized, like the parts of a Ford car or any other example of mass production. If they are not applicable or readily adaptable to the existing mechanism, then, however beautiful, ingenious, original, elegant, their pattern, however finely tempered the metal of which they are wrought, they run a grave risk of being put on one side and left there. Posthumous fame is too often the reward of genius. These considerations explain the success which attends the career of certain individuals who, without displaying any gifts or talents that leap to the eye, nevertheless exhibit an amazing faculty for getting on. "Everything he touches, succeeds," is a remark commonly heard about these fortunate people. So, too, of nations; the same thing holds good. Take, for example, the Scottish people. Everywhere you find them occupying positions of trust, responsibility, and considerable emolument. Energetic, frugal, honest, thrifty, hard-headed, intelligent, with a plentiful lack of imagination (as Charles Lamb discovered to his cost)—they are, in fact, a nation of highly capable mediocrities, more or less standardized; and just as it is very rare to find a Scottish fool, it is certainly no less rare to discover a Scottish genius. In literature they have two—Burns and Scott. In Ireland it is very different. There you have nothing but genius and folly, the two often co-existing in a remarkably high state of development in one and the same person. It is only with extreme difficulty that they can be persuaded to adapt themselves to any social machine, even though they themselves be the devisers of it.

There is another and perhaps kindred reason why geniuses are not popular. They are not, as the phrase goes, clubable men. They do not suffer mediocrities gladly; indeed folly, so it be innocent and generous, is much more to their taste. Any body of ordinary men living in community, as in an office for example, like to go on as they have always gone on. They are impatient or suspicious of change. Last year's file provides the precedent for this year's conduct; from the reformer, the innovator, from the man of ideas they turn instinctively away in fear or dislike, regarding him as a menace or a nuisance. They band themselves together in a union to protect their mediocrity against his encroachments. He must be made to conform, or else pay the penalty of ostracism or expulsion. At the best he is assigned a post in which he "can do no harm," and is looked upon by his fellows with compassionate or contemptuous toleration.

It would perhaps be unjust to call such a man as Manning a mediocrity. He belonged in the war-service classification to the B I category. Newman belonged to no category, for genius defies classification. He was in a double sense an anachronism—far behind and far in front of his own times. He reached back to Athanasius and anticipated Darwin. Manning was a man of his own day, and he died with it.

CHAPTER XXII

REASON AND FAITH

It was Newman's fate to find himself, almost to within the last decade of his life, in opposition to the powers at Rome. His attitude on the question of Papal Infallibility was not calculated to make him *persona grata* at the Vatican.

The downfall of the Papacy as a civil princedom was now at hand. "The French Revolution," says Ward, "had nearly done the work. But there had been since then the kind of rally in a hopeless case which at times deceives the watchers by a bed of sickness. The Romanic Movement, the Catholic Revival in France and Germany, associated with so many great names, had given Rome a new hope." But the hope was illusory. The temporal power of the Papacy was doomed. The crisis evoked throughout the Catholic world a great wave of sympathy with the unhappy Pontiff. As a counterblast, as it were, against the wrongs that were being inflicted on him, it was deemed opportune to pronounce to the world the dogma of Papal Infallibility. That the Pope speaking *ex cathedra* on questions of faith and morals could not err was a doctrine that imposed no strain upon the belief of Catholics, but as a result of the enthusiasm of the times it was interpreted in such a way, and promulgated by its neo-ultramontane supporters in language of such extravagance, as to cause the gravest alarm to the more thoughtful and moderate-minded among the great leaders of the time. But to counsel restraint and moderation at such a moment was to court official disfavour and to run the risk of being included, if not among the enemies of the Papacy, at least among its lukewarm and half-hearted supporters. Archbishop Manning and the Bishop of Ratisbon, after assisting at the Pontifical Vespers in St. Peter's Basilica on the Feast of SS. Peter and Paul in 1867, as an act of devotion, jointly made a vow that they would not rest until they had secured the great definition which was to give new glory to Christ's outraged Vicar.

Newman, then, in ranging himself on the side of those who counselled moderation, again found himself in the ranks of an unpopular minority. But he would not "sin against the light." He acted as his conscience and his reason bade him, counting well, but disregarding, the cost. In spite, however, of the activity with which he occupied himself with this great question, he found time to devote himself to the composition of a volume on Faith and Reason. He had dealt with this subject in his *University Sermons,* he had dealt with it also in his Prolegomena to the projected new translation of the Scriptures. Now, in 1870, he contemplates resuming it again, but from a different standpoint. It should be on "the popular, practical, personal evidence of Christianity," i.e. as contrasted to the scientific, and its object would be to show that a given individual, high or low, has as much right (has, as real rational grounds) to be certain, as a learned theologian who knows the scientific evidence.

Many times he had essayed this problem, but at each attempt his hand had fallen to his side. The subject, as he said, had "teazed" him for a long time, and yet he could not see a way to set out clearly the ideas that were clamouring for expression within him.

"I have," he says, "a succession of commencements, perhaps a dozen, each different from the other, and in a different year, which came to nothing. At last, four years ago, when I was up at Glion over the Lake of Geneva, a thought came into my head as the clue, the 'Open Sesame' of the whole subject, and I at once wrote it down, and I pursued it about the Lake of Lucerne. Then, when I came home, I began in earnest, and have slowly got through it."

With the *Essay on Development,* the *Grammar of Assent* forms one of Newman's most important contributions to religious thought. In it the author examines the various reasons for faith, the divers influences that are susceptible of establishing a condition of religious certitude in the human mind. Here again, in the process, Newman resumes his old fight against rationalism, that is, as he interprets it, the unlawful use of reason. A man does not believe as the result of a syllogism. The abstractions and generalizations of logic are powerless to kindle the light of faith in the heart of man. A man *believes* not with his mind, his intellect alone, but with his whole being, heart and mind and soul indissolubly one, inextricably united. And he proceeds to draw out and exemplify the difference between what he terms *notional* assent and *real* assent. By notional he would have us understand the sort of assent we give to an abstract proposition, to a truth proceeding from an operation of the mind. Real assent, on the other hand, is the assent called forth by our own personal experience and issues from our whole being. Newman then proceeds to examine the two distinct attitudes with which the mind may confront a proposition put before it. It may examine it, and discuss it, and finally pronounce upon it as the conclusion of a process of abstract reasoning: and that is *inference*. Or he may embrace it straightway, as a whole and without any sort of reservation: and that is *assent*. When assent is directed towards a particular and concrete fact it is *real* assent; when it is occupied with an abstract and general idea it is a *notional* assent. Both are equally valid, but while *real* assent, by reason of its immediate and intuitive character, is a living thing and bears fruit in action and conduct, *notional* assent has about it something cold and inert and remains as it were sterile and rigid within the mind.

In spite of the aim with which it is conceived, the aim of supplying the man unlearned in logic and theology with a reasonable basis for his faith, the book can scarcely be called a popular treatise. It is indeed by no means easy always to follow its drift. It lacks the faultless cohesion, the organic perfection, the orderly development of, for example, the *Discourses on the Idea of a University*. A certain weariness seems to brood upon these pages. Newman wrote indeed, as he himself confesses, in continual trepidation, lest a swarm of professed theologians, a pack of pedantic Brid'oisons "who knew much and understood little" should get upon his track and denounce him for not expressing himself in the rigid and traditional language of the schools. He feared lest that "convocation of most politic worms," which had shown him such punctual and unremitting attention in the past, should resume their dark activities. The line of reasoning is not always easy to follow; but sometimes Newman turns aside from the main theme to illumine his argument with some definite concrete example that might well be within the experience of all of us, and these illustrations hang like jewels on a cloudy arras. Such an one is the magic passage with which he brings home the difference between notional and real assents. It is familiar enough—most people should know it by heart—but it shall be given:

"Let us consider, too, how differently young and old are affected by the words of some classic author, such as Homer or Horace. Passages, which to a boy are but rhetorical commonplaces neither better nor worse than a hundred others which any clever writer might supply, which he gets by heart and thinks very fine, and imitates, as he thinks, successfully, in his own flowing versification, at length come home to him, when long years have passed, and he has had experience of life, and pierce him, as if he had never before known them, with their sad earnestness and vivid exactness. Then he comes to understand how it is that lines, the birth of some chance morning or evening at an Ionian festival, or among the Sabine Hills, have lasted generation after generation, for thousands of years, with a power over the mind, and a charm, which the current literature of his own day, with all its obvious advantages, is utterly unable to rival. Perhaps this is the reason of the medieval opinion about Virgil, as if a prophet or magician; his single words and phrases, his pathetic half-lines, giving utterance, as the voice of Nature herself, to that pain and weariness, yet hope of better things, which is the experience of her children in every time."

And in truth the conclusion of the whole matter is contained in the quotation which Newman inscribes on the title-page of his volume: "Non in dialectica complacuit Deo salvum facere populum suum." These are the words of St. Ambrose, and surely the truth is in them. What is a compelling reason to one man, will leave another cold. The grounds of faith—or its opposite—are buried deep within our subconscious nature. They are the outcome of an infinite number of causes too vague, too mysterious, too profoundly hidden, to be brought to the surface and explained, and exhibited and catalogued in words. There is no common denominator of belief. In this, as in other things, one man's meat is another man's poison. What Sir Thomas More believed, Macaulay rejected as an outrage on his common sense, and Newman was described not long ago by Dean Inge as superstitious. So it is and so it will be. Music to one man may seem to be a message from heaven; to another —as to Charles Lamb—"an endless battery of mere sounds." The world is swiftly becoming standardized, but till man himself falls beneath that dreadful doom, what is proof to one man will not be so to another. Only let each and everyone follow, as did Newman, "the kindly Light," the light of his conscience.

CHAPTER XXIII

HORTUS INCLUSUS

THESE stirring and trying events, the controversies in which he found himself engaged, the coldness or hostility which his views excited in high places, did not disturb, but rather intensified, the inward peace that had been his since he became a Catholic.

"I was never in such happy circumstances as now," he wrote in his diary in October 1867, "and I do not know how I can fancy I shall continue without some or other real cross. I am my own master—I have my time my own—I am surrounded with comforts and conveniences—I am in easy circumstances, I have no cares, I have good health—I have no pain of mind or body. I enjoy life only too well. The weight of years falls on me as snow, gently though surely, but I do not feel it yet. I am surrounded with dear friends—my reputation has been cleared by the *Apologia*. . . . I am covered with blessings, and as full of God's gifts as is conceivable. And I have nothing to ask for but pardon and grace, and a happy death."

There was a sanctuary in his heart into which the outer world with its restlessness and clamour never entered. He loved the *fallentis semita vitæ,* the peaceful round of simple duties—whose very monotony had a charm, and he lived like the Benedictines he has so tenderly portrayed for us—from day to day.

It is not always the great events of a man's life that furnish the best index to his character. Sometimes it is the seemingly trivial things, "the little nameless, unremembered acts," that bring him most closely and most intimately before us. There is Newman the consummate master of language sustaining a controversy with the most learned opponents in Christendom, but there is Newman teaching his schoolboys how to act Terence, there is Newman writing words of consolation to a servant-girl who has lost her sister, or sending a message of courage and resignation and hope to a dying nun.

"God will bless you and keep you in His own good way," he says to the servant. "We never can trust Him too much. All things turn to good to them who trust Him. I too know what it is to lose a sister. I lost her forty-nine years ago, and, though so many years have past, I still feel the pain."

And to the nun:

"God's Angel will be with you every step you take—and I will try and help you with my best remembrances and sacred wishes as you descend into the valley; but you are to be envied, not lamented over, because you are going to your own Lord and God, your Light, your

Treasure, and your Life. Only pray for me in your place of peace and rest, for I at most can be but a little time behind you."

On words such as these there rests that grace which cannot be described, the grace of the *anima cortese,* that is at once simple and profoundly moving, like a rose beheld in the mystical light of a windless summer dawn. Nor is it absent from words penned in lighter mood. How beautiful, for example, and how characteristic is the passage from a letter to Helen Church (the daughter of Dean Church) who had sent him Lewis Carroll's *Hunting of the Snark.*

"The little book," he writes, "is not all of it nonsense, though amusing nonsense; it has two pleasant prefixes of another sort. One of them is the 'Inscription to a dear Child,' the style of which, in words and manner, is so entirely of the school of Keble that it could not have been written had the *Christian Year* never made its appearance.

"The other, 'The Easter Greeting to every Child,' etc., is likely to touch the hearts of old men more than those for whom it is intended. I recollect well my own thoughts as I lay in my crib in the early spring, with outdoor scents, sounds, and sights wakening me up, and especially the cheerful ring of the mower's scythe on the lawn which Milton long before me had noted; and how in coming downstairs slowly, for I brought down both feet on each step, I said to myself, 'This is June!' Though what my particular experience of June was, and how it was broad enough to be a matter of reflexion, I really cannot tell."

And then he concludes with this prayer:

"May the day come for all of us of which Easter is the promise, when that first spring may return to us, and a sweetness which cannot die may gladden our garden!"

And so his normal life in his Oratory home is a tranquil round of duties, of teaching and prayer and penance and meditation. The *fumus strepitusque* of London troubled and bewildered him; he had a natural dislike of literary and scientific society as such, and of what Hurrell Froude called "the aristocracy of talent," and we of to-day should term the "intelligentsia" or the "highbrows." To them his attitude recalls that of Charles Lamb to the schoolmaster whom he encountered in the coach at Norton Falgate. He could not tolerate pretentiousness in any form, and least of all the pretentiousness of the intellectual *poseur*. "In his intercourse," says Father Ryder, "there was nothing of the scholar about him, and he carefully avoided all pedantry of expression." In 1877 Canon Scott Holland paid him a visit at the Oratory. It was an unforgettable day. "I recall," says the Canon, "the swift, sudden way in which I found him beside me as I was being led through the upper rooms by my friend. I turned at the sound of the soft, quick speech, and there he was, white, frail, and wistful, for all the ruggedness of the actual features." Later on, in the Common-room, he was put next to the Father. "The talk was all about Oxford. He could not tire of the smallest detail of news from there. Every little touch was of interest to him." At the end of that same year his old College, Trinity, made him an Honorary Fellow. "Trinity College," he writes to Dr. Ullathorne, "has been the one and only seat of my affections at Oxford, and to see once more, before I am taken away, what I never thought I should see again, the place where I began the battle of life, with my good angel by my side, is a prospect almost too much for me to bear."

In the following February, Newman paid a visit to Trinity and dined at the High Table. Mr. James Bryce (afterwards Lord Bryce) proposed his health, and Newman replied in "a speech of perhaps ten minutes in length or a little more, in a delightfully simple, natural, and genial vein," reviving the memories of his old college days at Trinity. Lord Bryce, recalling this event, speaks of the pathos of it, the old man revisiting after so many eventful years "the hall where he had been wont to sit as a youth, the voice so often heard in St. Mary's retaining, faint though it had grown, the sweet modulations Oxford knew so well, and the aged face worn deep with the lines of thought, struggle and sorrow."

Ten years before that, he had been, not indeed to Oxford, but to Littlemore, which he had quitted in such an agony of farewell more than twenty years before. He had long promised himself this visit, and one morning in June, he and Father Ambrose took "the 7 A. M. train to Abingdon, then across to Littlemore."

Someone passing that day by the church at Littlemore saw "a man, very poorly dressed, leaning over the lych-gate, crying. He was to all appearance in great trouble. He was dressed in an old grey coat with the collar turned up, and his hat pulled down over his face, as if he wished to hide his features." It was Newman.

Something has been made, by those who are strangers to such intensity of emotion, of those tears. It has been suggested that they were tears of regret, of sorrow, of repining. Tears of sorrow indeed they were, for is it not a sorrowful thing to summon up remembrance of things past, to recall, in after-years, the memory of one's youth, and of a mother and a sister and many friends "hid in death's dateless night"? He had had a heavy cross to bear, yet the burden had not obscured, but, as he himself tells us, intensified the glory and serenity of the inward vision—the *visio pacis,* which more than twenty years ago, there, at Littlemore, had dawned upon his gaze.

Seven years more and the friend who bore him company on this last pilgrimage to Littlemore, his beloved Ambrose St. John, passed "beyond the curtain," and Newman never recovered from this crowning sorrow. No friend had been so loving or so beloved as he. "From the first he loved me," says Newman, "with an intensity of love which was unaccountable. At Rome twenty-eight years ago he was always so working for and relieving me of all trouble, that being young and Saxon-looking, the Romans called him my Angel Guardian. As far as this world was concerned, I was his first and last." And elsewhere he says: "This is the greatest affliction I have had in my life. . . . Pray for him and for me."

When he visited Trinity at the invitation of the Fellows there, he had long been engaged on a revision of his complete works. When the invitation came, he had reached *The Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine*. In words of singular felicity he dedicates the new edition of that work to the President and Fellows of that Society, in token of the honour they had done him.

"My dear President,

"Not from any special interest which I anticipate you will take in this volume, or any sympathy you will feel in its argument, or intrinsic fitness of any kind in my associating you and your Fellows with it,—

"But, because I have nothing besides it to offer you, in token of my sense of the gracious compliment which you and they have paid me in making me once more a Member of a College dear to me from Undergraduate memories;—

"Also, because of the happy coincidence, that whereas its first publication was contemporaneous with my leaving Oxford, its second becomes, by virtue of your act, contemporaneous with a recovery of my position there:—

"Therefore it is that, without your leave or your responsibility, I take the bold step of placing your name in the first pages of what, at my age, I must consider the last print or reprint on which I shall ever be engaged.

"I am, my dear President,
"Most sincerely yours,
"JOHN H. NEWMAN."

Newman is now on the threshold of his eightieth year. For a long time past he has been putting his house in order, for he felt that any hour the call might come—revising his books, arranging his correspondence—and now the task is nearly at an end. The pen which, so far as published works were concerned, he had thought to lay aside for ever when he wrote the last lines of his *Grammar of Assent,* he had taken up once more—in reply to Gladstone's attack on the Vatican Decrees. The reply, which took the form of a letter addressed to the Duke of Norfolk, showed that Newman's powers had suffered no abatement. It was his last appearance in the controversial arena, but it was a triumphant one. "Its tone," we read in Morley's *Gladstone,* "is courteous and argumentative—far too much so to please the *ultras* who had the Pope's ear—and without the wild hitting that Mr. Gladstone found in Manning." It was true it had pleased neither the *ultras* nor the Pope; Newman had counselled moderation at a time when the Sovereign Pontiff was assailed by bitter and relentless foes. Carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, in an access of love and loyalty for the Holy Father, the ultramontane champions of the Papacy had thought to make up to him in the spiritual world what he had lost in the temporal.

The more extravagant among them were for paying him the honours due to someone more than human. Against all this Newman, with no less loyalty, but greater foresight, had protested with all his strength.

And so in Rome, and not in Rome only, but at Westminster, Newman was not in favour; the clouds still hung on him, and he had long since abandoned all expectation of secular promotion. He disclaims, in a moving passage in his diary, all ambition, all desire of earthly advancement, and none can doubt the sincerity of that utterance. Nevertheless, it is certain that the studied neglect with which he had been treated, the manner in which the work he had laboured to do for the Catholic cause had been slighted and set aside, deeply wounded his sensitive nature and lingered *alta mente repostum.* He contrasts, not without a hint of bitterness, the treatment meted out to him by man, with the mercies showered upon him by God. More and more he lives withdrawn from the world, a silent, pathetic figure, *in nidulo suo,* in his own Oratory. But even now, when, in their human aspect, his prospects seemed so forlorn, and when he deemed that recognition, if it come, could only come long after he was dead—even now the dawn, so long delayed, was close at hand.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE PRINCE OF THE CHURCH

One morning, in January 1879, Newman was confined to his bed with a chill, when a letter came to him from the Bishop of Birmingham desiring his immediate attendance at Oscott on a matter of urgent importance. On being informed of Father Newman's illness, the Bishop requested that someone in his confidence might be sent in his stead, as the business brooked no delay. Father Pope was chosen, and, on his arrival, was informed that the new Pope, Leo XIII, was desirous of conferring the Cardinal's Hat upon Newman in recognition of the signal services he had rendered to the Catholic cause and, through Cardinal Nina, had inquired whether, if the offer were made, Newman would be prepared to accept it.

"The cloud is lifted from me for ever!" exclaimed Newman when the news was conveyed to him. It was like the sun coming out at the end of a sullen day. "He felt," we are told, "as though the heavens had opened and the Divine Voice had spoken its approval of him before the whole world." But Cardinals who are not diocesans must reside in Rome, and how could he, so old and so frail, uproot himself from the home in which he had lived so long and in which he hoped to die?

"By the love and reverence with which a long succession of Popes have regarded and trusted St. Philip," he wrote, "I pray and entreat His Holiness in compassion of my diffidence of mind, in consideration of my feeble health, my nearly eighty years, the retired course of my life from my youth, my ignorance of foreign languages, and my lack of experience in business, to let me die where I have so long lived. Since I know that His Holiness thinks kindly of me, what more can I desire?"

This looked, on the face of it, like a request for permission to refuse. Really it was that Newman was too delicate to seem to bargain with the Holy See. He wished to accept, if only the Pope would dispense him from residence in Rome. But the dispensation must be offered spontaneously by the Holy Father. The Bishop sent Newman's letter, with a long official explanation of the real position, adding to it, next day, a personal note making the matter still more clear. In it he said, "Dr. Newman is very much aged and softened with age and the trials he has had, especially by the loss of his two brethren, St. John and Caswall; he can never refer to these losses without weeping and becoming speechless for the time." He added that Newman was anxious to receive the proffered honour if only he could be suffered to remain at the Oratory. "If," the letter concludes, "the Holy Father thinks well to confer on him the dignity, leaving him where he is, I know how immensely he would be gratified."

Manning seems to have read Newman's letter literally, and to have disregarded the comments. On February 15 a friend wrote to Newman to the effect that she had heard he had been offered the Hat and had refused it. Three days later a similar statement appeared in *The Times*. Two people, and two only, knew of Newman's reply. One of them was Dr. Ullathorne, who was aware of Newman's real attitude; the other was Manning. Newman's letter was private, and was sent to Manning for his cognizance. Yet before it, or the Bishop's comments on it, arrived in Rome, its contents had been interpreted in a sense they were not intended to bear and divulged to the British Press. This looked like excessively sharp practice on someone's part, and that someone was clearly not Dr. Ullathorne. Newman wrote to the Duke of Norfolk protesting against this irregularity. Manning, however, was already on his way to Rome, and the Duke sent Newman's letter after him, with representations which were promptly acted upon. Cardinal Manning saw the Pope, who at once acceded to Newman's request that he might continue to live at the Oratory.

Thus ended an episode which, upon no hypothesis, can redound to Manning's credit. He must be acquitted of personal jealousy. He may have thought, as he had thought about the Oxford project, that it would be a disaster for Newman to receive an honour that would remove the suspicion of heterodoxy which had so long rested upon his opinions. He who was wont to act so promptly had been in no hurry to bring Newman's case before the Pope in the first instance. The Duke of Norfolk had easily outstripped him. But now, when there were some *prima facie* grounds for interpreting Newman's attitude as a blunt refusal, he acted not with promptitude, but with precipitation. Manning, to those who knew him, to those who came under his direct influence, is still a hero and a saint. But if *humanum est errare,* it is certainly no less human to make the most of the error. Why, it may be asked, did Newman say "No," or seem to say "No," when he meant "Yes," for all the world like a woman returning a coy refusal and all the time expecting to be pressed? Such a question brings home to us the sort of false position into which, in this rough-and-ready world, a fine sense of delicacy may betray us.

The pathetic, forlorn, old man, half of whose troubles he had brought upon himself by his very sensitiveness, by his utter abhorrence of "putting himself forward," had received his crown at last. This time there was no miscarriage.

On March 15, 1879, Cardinal Nina "sent, by its fitting and prescribed channel" (that is to say, through Manning), the news that "the Holy Father, deeply appreciating the genius and learning which distinguish you, your piety, the zeal displayed by you in the exercise of the Holy Ministry, your devotion and filial attachment to the Holy Apostolic See, and the signal services you have for long years rendered to religion, has decided on giving you a public and solemn proof of his esteem and goodwill. And to this end he will deign to raise you to the honours of the Sacred Purple, in the next Consistory, the precise date of which will be notified to you in due time."

Manning wrote forwarding the letter "with great joy," beginning "My dear Newman" and signing himself, as of old, "yours affectionately." This time there was no doubt; no possibility of error, misunderstanding, or tergiversation. Of course, non-residence in Rome had been a *conditio sine qua non,* and the Holy Father had graciously dispensed him from this obligation. He was free to live on in that Oratory which had so long been his home, surrounded by the ministrations of those who watched over him with tender, loving care, in a place made dear by long association and by the memories of those other beloved friends who had passed beyond the veil.

Now that the thing was settled beyond all doubt, he loses no time in writing to his friends, R. W. Church being the first to be acquainted with the tidings.

"We shall not know how to behave," says Church. "It is as if you had been carried up among Dukes and Princes and great Court people, and none of my old friends has risen higher than a Viscount, most not higher than a Baron. You must tell us, for instance, how to write to you. I know it is very absurd not to know all these things by instinct—but one doesn't.

"With all our best good wishes and heartfelt rejoicings,

"Ever yours affectionately,
"R. W. Church."

Newman had always entertained a considerable horror of those disagreeable but inevitable trials which are known, in social and official circles, as "functions." He now had to face not a few. There is something both pathetic and amusing in the mental distress that overtook him when he had to go up to London to receive the congratulatory address of the Irish Members of Parliament. The ceremony was fixed for April 4, and was to take place at Mr. T. W. Allies's house in London. The prospect filled Newman with sadness and dismay, which, when the day arrived, had increased to something like panic. He left his breakfast almost untasted, and went forth a bent and broken old man to face the terrible ordeal. On the railway platform he was so shaky and confused that he let fall his hat and gloves. Father Neville, who was seeing him off, thought it well to fortify him with brandy, so weak and tremulous was he. Father Neville saw him into his compartment and went back to the Oratory filled with misgiving. Anxiously, he went to the station to meet him on his return in the evening. "All is right," said Newman, as he walked along the platform firm and erect; "I did splendidly!"

On the Wednesday of Easter week, Newman, in company with Father William Neville, set out for Rome. They arrived on the 24th. "Everyone has been surpassingly kind," but he still makes a "bad hand at Italian, the easiest of languages." But they had come away without the new Cardinal's coat-of-arms, and a telegram had to be sent. The Vulgate had to be searched for the words

Cor ad cor loquitur; if they were not in the Vulgate, then à Kempis was the source.

On the 27th there was a private audience of the Pope, who received him most affectionately, keeping his hand in his.

From that date until May 12, when the Consistory was held, Newman was confined to his room. The weather was inclement, he had a cold, and wished to avoid all risk of being laid up.

At length the great day came. Cardinal Howard had placed his residence, the Palazzo della Pigna, at Newman's disposal, there to receive the official notification—the *biglietto*—of his elevation to the Cardinalate. The room was thronged with notabilities, high ecclesiastics and distinguished laymen. At midday the messenger arrived with the letter. Newman broke the seal and handed it to Dr. Clifford, the Bishop of Clifton, who read it aloud to the assembled company. The messenger then announced that the Pope would receive the new Cardinal at ten o'clock the following morning in order to confer upon him the biretta.

Thereupon Newman rose to deliver his reply. "He looked," says an eye-witness, "ill and faint, but he read the address in a beautifully clear voice." The first sentence he spoke in Italian. "And if," he then went on, "I ask your permission to continue my address to you, not in your musical language, but in my own dear mother-tongue, it is because in the latter I can better express my feelings on this most gracious announcement which you have brought to me, than if I attempted what is above me." Then he spoke of the wonder and profound gratitude which came upon him, and was upon him still, at the condescension and love towards him of the Holy Father in singling him out for so immense an honour. He spoke of the shock with which it had come upon him, and said how he could not have borne it had it not been tempered by "a second act of condescension," which was the permission to end his days in his own home.

"In a long course of years," he continued, "I have made many mistakes. I have nothing of that high perfection which belongs to the writings of saints, viz. that error cannot be found in them; but what I trust that I may claim, all through what I have written, is this—an honest intention, an absence of private ends, a temper of obedience, a willingness to be corrected, a dread of error, a desire to serve Holy Church, and, through Divine mercy, a fair measure of success."

For thirty, forty, fifty years, he declares, he has resisted the spirit of Liberalism in religion. And he proceeds to state, succinctly, that view of what he called "Liberalism" which he had drawn out at length in a note appended to his *Apologia*.

"Liberalism in religion," he said, "is the doctrine that there is no positive truth in religion, but that one creed is as good as another, and this is the teaching which is gaining substance and force daily. It is inconsistent with any recognition of any religion, as *true*. It teaches that all are to be tolerated, for all are matters of opinion. Revealed religion is not a truth, but a sentiment and a taste; not an objective fact, not miraculous; and it is the right of each individual to make it say just what strikes his fancy. Devotion is not necessarily founded on faith. Men may go to Protestant Churches and to Catholic, may get good from both and belong to neither. They may fraternize together in spiritual thoughts and feelings, without having any views at all of doctrines in common, or seeing the need of them. Since, then, religion is so personal a peculiarity and so private a possession, we must of necessity ignore it in the intercourse of man with man. If a man puts on a new religion every morning, what is that to you? It is as impertinent to think about a man's religion as about his sources of income, or his management of his family. Religion is in no sense the bond of society.

"Hitherto the civil power has been Christian. Even in countries separated from the Church, as in my own, the *dictum* was in force, when I was young, that 'Christianity was the law of the land.' Now, everywhere that goodly framework of society, which is the creation of Christianity, is throwing off Christianity. The *dictum* to which I have referred, with a hundred others which followed upon it, is gone, or is going everywhere; and, by the end of the century, unless the Almighty interferes, it will be *forgotten*. Hitherto it has been considered that religion alone, with its supernatural sanctions, was strong enough to secure submission of the masses of our population to law and order; now the philosophers and politicians are bent on satisfying this problem without the aid of Christianity. Instead of the Church's authority and teaching, they would substitute first of all a universal and thoroughly secular education, calculated to bring home to every individual that to be orderly, industrious, and sober is his personal interest. Then, for great working principles to take the place of religion, for the use of the masses thus carefully educated, it provides—the broad, fundamental, ethical truths of justice, benevolence, veracity, and the like; proved experience; and those natural laws which exist and act spontaneously in society and in social matters, whether physical or psychological; for instance, in government, trade, finance, sanitary experiments, and the intercourse of nations. As to Religion, it is a private luxury, which a man may have if he will; but which, of course, he must pay for, and which he must not obtrude upon others, or indulge in to their annoyance.

"The general [nature] of this great *apostasia* is one and the same everywhere; but in detail, and in character, it varies in different countries. For myself, I would rather speak of it in my own country, which I know. There, I think it threatens to have a formidable success; though it is not easy to see what will be its ultimate issue. At first sight it might be thought that Englishmen are too religious for a movement which, on the Continent, seems to be founded on infidelity; but the misfortune with us is that, though it ends in infidelity as in other places, it does not necessarily arise out of infidelity. It must be recollected that the religious sects, which sprang up in

England three centuries ago, and which are so powerful now, have ever been fiercely opposed to the union of Church and State, and would advocate the unchristianizing of the monarchy and all that belongs to it, under the notion that such a catastrophe would make Christianity much more pure and much more powerful.

"Next, the Liberal principle is forced on us from the necessity of the case. Consider what follows from the very fact of these many sects. They constitute the religion, it is supposed, of half the population; and, recollect, our mode of government is popular. Every dozen men taken at random whom you meet in the streets have a share in political power; when you inquire into their forms of belief, perhaps they represent one or other of as many as seven religions; how can they possibly act together in municipal or in national matters, if each insists on the recognition of his own religious denomination? All action would be at a deadlock unless the subject of religion were ignored. We cannot help ourselves.

"And, thirdly, it must be borne in mind that there is much in the Liberalistic theory which is good and true; for example, not to say more, the precepts of justice, truthfulness, sobriety, self-command, benevolence, which, as I have already noted, are among its avowed principles, and the natural laws of society. It is not till we find that this array of principles is intended to supersede, to block out, religion, that we pronounce it to be evil. There never was a device of the Enemy so cleverly framed and with such promise of success. And already it has answered to the expectations which have been formed of it. It is sweeping into its own ranks great numbers of able, earnest, virtuous men, elderly men of approved antecedents, young men with a career before them.

"Such is the state of things in England, and it is well that it should be realized by all of us; but it must not be supposed for a moment that I am afraid of it. I lament it deeply, because I foresee that it may be the ruin of many souls; but I have no fear at all that it really can do aught of serious harm to the Word of God, to Holy Church, to our Almighty King, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, Faithful and True, or to His Vicar on earth. Christianity has been too often in what seemed deadly peril that we should fear for it any new trial now. So far is certain; on the other hand, what is uncertain, and in these great contests commonly is uncertain, and what is commonly a great surprise, when it is witnessed, is the particular mode by which, in the event, Providence rescues and saves His elect inheritance. Sometimes our enemy is turned into a friend; sometimes he is despoiled of that special virulence of evil which was so threatening; sometimes he falls to pieces himself; sometimes he does just so much as is beneficial, and then is removed. Commonly the Church has nothing more to do than to go on in her own proper duties, in confidence and peace; to stand still and to see the salvation of God.

" 'Mansueti hereditabunt terram
Et delectabuntur in multitudine pacis.' "

This quotation is long; but it is important, because it states simply and clearly what this "Liberalism" was of which he stood so much in dread and of which he was a strenuous and lifelong opponent.

Then followed addresses and presentations from English-speaking Catholics in Rome. The presentation at the English College "went off grandly"; a complete set of vestments, rich as becoming the intention but plain in accordance with the Cardinal's desire, a cloth-of-silver cope and jewelled mitre, a Canon of the Mass book, a pectoral cross and chain, and a silver-gilt altar candlestick. On each vestment was embroidered His Eminence's coat-of-arms in proper heraldic colours, with the motto "Cor ad cor loquitur." Lady Herbert "read the address admirably," and the Father's reply was short and touching. But all these functions, gratifying as they were, wearied him and sapped his strength. He fell ill with an affection of the lungs, and, considering his advanced age and extreme frailty, it is small wonder that his doctors were anxious.

It had been Newman's intention to return home by way of Germany, in order that he might see and endeavour to win back Döllinger to the Church, but this, and a projected visit to his dear and faithful friend Sister Maria Pia (Miss Mary Rosina Giberne), had, by his physician's orders, to be abandoned.

Weak and worn with illness and travel and the long, stately ceremonies in which he had taken part, he reached his home at the Oratory on July 1. An improvised service of thanksgiving was held in the Oratory church. Seated on his throne in the centre of the sanctuary, he delivered a discourse of which the burden was the solace and the joy of home.

"The home life—the idea of home—is consecrated to us by our patron and founder St. Philip, for he made the idea of home the very essence of his religion and institute.

"I ask you, my dear friends," he said in conclusion, "to pray for me, that I may be as the presence of the Holy Father amongst you and that the Holy Spirit of God may be upon this Church, upon this great city, upon its Bishop, upon all its priests, upon all its inhabitants, men, women, and children, and as a pledge and beginning of it, I give you my benediction."

"He was wonderful to look upon," says Father Ryder, "as he sat fronting the congregation, his face as the face of an angel—the features that were so familiar to us, refined and spiritualized by illness, and the delicate complexion and silver hair touched by the rose tints of his bright, unaccustomed dress."

It is thus that he is portrayed for us by his niece, Miss Emmeline Deane, in the picture that hangs with many another great Victorian,—Darwin, Matthew Arnold, Tennyson, Manning—in a room in the National Portrait Gallery.

Honours, tokens of affection and veneration, were showered upon him. There was a great reception at Norfolk House.

"Newman was in costume," says Matthew Arnold, who was present, "not full Cardinal's costume, but a sort of vest with gold about it and the red cap; he was in state at one end of the room, with the Duke of Norfolk on one side of him and a chaplain on the other, and people filed before him as before the Queen, dropping on their knees when they were presented and kissing his hand."

He was entertained by his brethren at the London Oratory, assisted at Vespers, and gave Benediction, delivering afterwards at the Little Oratory an address at which more than one of the friends of former years broke down and wept at the sound of that voice, familiar and ineffably sweet, like a voice from beyond the grave.

Once more he visited Oxford, dined at Trinity, and delivered, sitting in his chair, a speech "of perfect tact and grace," in which he called up one after another the memories of days long passed. The dinner, at which high ceremony was observed, was followed by a reception, to which ladies were invited. One by one the guests were presented to the Cardinal, who received them "in semi-regal state."

He had now put off his heavy armour. He wrote no more—save indeed letters, and these he continued to write so long as his fingers had strength to hold a pen. Old though he was, and incredibly frail, he would never spare himself even in sickness, if he thought he could bring, not only by letter but by his own personal presence, succour and consolation to those in need of it.

When, in 1883, news came to him that Mark Pattison was stricken with an illness from which he could never recover, he wrote him a touching and affectionate letter, brief but distinguished by that touch of which he alone possessed the secret. Tears filled the Rector's eyes as he saw once more the familiar writing of his "dear master."

Would Newman wish to see him, he inquired in his reply, if he knew how far he had travelled on the path which leads quite away from those ideas which he once—about 1845 to 1846—shared with him? "Or is your toleration so large that, though you knew me to be in grievous error, you could still embrace me as a son?"

And on this matter of toleration Newman replied, "What Catholics hold upon it, I hold with them." But he went and saw his friend. Newman said little of what passed at that meeting, but what he did say was expressive of satisfaction and of hope. Pattison died in the spring.

When more than six years later the summons came for him, it was gentle, as befitted one whose heart was as the heart of a little child. The weakness of extreme old age had come upon him. He preached no more. The Office in the Breviary had to give place to the Rosary, and that too had to be abandoned, because his fingers had grown too frail and numb to count the beads. But on August 9 a strange thing happened. The burden of years seemed suddenly to have fallen from him: he walked with elastic step and upright carriage, there was a strange calm on his beautiful face, his voice was fresh and strong.

That night he was seized with congestion of the lungs. Two days later, at a quarter to nine in the evening, the end came, and his spirit went forth on its journey from this world to the Eternal, in Whose sight he had ever dwelt.

After his death on the Monday night his body was dressed in the full Pontifical robes in which he was to be buried. Next evening the remains thus arrayed were removed from the house into the Church of the Oratory. Fathers Mills and Ignatius Ryder were at the door to receive it. The opening antiphon of the Burial Service was recited, the body was sprinkled with holy water and borne into the church while the De Profundis and the Miserere were recited. The procession reached the Tribune, the bier was laid down, and the prayer appointed for the funeral of a Prince of the Church intoned. The long lying-in-state had begun. The body was placed before the High Altar, and a large pall of red velvet spread upon the floor. The face was uncovered, and upon the splendid features, so strong yet withal so gentle, lingered an expression of ineffable calm. On his head rested a mitre. He was clad in the lace-edged purple cassock of his rank. His hands were gloved and red shoes were upon his feet. At the foot of the bier rested his cardinal's hat. There was no catafalque, or canopy, or blazoned drapery, and four tapers—no more, since it was his wish—were burning, one at each corner of the pall. Then began the great procession of those who would take of him their last farewell. At ten o'clock next morning a Requiem Mass was celebrated in a church crowded to its utmost capacity. That same night the body was removed into the chapel of St. Philip Neri and laid in the coffin.

It was not until the following Monday, a week after his death, that the final and most solemn rites began. On the evening of that day Matins and Lauds for the dead—the Dirge—were sung, and on Tuesday the long succession of services culminated in a solemn Pontifical Mass and Requiem. Among the great assembly were the President of Trinity and the Provost of Oriel. A solemn hush fell upon the throng, as the clock struck the hour of eleven. Scarcely had the sound of the last stroke melted away into silence when the procession entered: first the Master of the Ceremonies, followed by fourteen Oratorian Fathers, after whom came the representatives of various religious orders, Jesuits, Benedictines, Franciscans, Premonstratensians, Capuchins, in sombre habits of black or brown, and here and there a white-robed Cistercian. Then the secular clergy of the diocese, then the Bishops, in purple, each attended by his chaplain. When all these were seated, the Master of the Ceremonies ushered in the Bishop of Birmingham, his Cathedral Chapter and the priests attendant on him in the Requiem Mass attired in funeral vestments, black copes, relieved with white or gold. On the High Altar the candlesticks were draped in black. At the Gospel all the clergy present held lighted tapers in their hands. The panegyric was to be preached by the Bishop of Clifton, and before he ascended the pulpit stairs the pall was removed and the coffin exposed. The inscription, under the Cardinal's arms, read: "Eminentissimus et reverendissimus Joannes Henricus Newman, Cardinalis Diaconus S. Georgii in Velabro Obiit die XI Augusti MDCCCXC."

In a voice often broken with emotion, the speaker dwelt on the great services rendered to the Catholic Church by him they had come to bury. His learning and eloquence had done much, but his gentle, holy manner of living had done more. He, the speaker, in a voice made hardly audible by the feeling he could scarcely repress, recalled how he had served the Cardinal's first Mass in the Church of Propaganda at Rome on the Feast of Corpus Christi in the year 1847. He spoke of his life in Birmingham, so quiet and unobtrusive, yet redolent of the sweetest memories of a loving sympathy, with a constant, watchful interest in those whom he had left to mourn his loss. He had been a mighty champion for the Church, and his memory would always remain as a benediction in this land. His works would be read as long as the English tongue was spoken. After the sermon come the absolutions. To the solemn chanting of the choir, five Bishops are vested in black copes and white mitres, and each in turn pronounces an absolution, passing twice round the coffin, censing and sprinkling it with holy water. The bearers enter, the coffin is lifted shoulder high, as the choir chant the supplication, "Eternal rest grant him, O Lord."

If the warp was dark whereon the story of his life was woven, dark with thwarted aims and seeming failure, it was that the light of his countenance should shine forth the purer against those shadows. It is well that those trials were laid upon him, and "nothing is here for tears." Splendid as were his gifts of mind and spirit, facile success, recognition in high places, the smile of the powerful, were not, at least until the very end, for him. Without the suffering and sorrow which were his portion, the deepest chords of his nature would never have been touched to their finest music, and it was befitting that one whose aim it ever was to follow in the footsteps of the Master should have found his victory in defeat, and in renunciation his deepest joy.

Amid the Lickey Hills, a green space of hallowed ground, shut in by yew and oak and laurel, looks up to the quiet sky. It is the burial-ground of the Oratorian Fathers. Close to where a bed of St. John's wort flings in summer a riot of yellow bloom is a grassy mound beneath which, as the simple Latin cross records, Father Ambrose St. John lies asleep. The St. John's wort was planted there in his memory. In this grave, beside his friend of friends, John Henry Newman, Cardinal of St. George, was laid to rest on August 19, 1890, nearly forty years ago. On the cross are inscribed the words of the epitaph himself had chosen:

"Ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem."

In that other world to which he has departed, his meekness and simplicity on earth, his devotion to the truth and the loyalty with which he ever followed the "kindly Light," surely entitle him to a place among the highest, among the great Saints and Seraphic Doctors, entitle him to be one with those—

"solemn troops and sweet societies
That sing, and singing in their glory move."

And yet it may be with him in those high places as it was on earth. If, as some hold, we do but continue in the next world the course of life we have followed in this, it may be that he who, in his meekness and his modesty, shunned, when he could, the society of the great, he to whom Home with all its familiar associations was so dear, even now prefers to consort with the humbler of the angels and (if such mundane occupations have their counterparts in realms above) to watch Fr. Ambrose on his tall ladder arranging the books in the "Great Room" at Maryvale, or going about his homely business in the kitchen there. Or he may take his fiddle (the one that Church and Rogers gave him) from its green baize bag and play a trio or two of Beethoven, or Haydn, or Mozart, with Walker and Bowles; or linger in the gardens and quadrangles of Trinity when the snapdragon is in bloom, or talk again with Keble and Hawkins and Copleston and the rest of them and then, wandering through the fields of amaranth, come, at a sudden turning in the path, face to face with Charles Kingsley, and take him by the hand.

CHAPTER XXV

"TENDEBANTQUE MANUS——"

On August 20, Mgr. Mocenni, the Archbishop of Heliopolis and the Papal Under-Secretary of State, wrote thus to Cardinal Manning:

"The Holy Father has laid upon me the honourable duty of making known to Your Eminence that he has received your letter informing him of the death of Cardinal Newman.

"His Holiness understands full well the special sorrow which Your Eminence must have felt in the loss of a colleague with whom you had many events of life in common, and to whom you were bound for so many years by the closest ties of friendship. I need hardly tell you that His Holiness also was deeply grieved at the announcement of the departure of a man who, by his learning, his writings, and his singular piety, gave great splendour to the Sacred College. . . ."

At the Requiem Mass which was celebrated at the London Oratory for the repose of the soul of its founder, Cardinal Manning preached the sermon. It was in itself a magnificent panegyric, the more noble and magnanimous when we recall the long and bitter dissensions which had estranged the two men for so many years.

We may almost read in it a public recantation, a proud yet generous confession of error and misjudgment, made by one who was himself on the brink of the grave. All differences are sunk now, all strife is hushed. It is worth while to recall the scene of this majestic palinode. The sanctuary and the pulpit of the great church were in black or violet fringed with gold. Before the High Altar stood a great catafalque surmounted with a Cardinal's hat with the late Cardinal's shield and motto, *Cor ad cor loquitur,* at its base. Two hundred priests, representing every religious order or fraternity and including every form of ecclesiastical habit, took part in the procession, among whom, besides the Oratorian Fathers, were Carmelites, Augustinians, Dominicans, Franciscans, Capuchins, Jesuits, Passionists, Servites, Oblates of St. Charles, and Oblates of Mary Immaculate. The *Kyrie* and Offertory were by Palestrina, the friend and contemporary of St. Philip Neri; and the *Dies Iræ* and the rest of the music by Casciolini. Mass was sung by the Father Superior, Father Crewse was deacon, and Father Stanton, long ago of Littlemore, sub-deacon. At the end of the Mass the Cardinal Archbishop, attended by two Canons, proceeded to the pulpit and began to speak. The words he uttered were listened to with profound and solemn attention by the great congregation, they were read and pondered upon in every quarter of the globe, but it was not to these multitudes, near or far, present, or scattered about the world, that his words were spoken, not to any of these, not to anyone on this side of the grave. They were a salutation and a farewell to him who had passed for ever beyond the range of human vision, they were spoken to Newman. They are, or they imply, the acknowledgment made before the world of a great error, a great misunderstanding.

"We have lost," he said, "our greatest witness for the Faith, and we are all the poorer and lower by the loss. When the tidings came to me, my first thought was this: In what way can I, once more, show my love and veneration for my brother and friend of more than sixty years? It was not in my power to stand beside his grave. For a time I was in doubt whether this last sad and solemn rite should be in my own Cathedral Church, or here, as I may say, in his own home. I believe he would have wished it to be here, where the sorrow for his loss is a domestic sorrow, as of sons for a father. With their filial and private grief it is, then, most fitting that we should unite our personal and universal sorrow. I am not come to pronounce orations or panegyrics. I would not if I could. I could not if I would. The memories of an affectionate friendship, as I have said, of more than sixty years, and the weight of old age, put it beyond my power. Few now are living who cherish such a record of the past as I can. When I was twenty years of age, and he was about twenty-eight, I remember his form and voice and penetrating words at Evensong at the University Church at Oxford. . . .

"The last time I wrote to him," he continued, "some months ago, I remember saying that his length of days was a pledge of the love of God. Such is but the beginning and the close of a friendship that can have no end. If any proof were needed of the immeasurable work that he has wrought in England, the last week would be enough. Who could doubt that the great multitude of his personal friends in the first half of his life, and the still greater multitude of those who have been instructed, consoled, and won to God by the unequalled beauty and irresistible persuasion of his writings—who could doubt that they, at such a time as this, would pour out the love and gratitude of their hearts? But that the public voice of England, political and religious, in all its diversities, should for once unite in love and veneration of a man who had broken through its sacred barriers and defied its religious prejudices, who could have believed it? He had committed the hitherto unpardonable sin in England. He had rejected the whole Tudor settlement in religion. He had become Catholic, as our forefathers were. And yet for no one in our memory has such a heartfelt and loving veneration been poured out. Of this one proof is enough. Someone has said, 'Whether Rome canonizes him or not, he will be canonized in the thoughts of pious people of many creeds in England.' This is true; but I will not therefore say that the mind of England is changed. Nevertheless, it must be said that towards a man who had done so much to estrange it, the will of the English people was changed; an old malevolence had passed into good-will. If this is a noble testimony to a great Christian life, it is as noble a proof of the justice, equity, and uprightness of the English people. In venerating John Henry Newman it has unconsciously honoured itself."

And then he went on to estimate the work wrought by Newman. No living man had so changed the religious thought of England. His words were as the hammer that breaks rocks in pieces, and as the light that works without a sound. He spoke of his influence on the Established Church. What would the Church of England have been without Newman? He recalls words of his own written in 1861 to Father Newman, as he then was:

"You have been a master-builder in this work, and I a witness in its growth. You remained long at Oxford—still, with all its disfigurement, so dear to both of us; but I was removed to a distance and had to work alone. Nevertheless, to you I owe a debt of gratitude, for intellectual help and light, greater than to any one man of our time; and it gives me a sincere gratification now publicly to acknowledge, though I can in no way repay it."

"I little thought in 1861," added Manning, "that I should have the consolation of repeating these words as it were over his grave." So he spoke of Newman's work in the world without. And then, finally, he turned to the work he had wrought inwardly, upon the Church.

"What can I, or what need I say of that?" he asked. "You all know it and have felt it. His writings are in your hands. But beyond the power of all books has been the example of his humble and unworldly life—always the same, in union with God, and in manifold charity to all who sought him. He was the centre of innumerable souls drawn to him as teacher, guide, and comforter, through long years, and especially in the more than forty years of his Catholic life. To them he was as a spring of light and strength from a supernatural source. A noble and beautiful life is the most convincing and persuasive of all preaching, and we have all felt its power. Our Holy Father Leo XIII knew the merits and the gifts, both natural and supernatural, which were hidden in his humility; and to the joy of all he called him to the highest dignity next to his own. The history of our land will hereafter record the name of John Henry Newman among the greatest of our people, as a confessor of the faith, a great teacher of men, a preacher of justice, of piety, and of compassion. May we all follow him in his life, and may our end be painless and peaceful like his."

The Cardinal then descended the pulpit steps, and after sprinkling with holy water and incensing the catafalque, pronounced the benediction.

We have spoken of this panegyric as a retractation, as the confession of a great error. All Manning's ideas, all his convictions, all his teaching, all that he had put forth against Newman and his school, had been held by him and written as it were in relation to a stereotyped world. He had not understood that all things flow, that nothing abides. Now, at last, he realized that the ramparts of his world, which he had deemed so stable, so solid, were dissolving even as the mist; that a new framework was ceaselessly, but insensibly, arising, itself doomed to change and vanish in its turn. The new Apologetic which Newman had demanded to check the growing forces of Infidelity had become the need of the hour. Newman had been a true prophet, a better philosopher than he.

Cardinal Manning was a great figure of his times and wrought many great deeds, but never any so splendid as these amends uttered before the face of all people, to the spirit of John Henry Newman, now once more, and eternally, his friend.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE POET

Readers of Wordsworth, if there be any of them left in these noisy days, may remember how, in the section of his works described by him as "Poems akin to the Antique," a set of verses composed to "The Pillar of Trajan," is prefixed by the author with the following note:

"I had observed in the newspaper that the Pillar of Trajan was given as a subject for a prize-poem in English verse. I had a wish that my son, who was then an undergraduate at Oxford, should try his fortune, and I told him so; but he, not having been accustomed to write verse, wisely declined to enter upon the task; whereupon I showed him these lines as a proof of what might be, without difficulty, done on that subject."

These words, when first I read them, came upon me with a certain surprise. I was, I confess, almost shocked to learn that the Muses might be expected to lend their aid in an enterprise so calculated and so little spontaneous.

In the words of another poet, himself an enthusiastic admirer of Wordsworth, I had believed that—

"We cannot kindle when we will
The fire which in the heart resides."

What, I thought, becomes of "the divine afflatus," of "the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling," when we have Wordsworth sitting down, in cold blood, to show his son what may be done, without difficulty, on a theme arbitrarily selected to test the merits of candidates for the Newdigate? I was somehow reminded of far-off days when life was embittered for me by a relentless discipline which went by the name of Latin and Greek verse composition; a "sad mechanic exercise" which consists in the assemblage—as one may collect together the constituent parts of a machine—of various stock epithets, tags, and phrases, and fitting them, with what patience and ingenuity one had at one's command, into a given metrical frame or strait-jacket. The memory of those grim days awoke in my bosom a feeling of something like tenderness for the youthful Wordsworth (though he was to compose not in Latin or Greek, but in the living vernacular), and made me applaud the respectful yet firm resistance offered by him to the parental invitation. And yet the time has not so very long gone by when the acquisition of a certain facility in versification, whether in the classical languages or in one's own mother-tongue, was held to be an essential part of a liberal education. The art of turning out a respectable set of verses on any given theme was—long after Sir Roger Newdigate's day—regarded as no less part of the equipment of a gentleman than the art of sitting one's horse well, of cutting a respectable figure in the cotillon, or of playing a good game of croquet.

It was, one cannot help thinking, somewhat in this spirit—in the spirit, that is to say, of one acquitting himself of a refined accomplishment—that Newman addressed himself to the task of poetical composition. He speaks of it somewhere as a mode of intellectual activity interchangeable with the solution of mathematical problems; as a resource for filling up the enforced idleness of hours spent on shipboard or on a stage-coach; an accomplishment to adorn a gentleman's leisure withal.

Was, then, Newman a poet? To this question there is but one answer. A poet he certainly was. But he was a poet who did not write poetry. His real poetry is to be found, not in his metrical compositions, which affect one with a sense of chill disappointment, but in his prose. It is to be found in such a passage as this:

"In emblem of this His glorious attribute He came to His disciples . . . walking upon the sea—the emblem or hieroglyphic among the ancients of the impossible; to show them that what is impossible with man is possible with God. He who could walk the waters, could also ride triumphantly upon what is still more fickle, unstable, tumultuous, treacherous—the billows of human wills, human purposes, human hearts."

Or this:

". . . There is just one Name in the whole world that lives; it is the Name of One who passed His years in obscurity, and who died a malefactor's death. Eighteen hundred years have gone by since that time, but still It has Its hold upon the human mind. It has possessed the world, and It maintains possession. Amid the most various nations, under the most diversified circumstances, in the most cultivated, in the rudest races and intellects, in all classes of society, the Owner of that great Name reigns. High and low, rich and poor, acknowledge Him. Millions of souls are conversing with Him, are venturing at His word, are looking for His presence. Palaces sumptuous, innumerable, are raised to His honour; His image, in its deepest humiliations, is triumphantly displayed in the proud city, in the open country, at the corners of streets, on the tops of mountains. It sanctifies the ancestral hall, the closet, and the bedchamber; it is the subject for the exercise of the highest genius in the imitative arts. It is worn next the heart in life; it is held before the failing eyes in death. Here, then, is One Who is not a mere name; He is no empty fiction; He is a substance; He is dead and gone, but still He lives—as the living, energetic thought of successive generations, and as the awful motive power of a thousand great events."

Or, dealing with a terrestrial topic, this description of Athens, the city of the mind, radiant, splendid, delicate, and perennially young:

"Many a more fruitful coast or isle is washed by the blue Ægean, many a spot is there more beautiful or sublime to see, many a territory more ample; but there was one charm in Attica which in the same perfection was nowhere else. The deep pastures of Arcadia, the plain of Argos, the Thessalian vale, these had not the gift; Bœotia, which lay to its immediate north, was notorious for its very want of it. The heavy atmosphere of that Bœotia might be good for vegetation, but it was associated in popular belief with the dullness of the Bœotian intellect: on the contrary, the special purity, elasticity, clearness, and salubrity of the air of Attica, fit concomitant and emblem of its genius, did that for it which earth did not—it brought out every bright hue and tender shade of the landscape over which it was spread, and would have illumined the face even of a more bare and rugged country.

"A confined triangle, perhaps fifty miles its greatest length and thirty its greatest breadth; two elevated rocky barriers, meeting at an angle; three prominent mountains, commanding the plain—Parnes, Pentelicus, and Hymettus; an unsatisfactory soil; some streams, not always full,—such is about the report which the agent of a London company would have made of Attica. He would report that the climate was mild; the hills were limestone; there was plenty of good marble; more pasture-land than at first survey might have been expected, sufficient certainly for sheep and goats; fisheries productive; silver-mines once, but long since worked out; figs fair; oil first-rate; olives in profusion. But what he would not think of noting down was that that olive tree was so choice in nature and so noble in shape, that it excited a religious veneration; and that it took so kindly to the light soil as to expand into woods upon the open plain, and to climb up and fringe the hills. He would not think of writing word to his employers how that clear air, of which I have spoken, brought out, yet blended and subdued, the colours on the marble, till they had a softness and harmony, for all their richness, which in a picture looks exaggerated, yet is after all within the truth. He would not tell, how that same delicate and brilliant atmosphere freshened up the pale olive, till the olive forgot its monotony, and its cheek glowed like the arbutus or beech of the Umbrian hills. He would say nothing of the thyme and thousand fragrant herbs which carpeted Hymettus; he would hear nothing of the hum of its bees; nor take much account of the rare flavour of its honey, since Gozo and Minorca were sufficient for the English demand. He would look over the Ægean from the height he had ascended; he would follow with his eye the chain of islands, which, starting from the Sunian headland, seemed to offer the fabled divinities of Attica, when they would visit their Ionian cousins, a sort of viaduct thereto across the sea; but that fancy would not occur to him, nor any admiration of the dark violet billows with their white edges down below; nor of those graceful, fan-like jets of silver upon the rocks, which slowly rise aloft like water-spirits from the deep, then shiver, and break, and spread, and shroud themselves, and disappear, in a soft mist of foam; nor of the gentle, incessant heaving and panting of the whole liquid plain; nor of the long waves, keeping steady time, like a line of soldiery, as they resound upon the hollow shore,—he would not deign to notice that restless, living element at all, except to bless his stars that he was not upon it. Nor the distinct detail, nor the refined colouring, nor the graceful outline and roseate golden hue of the jutting crags, nor the bold shadows cast from Otus or Laurium by the declining sun."

Newman, a poet who did not write poetry! What, I can hear it said, what ridiculous heresy is here! Is not "Lead, kindly Light" poetry? Is not "The Dream of Gerontius" a splendid, majestic poem? Of the former, then, I would say "Yes"—for every rule must have its exception—"Lead, kindly Light" is poetry, and of its kind, very beautiful and touching poetry. It is poetry in the same order as Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" and, in that order, a more beautiful poem than Tennyson's. Of "The Dream of Gerontius" I would say, very humbly and speaking "under correction," that it is indeed splendid and majestic, but of poetry, of pure poetry, containing hardly a line. Impressive, magnificent, most moving rhetoric, but never once reaching that mysterious frontier "where mortal and immortal merge," where rhetoric melts into poetry. There is another poem in the English language which—it also—is splendid, majestic, wrought with consummate finish, a thing perfect of its kind, and that is Gray's "Elegy." But put it to the test, set any passage of it beside the greatest and contrast the rhetorical ring of it with the infinite silent music of that other. Note the accent, the movement of these lines:

"Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or, Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?"

and of these:

"for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night?"

In these latter lines the words have undergone that mysterious change, have been touched by that heavenly alchemy which sublimates rhetoric into that subtler indefinable essence which we call poetry.

Such work as this:

"And though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar,"

is rather the raw material of poetry, than poetry itself.

We know how Matthew Arnold took from Goldsmith a specimen of the poetic language of the eighteenth century:

"No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale."

"There," he says, "is exactly the poetic diction of our prose century, rhetorical, ornate—and poetically, quite false." And he continues, "Place it beside a line of genuine poetry such as this:

'In cradle of the rude imperious surge,' of Shakespeare; and all its falseness instantly becomes apparent."

Now I open at random "The Dream of Gerontius," and this is what my eye first lights upon. The Angel is addressing the soul of Gerontius:

> "We now have passed the gate, and are within
> The House of Judgment; and whereas on earth
> Temples and palaces are formed of parts
> Costly and rare, but all material,
> So in this world of spirits nought is found
> To mould withal, and form into a whole
> But what is immaterial. . . ."

There is no need to compare that with Shakespeare. It is not poetry at all—not even the protoplasm of poetry.

We search in vain through Newman's poetry for—

> "All the charm of all the Muses
> Often flowering in a lonely word,"

for such an epithet, for example, as the "alien" of Keats, in

> "She stood in tears amid the alien corn."

Take the poem which, after "Lead, kindly Light" and "The Dream of Gerontius," is most often quoted with approval, the poem entitled "Waiting for the Morning," which describes the state of the souls in purgatory:

> "They are at rest:
> We may not stir the heaven of their repose
> With loud-voiced grief, or passionate request,
> Or selfish plaint for those

Who in the mountain grots of Eden lie,
And hear the fourfold river, as it hurries by.

"They hear it sweep
In distance down the dark and savage vale,
But they at eddying pool or current deep
Shall never more grow pale;
They hear, and meekly muse, as fain to know
How long untired, unspent, that giant stream shall flow.

"And soothing sounds
Blend with the neighbouring waters as they glide;
Posted along the haunted garden's bounds
Angelic forms abide.
Echoing, as words of watch, o'er lawn and grove,
The verses of that hymn which Seraphs chant above."

Though the last line:

"The verses of that hymn which Seraphs chant above"

is a sad declension, the poem on the whole is a fine one, yet the diction is far nearer to—

"No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale"

than to such a line of Wordsworth's as—

"The still sad music of humanity."

In a word, it is far more like rhetoric than poetry.

It is, then, in the writer's humble judgment, not in his verse, but in his prose that we must seek for Newman the Poet; in that prose which, even when it deals with things within the range of ordinary, familiar experience, invests them with a strange, unearthly light, as with the glow of some mystic dawn. Rhetoric is magnificent, resonant and sounds peremptorily in the ear. Poetry is still. It speaks in the heart.

"We have had enough of weariness, and dreariness, and listlessness and sorrow and remorse. We have had enough of this troublesome world. We have had enough of its noise and din. Noise is its best music. But now there is stillness; and it is a stillness that speaks."

It is here:

"It is the same with those whom we ourselves have seen, who are now departed. I do not now speak of those whom we have known and loved. These we cannot forget; we cannot rid our memory of them; but I speak of all whom we have *ever* seen; it is also true that they live. Where we know not, but live they do. We may recollect when children, perhaps, once seeing a certain person; and it is almost like a dream to us now, that we did. It seems like an accident which goes and is all over, like some creature of the moment, which has no existence beyond it. The rain falls and the wind blows; and showers and storms have no existence beyond the time when we felt them; they are nothing in themselves. But if we have but once seen any child of Adam, we have seen an immortal soul. It has not passed away as a breeze or sunshine, but it lives; it lives at this moment in one of those many places, whether of bliss or misery, in which all souls are reserved until the end."

And here:

"What a number of beautiful and wonderful objects does nature present on every side of us! And how little we know concerning them! . . . Why do rivers flow? Why does rain fall? Why does the sun warm us? And the wind, why does it blow? Here our natural reason is at fault; we know, I say, that it is the *spirit* in man and beast that makes man and beast move, but reason tells us of no spirit abiding in what is commonly called the natural world, to make it perform its ordinary duties. Of course it is *God's* will which sustains it . . . all this wonderful harmony is the work of Angels. Those events which we ascribe to chance, as the weather, or to nature, as the seasons, are duties done to that God Who maketh His Angels to be winds and His Ministers a flame of fire."

Such is the voice of Newman. He speaks and he persuades, and yet it is not his words that fall so constrainingly upon the heart and fill it with a strange stillness—not his words, but the spirit that breathes from them as though the scent from a flower.

If anyone asks the question why I hold that Newman's metrical compositions are not poetry, despite the great qualities—such as harmony and dignity—which they undoubtedly display, I should have recourse to a definition recently laid down in a most illuminating work on English Prose Style. In his introduction to that book, its author, Mr. Herbert Read, makes a pronouncement, the truth of which some of us may have vaguely divined, but have never been so fortunate as to express.

First of all, let us take this speech from *Hamlet* in which the Queen, after her son's violent encounter with

Laertes at Ophelia's grave, turns to the onlookers and says:

> "Thus for a time the fit will work on him.
> Anon as patient as the female dove
> When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
> *His silence will sit drooping."*

Or take again, the words spoken by Banquo as he stands with Duncan before Macbeth's castle:

> "This guest of summer,
> The temple haunting martlet, doth approve
> By his *loved mansionry* that the heaven's breath
> Smells wooingly here."

Or yet again, the lines—

> "All the charm of all the Muses often
> Flowering in a *lonely* word."

Why on hearing:

> "his silence will sit drooping,"

and—

> "loved mansionry,"

and—

> "lonely word,"

do we catch our breath and say to ourselves, "Deus, ecce Deus!"

Mr. Read shall explain. "Poetry," he says, "is creative expression; Prose is constructive expression. That in a sentence is a real distinction." And he goes on:

"By 'creative' I mean *original.* In Poetry the words are born or reborn in the act of thinking. The words are, in Bergsonian phraseology, a becoming; they develop in the mind *pari passu* with the development of the thought. There is no time interval between the words and the thought. The thought is the word and the word is the thought, and both the thought and the word are Poetry.

" 'Constructive' implies ready-made materials; words stacked round the builder, ready for use. Prose is a structure of ready-made words. Its 'creative' function is confined to plan and elevation—functions these, too, of Poetry, but in Poetry subsidiary to the creative function."

And then to the self-imposed question, "Does it follow that Poetry is solely an affair of words?" Mr. Read makes answer, "Yes: an affair of words adequate to the thought involved. An affair of one word, like Shakespeare's 'incarnadine,' or of two or three words, like 'shady sadness,' 'incense-breathing Morn,' 'a peak in Darien' "; etc., etc.

Here let me say of the above instances that although I feel quite sure about "incarnadine" and "a peak in Darien" (which, and the preceding "silent," mutually heighten each other) and fairly sure about "shady sadness," I am by no means so about "incense-breathing Morn."

"The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn"

conveys to my ear a nuance of something forced and artificial.

But someone may urge that what the writer I have quoted means, and what I who presume to concur with him mean, by this "creative" use of words is nothing more than *catachresis,* the employment of a word in an unusual, forced, or artificial sense. Well, unusual—yes. But unusual only in the sense that, by reason of some extraordinary fitness to the context in which it occurs, it derives from its seeming inaptness a special, one might say a supernatural, aptness, and we immediately recognize that though it may be the last word we ourselves should have chosen, nevertheless it is the inevitable, the *only* word.

But now Mr. Read goes on to drive home his definition with, as I cannot but think, a little too much severity.

> "Paradoxical as it may seem, we now see that Poetry may inhere in a single word, in a single syllable, and may therefore be without rhythm; Prose, however, does not exist except in the phrase, and the phrase always has rhythm of some kind."

Now in so far as this strikes me as true, and it does not strike me as wholly so, it does tend to furnish an explanation of my view that Newman is a poet not in his verse, but in his prose. Rhythm, according to Mr. Read, is the great affair in Prose. Newman's pre-eminent gift as a writer is his gift for rhythm. He is essentially a rhythmical, or, as Pater puts it, a musical writer. "The Dream of Gerontius" may be looked upon as an idea clothed in a garment of harmony, and so looked upon, who shall deny its beauty? But of the special attribute of the Poet, the "creative" use of words, of this I find in it hardly a trace.

But is Prose to be wholly denied this creative use of words, and are those who employ it to be stigmatized as bad writers? The worst of definitions is that they are either too vague or too definite. Mr. Read's line between Poetry and Prose comes under the latter objection. It is too uncompromising. May not words be used creatively in Prose, and without any accompanying effect of eccentricity or incongruity? Rhythm is of first-rate importance in Prose. Has it, then, no significance in Verse? Surely it has at least as much. The truth is that words *may* be used creatively in Prose, but with moderation. The words in great Prose are not lifeless, not like dead river-weeds to which only the rhythmic flow of the waters imparts a semblance of life. They may be dead, or, at any rate, sleeping, in a dictionary, or in any piece of ill-writing, be it book or newspaper; but in Prose properly so called—not in M. Jourdain's definition "tout ce qui n'est pas vers"—the words are surely imbued with life. Do they not live, for example, in a passage such as this?—

"La source qui descendait le coteau feuillu où le Pieux Valery s'arrêta était une des sources sacrées auxquelles ces hommes faisaient des offrandes. Elle coule encore au pied de la chapelle, du côté de la baie. Comme aux anciens jours, l'eau en est fraîche et toute claire. Mais maintenant elle ne chante plus. Elle n'est plus libre comme au temps de sa rustique divinité. On l'a emprisonnée dans une cuve de pierre, à laquelle on accède par plusieurs degrès. Du temps de saint Valery, c'était une nymphe. Nulle main n'avait osé la retenir; elle fuyait sous les saules. Semblable à ces ruisseaux qu'on voit encore en grand nombre dans les vallées du pays, elle formait, de distance en distance, de petits lacs où sommeillait, sur un lit flottant de feuilles vertes, la pâle fleur du nénuphar."

Or in this?—

" . . . a golden city, paved with emerald. For truly, every pinnacle and turret glanced or glowed, overlaid with gold, or bossed with jasper. Beneath, the unsullied sea drew, in deep breathing, to and fro, its eddies of green wave . . . it lay along the face of the waters, no larger, as its captains saw it from their masts at evening, than bar of sunset that could not pass away. . . . No foulness, nor tumult, in their tremulous streets, that filled, or fell, beneath the moon. . . . Ethereal strength of Alps, dreamlike, vanishing in high procession, beyond the Torcellan shore; blue islands of Paduan hills, poised in the golden west."

Or this?—

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

CHAPTER XXVII

CONCLUSION

THE other day I picked up from a dusty stall a little handbook on Modern English Literature. It belonged to a well-known series designed to furnish, in such measure as home-study will allow, the means of self-improvement to those serious-minded citizens whom circumstances have sent straight from school to their work in the world. The author of the little book in question was known to me by name as a writer whose work—largely journalism, but journalism of the finer sort—had hardly fulfilled the promise which a brilliant career at Oxford had once held out. I ran through the index of this little book, I turned its pages to see what the writer had to say about Newman, but of Newman I could find no trace. Then it occurred to me to look under "The Oxford Movement" or "The Tractarian Movement." The former indeed was mentioned. I turned to the page indicated, where I found some rather perfunctory observations, all contained in a brief paragraph or so, on the event in question; but of its inspirer, of its leader, of Newman, not a word! So here, I said to myself, is a son of Oxford, and a brilliant one, writing, for the unlearned, a guide to modern English Literature and leaving Newman wholly out of account. And as I meditated upon this strange phenomenon, I asked myself what could be the nature of this peculiar quality in Newman that left some men coldly indifferent to him and made others his loving and unwavering disciples.

And from this more particular question, I proceeded to that larger inquiry to which no wholly satisfactory answer has yet been given, namely, what, after all, is style in literature? There came into my recollection just then a fragment of a passage in which Newman laments that Christianity has had—

> "no Virgil to describe the old monks at their rural labours, as it has had a Sacchi or a Domenichino to paint them! . . . How" (he goes on) "could he have portrayed St. Paulinus or St. Serenus in his garden, who could draw so beautiful a picture of the old Corycian, raising amid the thicket his scanty pot-herbs upon the nook of land which 'was not good for tillage, nor for pasture, nor for vines'! . . . He who loved the valley, winding stream, and wood, and the hidden life which they offer, and the deep lessons which they whisper—how could he have illustrated that wonderful union of prayer, penance, toil, and literary work, the true *otium cum dignitate,* a fruitful leisure and a meek-hearted dignity, which is exemplified in the Benedictine! That ethereal fire which enabled the prince of Latin poets to take up the Sibyl's strain and to adumbrate the glories of a supernatural future, that serene philosophy, which has strewn his poems with sentiments that come home to the heart, that intimate sympathy with the sorrows of

human kind and with the action and passion of human nature, how well would they have served to illustrate the patriarchal history and office of the monks in the broad German countries, or the deed, the words, and the visions of a St. Odilo or a St. Aelred!"

No one reading that passage, unless indeed Nature had left him totally unprovided with the faculty for seizing the nicer subtleties of sound, could fail to be impressed with the music of it. Mozart never orchestrated a passage with greater felicity or with daintier or lovelier effect. How rich in the concluding sentence and how resonant are the harmonies which crash out the triumphant "that ethereal fire which enabled the prince of Latin poets to take up the Sibyl's strain and to adumbrate the glories of a supernatural future . . ." Then the contrast—like the piping of the blackbird among the quiet woods and fields—"that serene philosophy, which has strewn his poems with sentiments which come home to the heart," and so on to the end, to "St. Odilo or a St. Aelred"—like the soft open notes of the oboe, flute, and flageolet, liquid as drops of glistening rain when the sun comes out after an April shower!

It was not for nothing that Newman devoted himself to music in his youth. Above his words, or stealing through them, comes the sound of music, now faint and far-off, now loud and near; now the plaintive, passionate appeal of a solitary violin, pathetic and forlorn, now the majestic harmonies of the full orchestra. The words address themselves to the intellect; the music which comes from the subtle, instinctive choice of those words and their arrangement in the sentence, appeals directly to the heart.

Surely this music—what else?—is the secret of the charm, of the spell cast upon the heart by such a poet as Virgil and by such a prose writer as Newman, his panegyrist. What interest is there in mere narrative of the wanderings and trials of Æneas? Even a child might grow impatient of the story. What is it, then, if not the music, and the infinitely complex images and emotions it conveys, the music that pleads and sighs and mourns throughout the poem like the wind sobbing in the branches of a forest, that brings to those who have ears to hear a message too mysterious, too deep to be analysed in words.

Pater makes a great deal of "his relative, somewhere in the world of thought, and its correlative, somewhere in the world of language—both alike, rather, somewhere in the mind of the artist, desiderative, expectant, inventive—meeting each other with the readiness of 'soul and body reunited' in Blake's rapturous design." But Newman had been before him in all this. The indissolubility of matter and manner is a cardinal article of his literary creed. Writing, with him, is but fixing in words the crystallization, so to speak, of the image, the vision, the emotion floating in the mind. A cathedral, or a symphony, or a poem, or a picture is a dream, frail, transitory, evanescent, caught as it were on the wing, and perpetuated for ever in its appropriate medium. It is no less, and it must be no more. It must owe its charm, its power, to the inherent grace of the idea that inspired it. Mere extrinsic, adventitious ornament is not a complement, a fulfilment, but an accretion; it does not interpret but obscures the original image. "Fine writing," says Anatole France, somewhere, "is the worst possible kind of writing"; and another Frenchman, Verlaine, in his *Art Poétique,* enjoins us to "take eloquence and wring its neck." Doubtless to practise economy of words is a salutary rule, but even Newman himself would not have us carry it to the point of parsimony, for a man's style is not only the image of his subject, but of his mind.

"That pomp of language, that full and tuneful diction, that felicitousness in the choice and exquisiteness in the collocation of words, which to prosaic writers seems artificial, is nothing else but the mere habit and way of a lofty intellect. Aristotle, in his sketch of the magnanimous man, tells us that his voice is deep, his motions slow, and his stature commanding. In like manner the elocution of a great intellect is great. His language expresses, not only his great thoughts, but his great self. Certainly he might use fewer words than he uses; but he fertilizes his simplest ideas and germinates into a multitude of details, and prolongs the march of his sentences, and sweeps round to the full diapason of his harmony as if rejoicing in his own vigour and richness of resource. I say, a narrow critic will call it verbiage, when really it is a sort of fullness of heart, parallel to that which makes the merry boy whistle as he walks, or the strong man, like the smith in the novel, flourish his club when there is no one to fight with.

"Shakespeare furnishes us with frequent instances of this peculiarity, and all so beautiful, that it is difficult to select for quotation."

And he proceeds to cite passages from Macbeth and Hamlet.

But this is by the way. His theme, his canon, which is the basis of all true conception of literature, is this: "Thought and speech are inseparable from each other. Matter and expression are parts of one: style is a thinking out into language."

It follows, then, that in the perfect piece of literature, be it prose or poetry, no alteration, not even the most trifling, can take place without marring the meaning, if by "meaning" is understood not merely the grammatical significance but the total mental impression, the power of suggestion arising from a certain collocation of vowels and consonants, the "overtones"—to borrow a musical expression—which vibrate from the smitten chords and undulate away into infinity. Rhythm and cadence are sacred in literature of this perfection. To the sensitive ear it makes a great though subtle and perhaps indefinable difference whether we read, for example:

"And Teiresias and Phineus, prophets old,"

or whether we reverse the order of the names for greater smoothness, and read (as Sir William Watson, erroneously, I think, would have us read):

"And Phineus and Teiresias, prophets old."

And again, in the biography of Lord Tennyson two lines of Wordsworth are misquoted thus:

"Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the *fur*thest Hebrides."

Wordsworth wrote:

"Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the *far*thest Hebrides."

Surely it needs no very sensitive ear to detect how at least some of the magic of those lines is lost if the open vowel in *far*thest is replaced by the closed sound in *fur*thest. Such instances might be multiplied *ad infinitum,* but that one will suffice to show that in a perfect line of poetry not so much as a syllable, a single vowel sound, must be tampered with. So it is with prose. Everybody knows by heart the famous passage with which Newman brings his *Apologia* to a close. No one with any feeling for rhythm can fail to recognize the almost intolerable beauty of it. Yet let but the smallest change be made, let but the words "at length" be omitted from the last sentence, and it will be seen how disastrously the rhythm—and therefore, in the true sense of the word, the meaning—will be marred.

Or take again this passage which, if less familiar, is surely no less beautiful: Newman is a very old man now, and the congregation of the Church of the Birmingham

Oratory have presented him with his portrait. They have asked him for his blessing, and this is how, in words of infinitely pathetic beauty, he bestows it. They are worth pondering, worth committing to memory, for though he be long since dead, it is a living voice that sounds within them. The very essence of his nature, the beauty, the yearning, the strength, the weariness, ay, and the weakness of this rarest of souls, all this is summed up in them and sings in their incomparable music.

"You ask," he says, "for my blessing, and I bless you with all my heart, as I desire to be blessed myself. Each one of us has his own individuality, his separate history, his antecedents and his future, his duties, his responsibilities, his solemn trial and his eternity. May God's grace, His love, His peace, rest on all of you, united as you are in the Oratory of St. Philip, on old and young, on confessors and penitents, on teachers and taught, on living and dead. Apart from that grace, that love, that peace, nothing is stable, all things have an end; but the earth will last its time, and while the earth lasts, Holy Church will last, and while the Church lasts may the Oratory of Birmingham last also, amid the fortunes of many generations one and the same, faithful to St. Philip, strong in the protection of Our Lady and all Saints, not losing as time goes on its sympathy with its first fathers, whatever may be the burden and interests of its own day, as we in turn now stretch forth our hands with love and with awe towards those, our unborn successors, whom on earth we shall never know."

It is a regrettable—nay, a detestable—characteristic of the competitive spirit of the age, that one is expected to assign a place "in order of merit" to the particular writer with whom one is concerned. Ingenuous or careless people, for example, will ask off-hand whether you consider Newman a greater writer, we will say, than Ruskin. What a question! It admits, of course, of no answer, save perhaps one which may be delivered as it were in the form of a parable. There are, I think it is said, living things—animals, insects—I know not—which are deaf to certain notes at the extremities of our human scale of sounds. In the same way, then, there may be notes so deep or so high that the general run of humanity cannot hear them. They have not the necessary receptive apparatus to receive and record them—therefore, we say, they do not exist. Now Ruskin (since we have taken him as our example for the purposes of this comparison) comes well within the orbit of the great body of more or less educated people. At its best his prose is a thing instinct with light and grace, movement and colour. It is more instantaneously captivating than Newman's because it deals with the things, with the facts, the objects, the interests of this real, physical world. With Newman it is different. The subjects with which he is occupied dwell in a region beyond the world of sense, a region real indeed—at least to him—but visionary, immaterial; a world to be brought home to us by inward illumination, and to be apprehended by the eye and ear of the spirit. He speaks to few of any generation, to very few, perhaps, of this; but those whose hearts and minds are open to his message hear a music and behold a vision which they may seek in vain elsewhere.

Where then shall we place him? Surely among the highest. Great writers there doubtless are who make a more universal appeal, whose message is more readily apprehended of the multitude; but where, for those who have ears to hear, is one who speaks in accents of such rare distinction?

A man's style, says Newman, is his shadow, and of what a beautiful spirit is this shadow of his the emanation! What music was ever so persuasive in its loveliness as the music that dwells in his utterance! Music and beauty of speech—yet these, after all, are outward things, the veil, the garment that clothes, and lends form and outline to a spirit invisible.

And after all, how vain, how fruitless, is all this talk of cadence and rhythm, of suspense and resolution, as though there were some technical trick which one might penetrate and turn to account, some system to be acquired and put into practice!

Most men have at some moment or other of their lives beheld in the world some scene that has seemed fraught for them with a profound and mysterious significance, some vision, maybe, of the sun rising behind the mountains or setting beyond the sea, whose beauty cannot be communicated. So it is with Newman: we read and analyse and discuss and argue, but his real message is from the heart to the heart and may not be put in words. The spirit with whom we have been pacing is like that deep love—

"wherein there is a silence which suspends the foot; and the folded arms and the dejected head are the images it reflects. No voice shakes its surface; the Muses themselves approach it with a tardy and a timid step, and with a low and tremulous and melancholy song."

THE END

A LIST OF NEWMAN'S WORKS

The Arians of the Fourth Century, their Doctrine, Temper and Conduct, chiefly as exhibited in the Councils of the Church between A.D. 325 and A.D. 381, 1833.

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